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VOLUME XXVIII.



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THE
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*A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art,
and Politics.*

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HOW WE MET JOHN BROWN.

A LETTER FROM R. H. DANA, JR.

MY DEAR FIELDS: I have so long promised you a carving from a memory of twenty years ago, and you have so often kindly given me, as the mercantile phrase is, an extension, that I feel compelled to make leisure enough for myself to keep my word. I trust you will not be disappointed in your hope that it may interest the readers of the Atlantic.

In the summer of 1849 Mr. Metcalf and I went into the Adirondacks, then but little known to tourists. Our journey up the valley of the Connecticut, across Vermont, and up Lake Champlain, full of beauties as it was, presented nothing that would be new to most readers. At Westport, near the head of Lake Champlain, on the New York side, we found a delightful colony of New England friends—a retired officer of the army, and two Boston gentlemen, one of leisure and one of business—planted in as charming a neighborhood as one need wish to live in,—the lake before them, the Green Mountain range across the lake, and the Adirondacks towering

and stretching along the western horizon.

At this time Westport had sprung into active life by means of an enterprise of Boston capitalists, who had set up iron-works there. All had an appearance of successful business. The houses of the workmen, and the other appurtenances and surroundings, were marked by a style which was but too pleasing to the fancy; yet they were the results of the application of wealth under good taste, and with a large view to the future. Changes of business or of tariffs or other causes have long ago brought all this to an end; and I suppose the little village has relapsed into its original state of torpor and insignificance.

Here we took up a companion for our wild tour, Mr. Aikens, in theory a lawyer, but in practice a traveller, sportsman, and woodsman; and Mr. Jackson lent us a wagon with a pair of mules, and a boy Tommy to commissary and persuade the mules, and we drove out of Westport in the afternoon of a very hot day and made for the

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mountains. Our route lay through Pleasant Valley, along the pretty Bouquet River, which flows from the mountains, winding among graceful hills, into the lake. We baited at Elizabethtown, and spent the night at Ford's tavern, in the township of Keene, sleeping on the floor, and finding that we were expected to wash in the river, and were on our way again before sunrise. From Keene westward we began to meet signs of frontier life, — log-cabins, little clearings, bad roads overshadowed by forests, mountain torrents, and the refreshing odor of balsam firs and hemlocks. The next morning we stopped at a log-house to breakfast, and found a guide to take us through the Indian Pass, and sent Tommy and his mules forward to Osgood's tavern; and, with no luggage but such as we could easily carry on our backs, began our walk to Lake Sandford, Tahâwus, and the Adirondack Iron-Works.

The day was extremely hot; and as the distance was less than twenty miles, we went on rather leisurely, stopping and wondering at the noble expanse of mountain scenery. There was no footpath, and we went by blazed lines, over fallen timber, from stream to stream, from hilltop to hilltop, through undergrowth and copse, treading on moss and strewn leaves which masked roots of trees and loose stones and other matter for stumbling; a laborious journey, but full of interest from the objects near at hand, and made sublime by the sense of the presence of those vast-stretching ranges of mountains. In the afternoon we came into the Indian Pass. This is a ravine, or gorge, formed by two close and parallel walls of nearly perpendicular cliffs, of about thirteen hundred feet in height, and almost black in their hue. Before I had seen the Yosemite Valley, these cliffs satisfied my ideal of steep mountain walls. From the highest level of the Pass flow two mountain torrents, in opposite directions, — one the source of the Hudson, and so reaching the Atlantic; and the other the source of the Au Sable, which runs into Lake Champlain

and at last into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, — but no larger when they begin, trickling from the rocks, than streams from the nose of a teapot. The pines growing in the high crevices look no bigger than pins, and in much of this Pass there is only a narrow seam of sky right overhead. Almost a wintry chill pervades the air, and we refreshed ourselves with water dripping from out of ice-caverns, and walked over banks of snow which lie here through the year, preserved by the exclusion of the sun. Neither road nor footpath is practicable here, and the scene is one of wild, silent, awful grandeur.

Coming out of the Pass, a few miles of rough walking on a downward grade brought us again to small clearings, cuttings of wood piled up to be carried off when the snow should make sledding over the stumps of trees practicable; and about sundown we straggled into the little extemporized iron-workers' village of Adirondack.

This was as wild a spot for a manufacturing village as can well be imagined, — in the heart of the mountains, with a difficult communication to the southward, and none at all in any other direction, — a mere clearing in a forest that stretches into Canada. It stood on a rapid stream which flows from Lake Henderson into Lake Sandford, where it was hoped that the water power and the vicinity of good ore would counterbalance the difficulties of transportation. The works, which were called the Adirondack Iron-Works, were begun and carried on with an enterprise and frugality that deserved better luck than, I understand, befell them at last. There were no attempts here at the taste or style the Boston capitalists had displayed at Westport. All things had the *nitid in adversum* look. The agent lived in a house where it was plain that one room served for parlor, kitchen, and nursery. He was a hard-worked, sore-pressed man. A chance to sleep on a floor in a house with ninety-six puddlers, with liberty to wash in the stream, was as fair a result as we had a right to expect in the one house into which

strangers could be received. But then we had the consolation that our landlord was a justice of the peace, and wrote "esquire" after his name, and had actually married a couple, it was hoped in due form, and was popularly supposed to be able to fill out a writ, if the rough habits of the people should ever call for so formal a process.

The three or four days we were here we gave to excursions up and down Lake Sandford, to Newcomb's farm, and Dan Gates's camp, and to the top of Tahâwus. A small company of woodsmen, professional hunters and trappers, took us under their charge, — as good a set of honest, decent, kind-hearted, sensible men as one could expect to meet with, having, I thought, more propriety of talk and manners, more enlargement of mind and general knowledge, than the same number of common sailors taken equally at random would have shown. There was Dan Gates and Tone Snyder — I suppose, an abbreviation of Anthony or Antoine — and John Cheney and Jack Wright, names redolent in memory of rifles and sable-traps, and hemlock camps and deer, and trout and hard walks and good talks. We rowed up Lake Sandford at dawn and back by moonlight, visiting the Newcomb farm and drinking of the spring on the hill by the side of Lake Delia, to which opinion had attached marvellous restorative powers.

The scenery here is as different from that of the White Mountains as if these were in a different hemisphere. Here the mountains wave with woods, and are green with bushes to their summits; torrents break down into the valleys on all sides; lakes of various sizes and shapes glitter in the landscape, bordered by bending woods whose roots strike through the waters. There is none of that dreary, barren grandeur that marks the White Mountains, although Tahâwus, the highest, is about fifty-four hundred feet high, — only some six hundred or seven hundred feet less than Mount Washington. The Indian Pass frowns over one end of

the lake, and Tahâwus and Mount McIntire tower on each side; and at nearly all points on the lake were the most voluble echoes, which the shouts of the boatmen awakened for us. The moon, the mountains, the lake, the dipping oars, and the echoes made Lake Sandford a fascination in the remembrance.

We spent two days and nights in the ascent of Tahâwus and the return, camping out under hemlock boughs, cooking our trout and venison in the open air, and enjoying it all as I verily believe none can so thoroughly as they who escape from city life. Some sycophantic State surveyor had named this mountain Mount Marcy, after the then leader of the political party in power; but a company of travellers have chiselled the old Indian name into rocks at its summit, and called upon all who follow them to aid in its preservation. The woodsmen have taken it up, and I hope this king of the range may be saved from the incongruous nomenclature that has got possession of too large a part of this region. Sandford and McIntire and Marcy, the names of local politicians, like bits of last year's newspapers on the bob of a kite, tied to these majestic, solemn mountains, "rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun"! In the White Mountains I fear that too long a prescription has settled down over those names which have not unfairly subjected us to the charge of being without imagination or fancy, — going to our almanacs and looking up lists of Presidents and members of Congress and stump-speakers, as our only resource, when put to it to find designations for the grandest objects in nature; while in their speechless agony the mountains must endure the ignominy, and all mankind must suffer the discord between the emotions these scenes call up and the purely mundane and political associations that belong to the names of Jefferson and Adams, Clay and Monroe and Jackson.

I must pause a moment at Calamity Pond, for its story is too deep in my memory to be passed by. Not long before our visit, Mr. Henderson, one of

the proprietors and managers of the iron-works, a popular man in all this region, went up to the pond, which lies on the way to the summit of Tahâwus, to make arrangements for turning a watercourse into the village. Sitting on a rock by the side of the pond, he laid down his pistol; the hammer struck a trifle too hard upon the rock, exploded the cap, and the ball went through his heart. He had just time to send a word of farewell to his wife and children, when it was all over. The sorrow-stricken company hastened to the village with the sad tidings, and then a party of the best woodsmen — for Henderson was beloved by them all — was organized and went to the fatal spot. They made a rude bier and bore the body slowly down, cutting a path through the woods as they went, to a spot near the level, where they camped for the night, and where, the next day, nearly the whole village came out to meet them. The sheet of water has been called Calamity Pond, and the rock, Henderson's Rock. As we passed the site of the camp we saw the rude bier, — a vivid reminder of the sad event; and as we stood by the pond the story was told over with natural pathos, and — "What a place for a man to die in, and without a moment's warning!" said Dan Gates. "What a place to build a camp in!" said another. Dan and Tone admitted it, and said they all seemed to lose their wits. This was before our civil war had made sudden deaths in all forms and in vast numbers so familiar.

The Opalescent, which comes down from Tehâwus, is a captivating mountain stream, with very irregular courses, often broken by cascades and rapids, tumbling into deep basins, running through steep gorges and from under overlying banks, always clear and sparkling and cool. The last mile of the ascent was then — doubtless the axe has been at work upon it since — a toilsome struggle through a dense growth of scrub cedars and spruces, and it is only the summit that is bare.

With this and the summit of Mount Washington, now probably but three or four days apart, the traveller can get the two extreme opposites of North American mountain scenery; the view from Mount Washington being a wild sea of bald bare tops and sides, with but little wood or water, while that from Tahâwus is a limitless expanse of forest, with mountains green to their tops, and all the landscape dotted and lined with the wide mirrors of large lakes, glittering bits of small lakes, silver threads of streams, and ribbons of waterfalls.

As we lay on the boughs, with the fire sparkling before us, a good many stories were told, marvellous, funny, or pathetic, which have long since floated off from their moorings in memory.

But it is time to take leave of our excellent friends, whose companionship I shall never forget, and move on towards the promised point of my journey.

We had sent back the guide, who had brought us through the Indian Pass; for Mr. Aikens was a good woodsman, and had no doubt he could take us back. About the middle of the day we bade good by to Dan and Tone and John, and took our last look at the straggling, struggling village, — in a few years, I believe, abandoned altogether, — and went through the Pass and crossed the first branch of the Au Sable, and ought to have crossed the second before five o'clock; but the sun was far declined, it was getting to be six o'clock and after, and yet no river! Aikens became silent; but it was soon too evident that he had lost the trail. We had been led off by a blazed line that went to sable-traps; and here we were, at nightfall, lost in a forest that stretched to Canada, and, for aught I know to the contrary, to the Polar Circle, with no food, no gun, blanket nor overcoats. Expecting to get through in six hours, we had taken nothing with us. We consulted, and determined to strike through the woods, steering by the sun — for we had no compass — in the direction in which

we thought the river lay. Our course should be north; and we went on, keeping the setting sun a little forward of our left shoulders, — or, as a sailor would say, a little on the port bow, — and struggled over fallen timber and through underbrush, and climbed hills and tried to get a view of White Face, but to no purpose, and the darkness overtook us in low ground, by the side of a small stream. We were very hungry, very much fatigued, and not a little anxious; and the stories they had told us at the village of parties lost in the forest, — one especially, of three men who failed to come in and were searched for and found, after several days, little better than skeletons and almost crazed, — these recurred pretty vividly to our fancies. We drank at the stream, and Aikens, never at a loss, cut a bit of red flannel from his shirt and bent a pin and managed to catch one little trout in the twilight. He insisted on our taking it all. He said he had got us into the trouble by his over-confidence; but we resisted. It was, to be sure, a question of a square inch of trout more or less, for the fish was not more than four inches long by one inch thick; yet it was a point of honor with Mr. Aikens, so we yielded, and got one fair mouthful apiece. The place was low and damp, and there was a light frost, and we passed a miserable night, having no clothing but our shirts and trousers. The black-flies were very active, and our faces and arms and necks were blotched and pitted in the saddest fashion. It was with anxious eyes that we watched the dawn; for if the day was clear, we could travel by the sun until it got high, but if it was thick or foggy, we must stay still; for every one used to the woods knows that one may go round and round and make no progress, if he has no compass or point of sight. The day did break clear; and, as soon as there was light enough, Aikens groped about the skirts of the little opening, and made out signs that a path had once come into it. He thought the brush grew differently at one place from what it

did elsewhere. Very well! We gave ourselves up to him, and began another day's struggle with fallen timber, hillsides, swamps, and undergrowth, on very faint stomachs, but with every show to each other of confidence and strength. In an hour or so plainer signs of a path rewarded Aikens's sagacity. I was glad for him especially; for he was a good deal annoyed at the trouble we were put to; and a better woodsman, for an amateur, or a more intelligent and generous fellow-traveller, we could not have desired. At last came some welcome traces of domesticated animals, and then a trodden path, and about noon we came out upon the road.

We were out, and the danger was over. But where were we? We held a council, and agreed that we must have got far to the left, or westward, of our place of destination, and must turn off to the right. It was of some consequence, for houses on this road were four to seven miles apart. But the right was up hill, and a long steep hill it seemed. Mr. Metcalf plunged down hill, in contempt of his and our united grave conclusions, saying we did not *know*, and had better do what was easiest. And well it was we did, for a near turn in the road brought us in sight of a log-house and half-cleared farm, while, had we gone to the right, we should have found it seven miles to the nearest dwelling.

Three more worn, wearied, hungry, black-fly-bitten travellers seldom came to this humble, hospitable door. The people received us with cheerful sympathy, and, while we lay down on the grass, under the shadow of the house, where a *smutch* kept off the black-flies, prepared something for our comfort. The master of the house had gone down to the settlements, and was expected back before dark. His wife was rather an invalid, and we did not see much of her at first. There were a great many sons and daughters, — I never knew how many: one a bonny, buxom young woman of some twenty summers, with fair skin and red hair, whose name was Ruth,

and whose good-humor, hearty kindness, good sense and helpfulness quite won our hearts. She would not let us eat much at a time, and cut us resolutely off from the quantities of milk and cool water we were disposed to drink, and persuaded us to wait until something could be cooked for us, more safe and wholesome for faint stomachs; and we were just weak enough to be submissive subjects to this backwoods queen. A man came along in a wagon, and stopped to water his horses, and they asked him if he had seen anything of Mr. Brown below, — which it seemed was the name of the family. Yes; he had seen him. He would be along in an hour or so. "He has two negroes along with him," said the man, in a confidential, significant tone, "a man and a woman." Ruth smiled, as if she understood him. Mr. Aikens told us that the country about here belonged to Gerrit Smith; that negro families, mostly fugitive slaves, were largely settled upon it, trying to learn farming; and that this Mr. Brown was a strong abolitionist and a kind of king among them. This neighborhood was thought to be one of the termini of the Underground Railroad.

The farm was a mere recent clearing. The stumps of trees stood out, blackened by burning, and crops were growing among them, and there was a plenty of felled timber. The dwelling was a small log-house of one story in height, and the outbuildings were slight. The whole had the air of a recent enterprise, on a moderate scale, although there were a good many neat cattle and horses. The position was a grand one for a lover of mountain effects; but how good for farming I could not tell. Old White Face, the only exception to the uniform green and brown and black hues of the Adirondack hills, stood plain in view, rising at the head of Lake Placid, its white or pale-gray side caused, we were told, by a landslide. All about were the distant high summits of the Adirondacks.

Late in the afternoon a long buckboard wagon came in sight, and on it

were seated a negro man and woman, with bundles; while a tall, gaunt, dark-complexioned man walked before, having his theodolite and other surveyor's instruments with him, while a youth followed by the side of the wagon. The team turned in to the sheds, and the man entered the house. This was "father." The sons came out and put up the cattle, and soon we were asked in to the meal. Mr. Brown came forward and received us with kindness; a grave, serious man he seemed, with a marked countenance and a natural dignity of manner, — that dignity which is unconscious, and comes from a superior habit of mind.

We were all ranged at a long table, some dozen of us more or less; and these two negroes and one other had their places with us. Mr. Brown said a solemn grace. I observed that he called the negroes by their surnames, with the prefixes of Mr. and Mrs. The man was "Mr. Jefferson," and the woman "Mrs. Wait." He introduced us to them in due form, "Mr. Dana, Mr. Jefferson," "Mr. Metcalf, Mrs. Wait." It was plain they had not been so treated or spoken to often before, perhaps never until that day, for they had all the awkwardness of field hands on a plantation; and what to do, on the introduction, was quite beyond their experience. There was an unrestricted supply of Ruth's best bread, butter, and corn-cakes, and we had some meat and tea, and a plenty of the best of milk.

We had some talk with Mr. Brown, who interested us very much. He told us he came here from the western part of Massachusetts. As some persons may distrust recollections, after very striking intervening events, I ask pardon for taking an extract from a journal I was in the habit of keeping at those times: —

"The place belonged to a man named Brown, originally from Berkshire in Massachusetts, a thin, sinewy, hard-favored, clear-headed, honest-minded man, who had spent all his days as a frontier farmer. On conversing with him, we found him well informed on

most subjects, especially in the natural sciences. He had books, and had evidently made a diligent use of them. Having acquired some property, he was able to keep a good farm, and had confessedly the best cattle and best farming utensils for miles round. His wife looked superior to the poor place they lived in, which was a cabin, with only four rooms. She appeared to be out of health. He seemed to have an unlimited family of children, from a cheerful, nice, healthy woman of twenty or so, and a full-sized red-haired son, who seemed to be foreman of the farm, through every grade of boy and girl, to a couple that could hardly speak plain."

How all these, and we three and Mr. Jefferson and Mrs. Wait, were to be lodged here, was a problem; but Aikens said he had seen as much done here before. However, we were not obliged to test the expanding capacities of the house; for a man was going down to Osgood's, by whom we sent a message, and in an hour or two the smiling face of Tommy appeared behind his mules, and we took leave of our kind entertainers.

In these regions it is the custom for farmers to receive travellers; and while they do not take out licences as innholders, or receive strictly pay for what they furnish, they always accept something in the way of remuneration from the traveller. When we attempted to leave something with Ruth, which was intended to express our gratitude and good-will, we found her inflexible. She would receive the bare cost of what we had taken, if we wished it, but nothing for attentions, or house-room, or as a gratuity. We had some five-dollar bills and some bills of one dollar each. She took one of the one-dollar bills and went up into the garret, and returned with some change! It was too piteous. We could not help smiling, and told her we should feel guilty of highway robbery if we took her silver. She consented to keep the one dollar, for three of us, — one meal apiece and some extra cooking in the morning, — as we seemed to think that

was right. It was plain this family acted on a principle in the smallest matters. They knew pretty well the cost price of the food they gave; and if the traveller preferred to pay, they would receive that, but nothing more. There was no shamefacedness about the money transaction either. It was business or nothing; and if we preferred to make it business, it was to be upon a rule.

After a day spent on Lake Placid, and in ascending White Face, we returned to Osgood's, and the next day we took the road in our wagon on our return to Westport. We could not pass the Browns' house without stopping. I find this entry in my journal: —

"*June 29, Friday.* — After breakfast, started for home. . . . We stopped at the Browns' cabin on our way, and took an affectionate leave of the family that had shown us so much kindness. We found them at breakfast, in the patriarchal style. Mr. and Mrs. Brown and their large family of children with the hired men and women, including three negroes, all at the table together. Their meal was neat, substantial, and wholesome."

How mysterious is the touch of Fate which gives a man immortality on earth! It would have been past belief, had we been told that this quiet frontier farmer, already at or beyond middle life, with no noticeable past, would, within ten years, be the central figure of a great tragic scene, gazed upon with wonder, pity, admiration, or execration by half a continent! That this man should be thought to have imperilled the slave empire in America, and added a new danger to the stability of the Union! That his almost undistinguishable name of John Brown should be whispered among four millions of slaves, and sung wherever the English tongue is spoken, and incorporated into an anthem to whose solemn cadences men should march to battle by the tens of thousands! That he should have done something toward changing the face of civilization itself!

In 1859-60 my inveterate habit of

overworking gave me, as you know, a vacation and the advantage of a voyage round the world. Somewhere at the antipodes I picked up, from time to time, in a disjointed way, out of all chronological order, reports of the expedition of one John Brown into Virginia, his execution, and the political excitement attending it; but I learned little of much value. That was the time when slavery ruled all. There was scarce an American consul or political agent in any quarter of the globe, or on any island of the seas, who was not a supporter of the slave power. I saw a large portion of these national representatives in my circumnavigation of the globe, and it was impossible to find at any office over which the American flag waved a newspaper that was not in the interests of slavery. No copy of the *New York Tribune* or *Evening Post* was tolerated under an American official roof. Each embassy and consulate, the world over, was a centre of influences for slavery and against freedom. We ought to take this into account when we blame foreign nations for not accepting at once the United States as an antislavery power, bent on the destruction of slavery, as soon as our civil war broke out. For twenty years foreign merchants, shipmasters, or travellers had seen in American officials only trained and devoted supporters of the slave power, and the only evidences of public opinion at home to be found at those official seats, so much resorted to and credited, were all of the same character. I returned home at the height of the Lincoln campaign of 1860, on which followed secession and war; and it was not until after the war, when reading back into its history, that I met with those unsurpassed narratives, by Mr. Wentworth Higginson and Mr. Wendell Phillips, of their visits to the home of John Brown, about the time of his execution, full of solemn touches, and marked by that restraint which good taste and right feeling accept in the presence of a great subject, itself so expressive of awe. Reading on, it

went through me with a thrill, — This is the man under whose roof I received shelter and kindness! These were the mother and daughters and sons who have suffered or shed their blood! This was the family whose artless heroism, whose plain fidelity and fortitude, seem to have cast chivalry and romance into the shade!

It is no uncommon thing to visit spots long hallowed by great events or renowned persons. The course of emotions in such cases is almost stereotyped. But this retroactive effect is something strange and anomalous. It is one thing to go through a pass of fear, watching your steps as you go, conscious of all its grandeur and peril, but quite another sensation when a glare of light, thrown backwards, shows you a fearful passage through which you have just gone with careless steps and unheeding eyes. It seems as if those few days of ours in the Adirondacks, in 1849, had been passed under a spell which held my senses from knowing what we saw. All is now become a region of peculiar sacredness. That plain, bare farm, amid the blackened stumps, the attempts at scientific agriculture under such disadvantages, the simple dwelling, the surveyor's tools, the setting of the little scene amid grand, awful mountain ranges, the negro colony and inmates, the family bred to duty and principle, and held to them by a power recognized as being from above, — all these now come back on my memory with a character nowise changed, indeed, in substance, but, as it were, illuminated. The widow bearing homeward the body from the Virginia scaffold, with the small company of stranger friends, crossed the lake, as we had done, to Westport; and thence, along that mountain road, but in midwinter, to Elizabethtown; and thence, the next day, to the door of that dwelling. The scene is often visited now by sympathy or curiosity, no doubt, and master pens have made it one of the most marked in our recent history.

In this narrative I have endeavored,

my dear friend, to guard against the influence of intervening events, and to give all things I saw in the natural, transient way in which they struck me at the time. That is its only value. It is not owing to subsequent events, that John Brown and his family are so impressed on my mind. The impression was made at the time. The short extract from a journal which set down but little, and nothing that was not of a marked character, will, I trust, satisfy the most incredulous that I am not beating up memory for impressions. I have tried to recollect something more of John Brown's conversation, but in vain, nor can either of my companions help me in that. We cannot recollect that slavery was talked of at all. It seems strange it should not have been, as we were Free-Soilers, and I had been to the Buffalo Convention the year before; but perhaps the presence of the negroes may have restrained us, as we did not see the master of the house alone. I notice that my journal speaks of him as "originally from Berkshire, Massachusetts." In examining his biography I think this must have been from his telling us that he had come from the western part of Massachusetts, when he found that we were Massachusetts men. I see no proof of his having lived in any other part of Massachusetts than Springfield. My journal speaks of the house as a "log-cabin." I observe that Mr. Higginson and some of the biographers describe it as a frame building. Mr. Brown had been but a few months

on the place when we were there, and he may have put up a frame house afterwards; or it is quite as likely that I was not careful to note the difference, and got that impression from its small size and plain surroundings.

Nearly all that the writers in December, 1859, have described lies clear in my memory. There can have been little change there in ten years. Ruth had become the wife of Henry Thompson, whose brother was killed at Harper's Ferry; and the son I speak of as apparently the foreman of the farm was probably Owen, who was with his father at Ossawatimie and Harper's Ferry, and escaped. Frederick, who was killed at Ossawatimie, in 1856, was probably the lad whom we saw coming home with his father, bringing the negroes on the wagon. Among the small boys, playing and working about the house, were Watson and Oliver, who were killed at Harper's Ferry. I do not recollect seeing — perhaps it was not there then — the gravestone of his grandfather of the Revolutionary Army, which John Brown is said to have taken from Connecticut and placed against the side of the house; nor can I recall the great rock, near the door, by the side of which lies his body,

"mouldering in the ground,
While his soul is marching on."

What judgment soever political loyalty, social ethics, or military strategy may pronounce upon his expedition into Virginia, old John Brown has a grasp on the moral world.

FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION.

PART II.

PAULINE BYNNER was a girl of great good sense. She understood people, and nobody could obtain an advantage over her. She could listen and keep still, and then she had talk, too, at command to occupy the idlest hours of her friends. She liked socie-

ty, but the open hospitality of her father's house displeased her. "It is like living in a public-house," she would say, and she by no means smiled on all the guests who came and went. She could discriminate. Her father would have said of her that one of the

most successful results of her training was that she could see an advantage, and make the most of it. If poor Nanny said once of her daughter, "I do not understand Pauline," she said it a hundred times. And it was true, she did not understand her; she was incapable of understanding the elegant, refined selfishness of her child.

It was easy to persuade Pauline that her boy-lover, though well born and highly educated, was really no match for her. Though with him she gave up all the tenderness, all the generous love of which her nature was capable, she found no difficulty, and it would have been as easy to give up, for any good reason, father or mother. Advantage gained was the one thing to be considered and sought, under all circumstances. Pauline could have looked down and talked down all the beautiful sentiments of a legion of angels, if such had seen fit to oppose her will in anything. Mark Bynner was more proud of Pauline than of his horses; he saw himself in her, polished and brightened to beauty, educated, the equal of the best.

When his expectation was realized, and the Doctor had asked him for Pauline, and the gift had been conferred, Mark said: "I will give you ten thousand dollars with the girl, and I hope you will make it ten hundred thousand before long. You could stand it easy, and Pauline is n't afraid of money." Ghost of Ephraim Butler, you may now take yourself out of his way!

The Doctor had already perceived that all that Mark Bynner's name was good for was at his service, and he answered unexpectedly: "You must settle the portion on Pauline, sir. Then I shall be able to work with both hands, and feel easy about her. It would cramp me to think that possibly I might make a mistake some time, and so give her an anxiety. You understand me?"

"Yes," said Bynner, "but I wish you would let it be the other way. It would be better for Pauline to have to look

to you, than to feel that she was driving a separate team. I have n't but the one, and you must n't make me feel that I have n't a life-interest in my girl."

"I should be fit for the gallows if I could," returned the Doctor, with feeling; "but let it be as I say," he added quietly; and Mark saw that it must be as this gentlest of men would have it.

But this thing the fond father would have clearly understood; so he said, hesitating: "You won't take Pauline away from us, Doctor? The house is big enough for you, I am sure, and half a dozen beside. What would my wife and I do left alone in it? We lost our son. It'll all be squared when Nanny and I get to be cumberers of the ground, and Pauline has to turn round and take care of us. She never had her mother's knack at cooking."

Trenton said, "Father Bynner, I hope I may be able to make you feel less the great loss of that dear boy of yours."

The two men looked at each other through not unmoistened eyes. They saw only the best of each other then.

Mark did not like to tell Miss Nan how all this money matter was to be arranged, yet he did tell her.

"Then it can't be helped," she said, and not a word beside; but that look of anxiety, which made people sometimes say that Mrs. Bynner had n't the least comfort of her life, so intent was she on nursing and serving sickness and misery; that look which Bynner understood too well, and which almost enraged him at times, forthwith appeared.

The marriage settlement was one of those transactions which he would have liked to talk over until other conclusions were reached than those which they now both held. So he began with something like complaint: "You don't talk like yourself, Miss Nan. You seem to expect all the while that something's going to make a dive at you from the dark."

"That's it, Mark. I do," said she.

"I am always expecting. We got more than we reckoned on, for ourselves and our children."

"Folks can scare up as many night-mares for themselves as they please," said he. "If you'd quit saying such things you'd quit thinking 'em, I know. It makes me mad, Miss Nan, now I tell you. The Doctor is right; he can't tell what'll happen to his business, — no man can. He wants to feel easy. Just you make up your mind that this is his lookout and mine, and let us manage."

A kind of argument which Nanny had herself sometimes attempted to use; but the transferring of responsibility was a more difficult feat than she could accomplish. As Mark used it, it did not prove more weighty. The nearer she found herself drawn towards him, the more closely was she identified with him. They were one, yet two; between them was this dreadful variance.

The Doctor could express himself on points not dissimilar from those which gave rise to this variance in a way that met with Bynner's profound approval.

"Nature is my God," he would say, "and I don't know any other. I tell you, sir, tobacco and whiskey are among the necessities of our civilization. Men can't live without them. We shall all be burned up, and there'll be the end. Temperance societies? Go talk to the sloth and armadillo. You may organize as many as you please, all the laws of men won't be able to interfere materially with the laws of nature. The race has got to going, and nothing can stop it. Congress can't legislate for necessity, until men know more than they do know."

Mark was a firm believer in the tobacco-and-whiskey doctrine, he could see that the work laid out for the century was to be done by the aid of stimulants; but Miss Nan was not to be hindered by such talk from breaking her heart over the question whether an offended Being — said not to exist — could be transformed into a friend.

The wedding was over, and the talkers had talked out the wonder and admiration excited by the Bynner munificence. Pauline had seen her bridal paraphernalia well commented on in the "Witness," even the neighborhood feasting was nearly at an end, when, returning home, after an absence of a couple of days, Mark was met by the Doctor, who thus addressed him: "Eph Butler's brother is here, and Lord of heavens! I wish he were back where he came from. He is a beggar and a sot. Pauline is disgusted with me and my friends, but your wife behaves like an angel. She is Saint Elizabeth over again."

"There's room enough here," said Bynner, a little serious, yet amused too, by the Doctor's boyish explosion; "for your friends, anyway."

"Don't say my friends again, or I'll run away. I am mortified to death."

"But they're your own words. Has the lad fallen among thieves?"

"Yes, and worse. It turned out as I feared. They have literally devoured his substance; and how he had wit enough or money enough to find his way here I have n't been able to discover yet; what Eph would say to him, if he saw him in this plight, I don't know. I am just beginning to believe that he is Butler's brother. But he has been put through a severe course of questions. I thought he must be an impostor who had got hold of my letter by some infernal piece of luck. I hoped he was, but he is n't."

There was little for others to say when the Doctor took this visitation in such mood.

"I did n't suppose, when I told him I could give him work, and to come here if he wanted it, that I was encouraging anything like this into my hands. He is n't fit for any place, except a hole under ground," he said, after Mark had seen the newcomer.

"Nanny will work wonders," Mark answered, quietly; "we won't gain anything by being hard on him. There's no end to Nanny's kindness. It looks

like a bad case, but she will have her way. I'm willing."

He was, in fact, more than willing.

"You see how it works," said Nanny to him, when they were alone together.

Mark did not answer. He was in a maze.

"If we can set the poor creetur on his feet again," she said, "it will be easy to make all square."

Last year, when money had not half the value to him, or to any business man it now had, it might have been "easy," and this year "tight," as it was, it might still have been "easy," but for this representative of the Butlers, whom, Mark believed, not Nanny or any other woman would be able to prop up into the likeness of a man. He could see the joy Nanny had in her enterprise. "Old woman," he said, "do you *expect* to set him on his feet again? You've got a devilish hard job before you."

"If you will make Pauline stop fretting about it, I will manage the rest," said she, quite confidently.

"Pauline don't like to see you so put upon," said Mark, kindly.

But Nanny knew it was not on her account that Pauline fretted. It was making the house like a tavern to take in every straggler who happened to come along. Hemlock Creek was a humiliating, an exasperating recollection to her.

"If I cure him, Mark, will you promise me?"

"What?"

"To pay him."

"What! over again?"

"He has nothing to do with the settlement on Pauline."

"He has a great deal to do with it. How many ten thousands do you think I have to spare? I must keep afloat in my business."

"You and I don't want anything, Mark. Not anything for ourselves."

"Yes we do, Miss Nan, we want as much as anybody. A sight of good it would do to put money in the hands of that fellow! Besides, as the Doctor

says, who knows that he is n't an impostor?"

"I know it. I looked at that other face long enough. I am always looking at it. If he had never said he was a brother, I would have said it."

"Well, things work queer."

"It's the Lord that does it."

"Stuff."

"Well, I shall get him to think better of himself, if I can. And if I do, and we have n't any money left, Mark, he has me for the rest of his life. I'll never forsake him. He's my lost son."

"Now you talk like Miss Nan," said Mark. "I won't go against you in that. But I won't go shares with you in it. The Doctor is *my* boy."

That was the one word he had spoken which was like a strong staff to Nanny. He had as good as promised that she should have her way!

Such a kind face as hers was to meet the eyes of a man who, coming to a sense of his fallen condition, daily became more ashamed of himself! There was never a day nor an hour when this youth did not feel that he had at least one friend in the world. He found it easy to explain himself to Mrs. Bynner. How quickly she understood, how thoroughly she appreciated, how constantly she sympathized! If she did not understand his moods, he had but to speak, and a word had an effect equivalent to the results which would have sprung from the profoundest knowledge. The Doctor might have understood him better, and the Doctor was kindly, but no kindness of man dealing with infirmity, weakness, wickedness, could equal that of this woman.

And the Doctor had his own absorbing thoughts, great responsibilities whose weight he felt constantly, complications which he must guard against or disentangle when they surprised him; he could not sit down with a despairing brother and dress his wounds, and calm his fears, and arouse his hope, and plant again securely the tattered banner of life. It was too

much to expect of him or of Pauline, that they could waste time in restoring to the world a being who had not proved himself worthy of restoration. But Nanny! as if there were no other work expected of her in this world, she sat down in obscurity with the poor fellow and listened, and solaced, and encouraged, and became happy in the work which absorbed her. Zebulon was her son. God had given him to her as certainly as he had given Pauline.

Anybody would have felt at liberty to prophecy that all would go well with Pauline and Dr. Trenton, that bright young pair. The alliance was between strong spirits, and all would have gone well but for the immense miscalculation which the Doctor had made in his great undertaking. It was a leviathan swallowing all the money he could find to invest; and presently it began to give quite other indications than those of return. And of course with him, associated as he was, business success must be, as it was with Pauline and Pauline's father, the one success which marked a man.

The consolidation of the stage routes and the projection of the railway would have secured the ends the Doctor anticipated, had not other parties, possessed of equal courage and larger capital, entered into the lists and won the prize. After a desperate but brief struggle, in which he attempted with his few thousands to fight against apparently exhaustless resources, Dr. Trenton was obliged to own to himself that he was defeated; and as failure, according to his mode of looking at it, was irretrievable ruin for which neither tobacco nor whiskey had sufficient consolations, he provided himself with an air-gun, and blew his incompetent brains into the nothingness which they so richly merited.

People said that the wheels of enterprise must stand still in Howesbury when that brain ceased to project and act. But the lamentation of the community, however extravagant, could

never have expressed Mark Bynner's disappointment and grief. What risks he had incurred, what losses sustained, to secure advantage to the man whom he had with unutterable pride of heart called his son. Those risks and losses did not now receive a regretful thought; he proceeded at once to offer costly sacrifices to the honor of the dead.

The Doctor, he perceived, would be remembered as a man who had attempted a great work and — not succeeded; attempted a great work and *failed*. But no man should be able to say that he had suffered loss by trusting Dr. Trenton.

For this reason, with an almost insane ardor, Mark Bynner bestirred himself to collect all accounts against his son, pledging himself to make good all the obligations which had been incurred, and in this activity he did not flag until he had nearly beggared himself.

And what a satisfaction through all this in the thought that, whatever might happen to himself, Pauline and her boy were secured from want; Trenton's boy was sure of education. Never a woman more tender and fond than he became, looking on Trenton's boy. He began to calculate how old he himself would be when the child should have come to manhood. He had seen the sun set and darkness cover the earth; the sun would never again rise for him, but he looked forward for the dawn; he wanted to live that he might see that infant a man. That would be seeing Trenton over again! He wanted to tell the youth what his father was, as nobody except himself could tell him; for nobody, Mark was persuaded, nobody ever had seen Trenton as he really was, nobody save himself. So the poor dreamer dreamed, and under that hope he found his only place of shelter and rest. "I shall live," he said to himself, "I shall see the child a man." But meanwhile people were saying about him, "How frightfully he changes! he looks like the ghost of himself! Nobody has seen him smile since the Doctor killed

himself. We thought he could stand anything. This blow will be the death of him."

He fought against the attacks of sickness on his system. Rheumatism laid him on the rack; fever consumed him; but he must live to see that infant of age. Had Nature so slight an acquaintance with her man as to think he would succumb? He arose from one attack after another to look into Trenton's business, and, as before stated, he continued the investigation until he had nearly beggared himself.

And now he and Nanny were living with Pauline. Yes, and their son Butler also. Up to the time of the Doctor's death the daughter had dwelt in her father's house. Does the reader perceive a difference, or understand how Mark and Miss Nan should have felt it? The brother of her husband's friend was the burden Pauline manifested least patience in bearing. It was not long ere Nanny held the position of his advanced guard, forever on the outlook to parry any blow, ward off any shot, guard against any surprise, intended for him. "Mother had better apply for a situation as an attendant in some asylum or hospital." "Mother seemed bent on encouraging shiftlessness, and on making a tavern of the house." That might be even easier to say now when Pauline was mistress of the mansion than it had been before, but it was less difficult to hear quietly.

Nanny said to her husband, "Does Pauline mean to drive poor Zeb away?"

Bynner did not know; he made no answer. He was surprised at Pauline, vexed at his wife, enraged at fortune; he did not care what became of "poor Zeb," who slunk about so, arrested in his progress towards himself by that terrible shock which seemed to ruin them all,—the Doctor's violent death.

Soon it was only Nanny who had a word or a look for Zeb. He ceased his painful efforts to make himself recognized as an existing presence at the table or around the house. He even ceased to play with little Ephy.

Slowly fastened on him the conviction that he must go away.

It seemed as if Nanny had some apprehension lest he should take this thought into his head. She tried to manage that he should seldom be out of her sight; became a talker, and a gossip, which she had never been, so to amuse and interest him, and to draw him out. She even asked Pauline to let him take care of the garden flowers and the conservatory, saying he was fond of flowers and was dreadfully in need of occupation.

"Why don't he get something to do, then, fit for a man of his years? I don't want my gardener sitting at my table, and associating with my child as an equal," answered Pauline.

"He would do no harm to Ephy," ventured the mother. "The baby is only six months old."

"It makes no difference if he is not six days old," returned Pauline, impatiently. "I like John better. Besides, mother, I may as well say I don't intend this house shall be filled with hangers-on. You and father are different; but you must let me keep house according to my own liking."

That was a remark that did not admit of reply.

One day Nanny asked Zebulon to assist her in separating a clump of oleanders which were to be potted anew. While they were about their cheerful work she said to him, because she perceived that if she did not say it others would, and less kindly, "What would you like to be best, Zeb, if you could have your way about it?"

"Dead," said he.

"O, now, — with your chances!"

Nanny appeared to be so surprised, that Zebulon was almost assured she had not spoken in jest, making sport of him. Something like a ghastly smile appeared on his face, though he answered, "What chance have I? Everybody despises me and I despise myself more than any one can."

"That might be, in the old country, if you became unfortunate," said she; "but *here* in *this* country, where

women and everybody have a chance, don't say you have n't one. It's going against light and knowledge."

"Does anybody think so besides you? Does Mrs. Trenton?"

"Why of course she does! How could she help it? Everybody knows it is so. You are a right smart young man. And does n't it say in the Declaration of Independence, — I could tell you the time when I felt these words come home to me first; I was a girl then, it was one Fourth of July, — that we all have a right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness?"

"That may do for native-born citizens," answered he; "but you know it don't apply to me."

"Yes it does, to adopted citizens just as well, *all* men, and I am sure you are an adopted citizen, just as you are my adopted son. Why, you can even vote, if you please."

He shook his head. Nanny became desperate; was there no word, look, or argument by which she might draw him out of his despondency?"

"But what will you take up?" she asked. "If you can't do anything you please, what will you do because you must?"

"Tell me," he said, with an imploring look. "I am sure I don't know. I was going to be an engineer. Eph expected me to come to this country. He said I could get employment anywhere, that railways were always building."

"Well, so they are," said Nanny, eagerly. "Be what he wanted you to be."

He shook his head again and said to himself, "She means to have me go, and I will."

The thought had no sooner passed through his mind, than Nanny seemed to be aware of it, and she hastened to say: "I want to see you happy, doing something. That is the way with us in this country, you know. We have to be doing something, or else we ain't happy. The poor Doctor used to say it was the climate was the matter of us all. Howesbury is a growing place,

with all these iron-works here, and so on. I'm sure there's something you could do right here; and I'll tell you one thing, Zebulon, you will do ten times better at the work you find for yourself than you would at any other. You look about, now, make other people see it's in you plain as I see it. I would n't let anybody go ahead of me if I were a young man like you! I lost my boy. I expect great things of you, Zebulon. You don't *know* what a comfort you are to me."

The poor fellow stood staring at Nanny, fairly looking at her, face to face, almost for the first time since he knew her; more and more he seemed to be astonished by her words. When she ended with this declaration, everything — voice, manner, countenance — attesting to her sincerity, he could bear it no longer; throwing his arms around her neck he burst into tears, and wept until it seemed as if all the dross of his nature must be swept out before that flood.

It was the last opportunity Nanny had to console and encourage him. Spurred on by her confidence in the possibility of his final success, Zeb sought for occupation; and when he failed to find it, urged on by the vague hope that elsewhere he might realize the hope of this good woman, he walked out of Howesbury without a dollar in his pocket, and was never seen again within its limits.

That was a heavy blow for Nanny Bynner. Ought she not to have known that the recollection of what she had done for him, and said to him, had kept him steadfast to his determination that he would find work to do, until he found it? and till at last he was able to look in the face of any honest, upright citizen as a peer, a rightful participant in all the civil and the social rights of man?

It was a bitter reflection for Nanny, "If Pauline could know that to make her rich we have made him poor! She is easy and respectable at his cost!"

The time had passed when it would be possible to speak even to Mark in

this strain. Mark had ruined himself in endeavoring to meet those obligations which the Doctor had incurred, and he was, moreover, proving that the necessities of the age of which the Doctor used to talk were at least his necessities.

Everybody in Howesbury knew that he was a man of fallen fortunes and a falling man. Everybody in his own house, or rather in his daughter's house, knew it. He was drinking hard, people said, getting besotted, and would never again be good for anything in this world.

But it was not his ruined fortunes that troubled Mark Bynner. It was his daughter. Where was his child? The ends of the earth seemed nearer to him than she.

He noticed, as well as Nanny, that she wore the ring which he had given the Doctor when it suddenly became the reminder of a lost friend. It was all stuff, this talk about retribution, nobody knew that better than he; nevertheless, he would have rewarded the thief who had robbed Pauline of that ring. Perhaps if she could lose it, she and they all might find the invisible net broken which enclosed them in the toils of their adversary.

But Mark was long in coming to such dismal thoughts about his daughter as he now entertained. Why, she had been as the apple of his eye, his darling, his pride; what could she mean by her words so unloving, her acts so unkind? It almost seemed to offend her that he should love to be with little Ephy. He and Nanny had given everything into her hands; was it because they now had nothing, that they were contemptible in her eyes?

Pauline might easily have led her father away from the edge of the precipice on which he stood; even he felt that; had she called to him with love in her voice, he would have turned back, proud to obey her. Yes, he would have been strong enough in his will to control powerful habit for her sake.

But at last, at last, only this convic-

tion was possible to the wretched man, that their daughter's house was no place for him and Nanny, and that they had best be gone. He ventured to interpret the gloom of his wife's face by that of his own heart. She, too, felt a stranger in the house of her child, and the bread of dependence seemed better adapted to destroy life than to sustain it. He must help Miss Nan out of this trouble.

One day, when he was recovering from one of his rheumatic attacks, he beckoned her to his bedside, and said: "We must get away from this,—you and I, old woman."

She responded so instantly as to surprise him, "Yes, Mark."

He paused a moment on this; perhaps a brief opposition on her part would have pleased him better; it would have said better things for Pauline. But he merely asked, "Where?"

"Where shall we go? No matter where," she answered, "but somewhere, quick."

"Hemlock Creek?"

Poor old man! the scene of his early labors, where at least he had been able to earn his bread, was the one place to which his thoughts turned now.

"No, not there," she said, shuddering.

Yet, because all the rest of the world looked strange and threatening to him, as soon as Mark Bynner was on his feet again he set out for Hemlock Creek, feeling, when he had shut the door of his daughter's house, that he could go on easier if first he shook the dust of it from his feet.

He had said to his wife: "I'll send for you. You'll come when you get word. We ain't so old that we can't begin over again." And Nanny knew how to smile still. The cheer of her smile was with her husband through many a mile of his journey. But when he was gone she felt troubled. He was old and broken to undertake a journey alone. What if he should never return? What if she should never hear of him again? *Travellers sometimes perished by the wayside, and those who loved*

them never knew! She began to watch day and night.

"Why, mother," Pauline would say, "how absurd! You talk as if father were incapable of taking care of himself. Of course it is all right."

Nanny answered: "Your father is very feeble. I ought to have gone with him."

"What nonsense!" Pauline, it almost seemed, could browbeat King Death himself.

Mark Bynner set out for Hemlock Creek. The old place first, in spite of what Nanny had said. But he blundered in his confusion when he took the stage, and after twenty-five miles over a strange road he discovered that he was going to Hemlock Lake. The driver reconciled him when he at last understood the state of things. "You can't get back to Lee Station, where you started from with me, short of two days, unless you foot it," said he. "There ain't no stage going. You're hard on to the prettiest place on earth; the millennium has come there, they say. I can set you down within half a mile of it; they won't let me come no nearer."

"I'll go there, then," said Mark. "Perhaps there is n't any mistake, after all." For, after all, so it was away from Howesbury, east, west, north, or south, made little difference.

So it was that on the evening of the day he left his daughter's house, Mark Bynner was set down at a point which seemed to him as remote from Howesbury as if he had gone half round the world. "Straight ahead," said the driver, "you can't go amiss; it's like walking in a garding all the way. You'll know when you get there."

So it was like a garden all the way. By and by Mark, from going straight ahead, intent chiefly on arriving, began to take notice. He breathed the sweetest perfumes with which summer air was ever freighted; he heard birds sing; he stepped on more briskly; he thought he should surely come to himself and to his strength again. So long

he had lived in a different world, a world in which tobacco and whiskey were necessities, a world in which despair and pain and misery were sovereignly at home, — O, what sphere was this? It seemed to him a world on which business had never set its relentless grip. And yet what but labor had made the desert here to blossom as the rose? Ah! but the hand of contented labor, not that of the demon Gain, who cares ever less for means and methods than for the end, success.

By and by the walk of half a mile ended, and Mark came to a broad, straight street shaded by great elm-trees, and each great tree was as a bower, and underneath stood a small house, which was a home. The sound of the cricket's voice was on the still air, the scent of myriads of sweet peas, and of acres of mignonette, seemed to surround and embrace him. As he entered the street he saw a town pump, and beneath the tree which overhung it a wooden bench. There he sat down. He felt that it would be good to rest there. If now Nanny were with him, he would ask for nothing more, — nothing more. Poor Bynner! For this ease thou gavest him that night, I thank thee, dear Nature.

Sitting there, he fell asleep. He was more tired than he had supposed, and it was so still. By and by he awakened. A young man had come for a pail of water, and when he turned his lantern round he saw the stranger on the bench asleep; and it was raining.

He did what any other man in Bolt-ing would have done, he laid his hand on the sleeper's shoulder and asked him if he wanted a rheumatism, that he sat out there in the rain sleeping so sound.

Mark opened his eyes and endeavored to make out where he was, and who had spoken to him, and what had been said. Then he tried to get up. "You will have to lend a hand, sir, I'm pretty stiff," said he.

"I think it is likely," was the reply. "Thee does n't mean to spend the night here, then?"

"Well, not exactly," answered Mark. "I'm on a journey, and came in late. The stage set me down."

"Thee had better come with me," said the young man, cutting short the explanation. "We shall be drenched in no time."

In the house of that young man Mark Bynner lay for many a day at death's door. Hither came Nanny to watch over him. Into their sad hearts the young man and the young woman, who had just set up housekeeping for themselves, poured balm.

When the old man — for an old, old man he looked — was able to walk about again, he said to Nanny, "We'll never leave this place. They can find something for us to do." And he talked with Owen Happy, and Owen said, "My wife is good for counsel. Providence has thrown us together. We ought not to be in haste about separating."

So it was that the children of another generation saw Mark Bynner weaving baskets for the city trade, with his poor misshapen fingers; and knew in his wife, Nanny, the head and soul of that great co-operative kitchen, where the food of the Bolting angels was prepared.

Nanny died first, and she was lamented. The child she had borne did not follow her to the grave, but Bolting shed tears for her, and made her place of burial bright and pleasant even as she herself had become when Bolting had put work into her husband's hands, and so helped to heal her wounds.

Mark, lingering five years after, broken in mind as in body, believed she was always with him, and nobody attempted to build up a wall of separation between him and Miss Nan. It was gathered from his talk that he had children alive, and once, but once only, it was suggested to him that to see them might be a pleasure. "Never," he said, thinking only of Pauline. "She went away from me before I went away from her." But the anger which was in

his voice when he began to speak died out of it before he had concluded.

"It plagues him," said Owen Happy to his wife; "don't mention it again. He seems not to want anything. He is n't dead; but he is n't alive, either; but he would be glad to be dead to be with the old lady again. That's my opinion."

The younger people — for they were now no longer young, though they might have been Mark's children by nature as assuredly they were by grace — were surprised one day to hear the old man address them in this wise: "I would like to get a letter written. I would like to see Ephy. Would you mind writing to Ephy and saying to come down here and get my last word? I have laid up a little, but that's yours; but I have a mind to say something to Ephy. Tell him to come alone. Nobody but Ephy. I shall be getting off now before long, and there's this thing to say before I go." Therefore the letter was written, and after a brief wandering reached its destination, and therefore Alick Eph Trenton went out to Bolting.

Arrived there too late, as we have seen. This, Hannah Happy said to him, was the last word of the old gentleman. She had asked him, and she said, What if his boy did not come in time? There might be some delay in his getting the letter; his boy might be away from home, he might have changed his residence; she could not pain him by suggesting that he might not be alive.

The old man was a long while answering her, she said; he lay thinking, and from time to time she repeated the question; at last he said, smiling on her as she had never seen him smile before, and in a way that made her feel as if perhaps she had never seen his true face before, "You and Miss Nan — you and Miss Nan — you and Miss Nan." She thought then that he might be losing his reason entirely, but by and by he said, "Tell the boy I have been asking that we may all be forgiven. . . . Have nothing to do with

money. It is no advantage. Let it alone. Stand straight. There 's something besides tobacco and whiskey to keep up a man." That was all. It was evident that she had recollected every word, and that she had repeated all with something of the old man's emphasis.

"Tell me all about him," said "Ephy."

And though the story was so simple, yet it took her long. Strange things happened while Alexander Ephraim sat and listened. He began to see in vision patient Love and Divine Forgiveness. Not without tears he listened to the story, simple as the simplest of pastorals; how the old pair, his grandparents, had stood beside each other in the years of waning strength and waning reason, until, as all could see, like children they passed through the strait gate into the Kingdom of Heaven.

Others, wiser in the theologies, might have smiled, or perhaps taken offence even, at the narrator's notion, but the story made a wonderfully deep impression on the young stranger who had keyed himself up on these "Necessities of the Age" to a pitch that enabled him to sound the note of despair.

He wept over the beautiful picture of divine unity presented by that poor pair; he wept over the story of the humble labors which they diligently pursued, because they determined, when they found that Bolting would harbor them, that they would owe no man, and would be a burden to none; wept over the gratitude they expressed that work was given to them; wept, thinking how the woman had led the man towards peace.

But when Hannah Happy would have held Alexander to the thought that he was his grandsire's heir, and her husband brought the bag in which Bynner had kept his savings, he put it aside. "I do not want it," he said. "You need not tell me how much there is; there must be somebody in this place who would not be harmed by a little help. Something can be done here

with the money. All I want is a piece of his work, one of those willow flower-stands. And tell me more about them. Tell me more about *her*."

And while Hannah talked on, he sat with head bowed, and his heart softening under the knowledge that he was bone of the bone, flesh of the flesh, of this good woman. The exasperation with which he remembered the desertion of his mother died out of him; he had kindred again, though under ground.

You will never see the flower-stand woven of willow wrought by Mark Bynner's poor misshapen hands,—the gift which Alexander Trenton carried home to Ellen Hepworth,—without, whatever the season, its tufts of immortelle and amaranth, purple and white.

Poor Pauline! she never was so fortunate as to find a thief to rob her of her ring. And her successful, yet utterly comfortless career would make one think, almost, that the superstition which her father as well as mother strove against, yet yielded to, had its foundation in some mysterious truth.

It came to pass one day that the junior partner of the firm of Smithby & Co., that is, our Alexander Trenton, engaged in the following remarkable conversation with the silent partner, Mr. Zebulon Butler.

"It has always seemed to me, sir, that when you stood by me the way you did, you must have had some reason for it, a better reason, I mean, than you would have given to anybody that asked you to account for your confidence in me."

Mr. Butler took his time to answer.

"I saw you were to be trusted, Ephraim; there are some signs that cannot be mistaken."

"And is that all?"

"Tell me where did you go when you made that journey, before you came back to us?"

The junior partner looked a little surprised.

"To Bolting," said he.

"You were sent for, but you were not in time. That could hardly have pained you as much as it did me," said Mr. Butler. "I saw that letter written to you, and I went down to Bolting too; but they were both gone. Both gone," he repeated. "It is on your grandmother's account that I am always thinking of you as though you were my son, Ephraim. You are the only relation I have in this world. She

saved my life. You are like her, and she was an honest woman. Did my confidence in you help you? I was determined you should justify it. I could have held out against a great deal worse odds, thinking of her. You are like her, and she was an honest woman. They say I have a knack at holding on. I could n't have let you go, Ephraim, while I remembered her."

By this time Ephraim could speak.

Caroline Chesebro'.

THE BOY AND THE BROOK.

ARMENIAN POPULAR SONG, FROM THE PROSE VERSION OF ALISHAN.

DOWN from yon distant mountain height
The brooklet flows through the village street;
A boy comes forth to wash his hands,
Washing, yes washing, there he stands,
In the water cool and sweet.

"Brook, from what mountain dost thou come?
O my brooklet cool and sweet!"
"I come from yon mountain high and cold,
Where lieth the new snow on the old,
And melts in the summer heat."

"Brook, to what river dost thou go?
O my brooklet cool and sweet!"
"I go to the river there below
Where in bunches the violets grow,
And sun and shadow meet."

"Brook, to what garden dost thou go?
O my brooklet cool and sweet!"
"I go to that garden in the vale
Where all night long the nightingale
Her love-song doth repeat."

"Brook, to what fountain dost thou go?
O my brooklet cool and sweet!"
"I go to that fountain, at whose brink
The maid that loves thee comes to drink,
And, whenever she looks therein,
I rise to meet her, and kiss her chin,
And my joy is then complete."

Henry W. Longfellow.

CASTILIAN DAYS.

V.

TAUROMACHY.

THE bull-fight is the national festival of Spain. The rigid Britons have had their fling at it for many years. The effeminate *badaud* of Paris has declaimed against its barbarity. Even the aristocracy of Spain has begun to suspect it of vulgarity and to withdraw from the arena the light of its noble countenance. But the Spanish people still hold it to their hearts and refuse to be weaned from it.

"As Panem at Circensia was the cry
Among the Roman populace of old,
So Pan y Toros is the cry in Spain."

It is a tradition which has passed into their national existence. They received it from nowhere. They have transmitted it nowhither except to their own colonies. In late years an effort has been made to transplant it, but with small success. There were a few bull-fights four years ago at Havre. There was a sensation of curiosity which soon died away. This year in London the experiment was tried, but was hooted out of existence, to the great displeasure of the Spanish journals, who said the ferocious Islanders would doubtless greatly prefer baiting to death a half-dozen Irish serfs from the estate of Lord Fritters,—a gentle diversion in which we are led to believe the British peers pass their leisure hours.

It is this monopoly of the bull-fight which so endears it to the Spanish heart. It is to them conclusive proof of the vast superiority of both the human and taurine species in Spain. The eminent torero, Pepe Illo, said: "The love of bulls is inherent in man, especially in the Spaniard, among which glorious people there have been bull-fights ever since bulls were, because," adds Pepe, with that modesty which forms so charming a trait of the Iberian character, "the Spanish men are as

much more brave than all other men, as the Spanish bull is more savage and valiant than all other bulls." The sport permeates the national life. I have seen it woven into the tapestry of palaces, and rudely stamped on the handkerchief of the peasant. It is the favorite game of children in the street. Loyal Spain was thrilled with joy recently on reading in its Paris correspondence that when the exiled Prince of Asturias went for a half-holiday to visit his Imperial comrade at the Tuileries, the urchins had a game of "toro" on the terrace, admirably conducted by the little Bourbon and followed up with great spirit by the little Montijo-Bonaparte.

The bull-fight has not always enjoyed the royal favor. Isabella the Catholic would fain have abolished bathing and bull-fighting together. The Spaniards, who willingly gave up their ablutions, stood stoutly by their bulls, and the energetic queen was baffled. Again when the Bourbons came in with Philip V., the courtiers turned up their thin noses at the coarse diversion, and induced the king to abolish it. It would not stay abolished, however, and Philip's successor built the present coliseum in expiation. The spectacle has, nevertheless, lost much of its early splendor in the hammering of time. Formerly the gayest and bravest gentlemen of the court, mounted on the best horses in the kingdom, went into the arena and defied the bull in the names of their lady-loves. Now the bull is baited and slain by hired artists, and the horses they mount are the sorriest hacks that ever went to the knacker.

One of the most brilliant shows of the kind that was ever put upon the scene was the Festival of Bulls given by Philip IV. in honor of Charles I.,

"When the Stuart came from far,
Led by his love's sweet pain,
To Mary, the guiding star
That shone in the heaven of Spain."

And the memory of that dazzling occasion was renewed by Ferdinand VII. in the year of his death, when he called upon his subjects to swear allegiance to his baby Isabel. This festival took place in the Plaza Mayor. The king and court occupied the same balconies which Charles and his royal friend and model had filled two centuries before. The champions were poor nobles, of good blood but scanty substance, who fought for glory and pensions, and had quadrilles of well-trained bull-fighters at their stirrups to prevent the farce from becoming tragedy. The royal life of Isabel of Bourbon was inaugurated by the spilled blood of one hundred bulls save one. The gory prophecy of that day has been well sustained. Not one year has passed since then free from blood shed in her cause.

But these extraordinary attractions are not necessary to make a festival of bulls the most seductive of all pleasures to a Spaniard. On any pleasant Sunday afternoon, from Easter to All Souls, you have only to go into the street to see that there is some great excitement fusing the populace into one living mass of sympathy. All faces are turned one way, all minds are filled with one purpose. From the Puerta del Sol down the wide Alcalá a vast crowd winds, solid as a glacier and bright as a kaleidoscope. From the grandee in his blazoned carriage to the *manola* in her calico gown, there is no class unrepresented. Many a red hand grasps the magic ticket which is to open the realm of enchantment to-day, and which represents short commons for a week before. The pawnbrokers' shops have been very animated for the few preceding days. There is nothing too precious to be parted with for the sake of the bulls. Many of these smart girls have made the ultimate sacrifice for that coveted scrap of paper. They would leave their mother's cross with the children of Israel rather than not

go. It is no cheap entertainment. The worst places in the broiling sun cost twenty cents, four reals; and the boxes are sold usually at fifteen dollars. These prices are necessary to cover the heavy expenses of bulls, horses, and gladiators.

The way to the bull-ring is one of indescribable animation. The cabmen drive furiously this day their broken-kneed nags, who will soon be found on the horns of the bulls,—for this is the natural death of the Madrid cab-horse; the omnibus teams dash gayly along with their shrill chime of bells; there are the rude jests of clowns and the high voices of excited girls; the water-venders droning their tempting cry, "Cool as the snow!" the sellers of fans and the merchants of gingerbread picking up their harvests in the hot and hungry crowd.

The Plaza de Toros stands just outside the monumental gate of the Alcalá. It is a low, squat, prison-like circus of stone, stuccoed and whitewashed, with no pretence of ornament or architectural effect. There is no nonsense whatever about it. It is built for the killing of bulls and for no other purpose. Around it, on a day of battle, you will find encamped great armies of the lower class of Madrileños, who being at financial ebb-tide, cannot pay to go in. But they come all the same, to be in the enchanted neighborhood, to hear the shouts and roars of the favored ones within, and to seize any possible occasion for getting in. Who knows? A caballero may come out and give them his check. An English lady may become disgusted and go home, taking away numerous lords whose places will be vacant. The sky may fall, and they may catch four reals' worth of larks. It is worth taking the chances.

One does not soon forget the first sight of the full coliseum. In the centre is the sanded arena, surrounded by a high barrier. Around this rises the graded succession of stone benches, for the people; then numbered seats for the connoisseurs; and above a row of boxes extending around the circle.

The building holds, when full, some fourteen thousand persons; and there is rarely any vacant space. For myself I can say that what I vainly strove to imagine in the coliseum at Rome, and in the more solemn solitude of the amphitheatres of Capua and Pompeii, came up before me with the vividness of life on entering the bull-ring at Madrid. This, and none other, was the classic arena. This was the crowd that sat expectant, under the blue sky, in the hot glare of the South, while the doomed captives of Dacia or the sectaries of Judea commended their souls to the gods of the Danube, or the Crucified of Galilee. Half the sand lay in the blinding sun. Half the seats were illuminated by the fierce light. The other half was in shadow, and the dark crescent crept slowly all the afternoon across the arena as the sun declined in the west.

It is hard to conceive a more brilliant scene. The women put on their gayest finery for this occasion. In the warm light, every bit of color flashes out, every combination falls naturally into its place. I am afraid the luxuriance of hues in the dress of the fair Iberians would be considered shocking in Broadway, but in the vast frame and broad light of the Plaza the effect was very brilliant. Thousands of parti-colored paper fans are sold at the ring. The favorite colors are the national red and yellow, and the fluttering of these broad, bright disks of color is dazzlingly attractive. There is a gayety of conversation, a quick fire of repartee, shouts of recognition and salutation, which altogether make up a bewildering confusion.

The weary young water-men scream their snow-cold refreshment. The orange-men walk with their gold-freighted baskets along the barrier, and throw their oranges with the most marvellous skill and certainty to people in distant boxes or benches. They never miss their mark. They will throw over the heads of a thousand people a dozen oranges into the outstretched hands of customers, so swiftly that it seems like

one line of gold from the dealer to the buyer.

At length the blast of a trumpet announces the clearing of the ring. The idlers who have been lounging in the arena are swept out by the *alguaciles*, and the hum of conversation gives way to an expectant silence. When the last loafer has reluctantly retired, the great gate is thrown open, and the procession of the *toreros* enters. They advance in a glittering line: first the marshalls of the day, then the picadors on horseback, then the matadors on foot surrounded each by his quadrille of *chulos*. They walk towards the box which holds the city fathers, under whose patronage the show is given, and formally salute the authority. This is all very classic also, recalling the *Ave Cæsar, morituri*, etc., of the gladiators. It lacks, however, the solemnity of the Roman salute, from those splendid fellows who would never all leave the arena alive. A bull-fighter is sometimes killed, it is true, but the percentage of deadly danger is scarcely enough to make a spectator's heart beat, as the bedizened procession comes flashing by in the sun.

The municipal authority throws the bowing alguacil a key, which he catches in his hat, or is hissed if he misses it. With this he unlocks the door through which the bull is to enter, and then scampers off with undignified haste through the opposite entrance. There is a bugle flourish, the door flies open, and the bull rushes out, blind with the staring light, furious with rage, trembling in every limb. This is the most intense moment of the day. The glorious brute is the target of twelve thousand pairs of eyes. There is a silence as of death, while every one waits to see his first movement. He is doomed from the beginning; the curtain has risen on a three-act tragedy, which will surely end with his death, but the incidents which are to fill the interval are all unknown. The minds and eyes of all that vast assembly know nothing for the time but the movements of that brute. He stands

for an instant recovering his senses. He has been shot suddenly out of the darkness into that dazzling light. He sees around him a sight such as he never confronted before,—a wall of living faces lit up by thousands of staring eyes. He does not dwell long upon this, however; in his pride and anger he sees a nearer enemy. The horsemen have taken position near the gate, where they sit motionless as burlesque statues, their long ashen spears, iron-tipped, in rest, their wretched nags standing blindfolded, with trembling knees, and necks like dromedaries, not dreaming of their near fate. The bull rushes, with a snort, at the nearest one. The picador holds firmly, planting his spear-point in the shoulder of the brute. Sometimes the bull flinches at this sharp and sudden punishment, and the picador, by a sudden turn to the left, gets away unhurt. Then there is applause for the torero and hisses for the bull. Some indignant amateurs go so far as to call him cow, and to inform him that he is the son of his mother. But oftener he rushes in, not caring for the spear, and with one toss of his sharp horns tumbles horse and rider in one heap against the barrier and upon the sand. The *capeadores*, the cloak-bearers, come fluttering around and divert the bull from his prostrate victims. The picador is lifted to his feet,—his iron armor not permitting him to rise without help,—and the horse is rapidly scanned to see if his wounds are immediately mortal. If not, the picador mounts again, and provokes the bull to another rush. A horse will usually endure two or three attacks before dying. Sometimes a single blow from in front pierces the heart, and the blood spouts forth in a cataclysm. In this case the picador hastily dismounts, and the bridle and saddle are stripped in an instant from the dying brute. If a bull is energetic and rapid in execution, he will clear the arena in a few moments. He rushes at one horse after another, tears them open with his terrible "spears" ("horns" is a word never used in the ring), and

sends them madly galloping over the arena, trampling out their gushing bowels as they fly. The assistants watch their opportunity, from time to time, to take the wounded horses out of the ring, plug up their gaping rents with tow, and sew them roughly up for another sally. It is incredible to see what these poor creatures will endure,—carrying their riders at a lumbering gallop over the ring, when their thin sides seem empty of entrails. Sometimes the bull comes upon the dead body of a horse he has killed. The smell of blood and the unmoving helplessness of the victim excite him to the highest pitch. He gores and tramples the carcass, and tosses it in the air with evident enjoyment, until diverted by some living tormentor.

You will occasionally see a picador nervous and anxious about his personal safety. They are ignorant and superstitious, and subject to presentiments; they often go into the ring with the impression that their last hour has come. If one takes counsel of his fears and avoids the shock of combat, the hard-hearted crowd immediately discover it and rain maledictions on his head. I saw a picador once enter the ring as pale as death. He kept carefully out of the way of the bull for a few minutes. The sharp-eyed Spaniards noticed it, and commenced shouting, "Craven! He wants to live forever!" They threw orange-skins at him, and at last, their rage vanquishing their economy, they pelted him with oranges. His pallor gave way to a flush of shame and anger. He attacked the bull so awkwardly that the animal, killing his horse, threw him also with great violence. His hat flew off, his bald head struck the hard soil. He lay there as one dead, and was borne away lifeless. This mollified the indignant people, and they desisted from their abuse.

A cowardly bull is much more dangerous than a courageous one, who lowers his head, shuts his eyes, and goes blindly at everything he sees. The last refuge of a bull in trouble is

to leap the barrier, where he produces a lively moment among the water-carriers and orange-boys and stage-carpenters. I once saw a bull, who had done very little execution in the arena, leap the barrier suddenly and toss an unfortunate carpenter from the gangway sheer into the ring. He picked himself up, laughed, saluted his friends, ran a little distance and fell, and was carried out dying. Fatal accidents are rarely mentioned in the newspapers, and it is considered not quite the thing to talk about them.

When the bull has killed enough horses, the first act of the play terminates. But this is an exceedingly delicate matter for the authorities to decide. The audience will not endure any economy in this respect. If the bull is enterprising and "voluntary," he must have as many horses as he can dispose of. One day in Madrid the bulls operated with such activity that the supply of horses was exhausted before the close of the show, and the contractors rushed out in a panic and bought a half-dozen screws from the nearest cab-stand. If the president orders out the horses before their time, he will hear remarks by no means complimentary from the austere groundlings.

The second act is the play of the *banderilleros*, the flag-men. They are beautifully dressed and superbly built fellows, principally from Andalusia, got up precisely like Figaro in the opera. Theirs is the most delicate and graceful operation of the bull-fight. They take a pair of barbed darts, with little banners fluttering at their ends, and provoke the bull to rush at them. At the instant he reaches them, when it seems nothing can save them, they step aside and plant the *banderillas* in the neck of the bull. If the bull has been cowardly and sluggish, and the spectators have called for "fire," darts are used filled with detonating powder at the base, which explode in the flesh of the bull. He dances and skips like a kid or a colt in his agony, which is very diverting to the Spanish

mind. A prettier conceit is that of confining small birds in paper cages, which come apart when the *banderilla* is planted, and set the little fluttering captives free.

Decking the bull with these torturing ornaments is the last stage in the apprenticeship of the chulo, before he rises to the dignity of *matador*, or killer. The *matadors* themselves on special occasions think it no derogation from their dignity to act as *banderilleros*. But they usually accompany the act with some exaggeration of difficulty, that reaps for them a harvest of applause. *Frascuero* sits in a chair and plants the irritating bannerets. *Lagar-tijo* lays his handkerchief on the ground and stands upon it while he coils the bull. A performance which never fails to bring down the house is for the *torero* to await the rush of the bull, and when the bellowing monster comes at him with winking eyes and lowered head, to put his slipped foot between the horns, and vault lightly over his back.

These chulos exhibit the most wonderful skill and address in evading the assault of the bull. They can almost always trick him by waving their cloaks a little out of the line of their flight. Sometimes, however, the bull runs straight at the man, disregarding the flag, and if the distance is great to the barrier the danger is imminent; for swift as these men are, the bulls are swifter. Once I saw the bull strike the *torero* at the instant he vaulted over the barrier. He fell sprawling some distance the other side, safe, but terribly bruised and stunned. As soon as he could collect himself he sprang into the arena again, looking very seedy; and the crowd roared, "Saved by miracle." I could but think of *Basilio*, who, when the many cried, "A miracle," answered, "Industria! Industria!" But these bull-fighters are all very pious, and glad to curry favor with the saints by attributing every success to their intervention. The famous *matador*, *Paco Montes*, fervently believed in an amulet he carried, and in

the invocation of Our Lord of the True Cross. He called upon this special name in every tight place, and while other people talked of his luck, he stoutly affirmed it was his faith that saved him; often he said he saw the veritable picture of the Passion coming down between him and the bull, in answer to his prayers. At every bull-ring there is a little chapel in the refreshment-room where these devout ruffians can toss off a prayer or two in the intervals of work. A priest is always at hand with a consecrated wafer, to visa the torero's passport who has to start suddenly for Paradise. It is not exactly regular, but the ring has built many churches and endowed many chapels, and must not be too rigidly regarded. In many places the chief boxes are reserved for the clergy, and prayers are hurried through an hour earlier on the day of combat.

The final act is the death of the bull. It must come at last. His exploits in the early part of his career afford to the amateur some indication of the manner in which he will meet his end. If he is a generous, courageous brute, with more heart than brains, he will die gallantly and be easily killed. But if he has shown reflection, forethought, and that saving quality of the oppressed, suspicion, the matador has a serious work before him. The bull is always regarded from this objective standpoint. The more power of reason the brute has, the worse opinion the Spaniard has of him. A stupid creature who rushes blindly on the sword of the matador is an animal after his own heart. But if there be one into whose brute brain some glimmer of the awful truth has come,—and this sometimes happens,—if he feels the solemn question at issue between him and his enemy, if he eyes the man and not the flag, if he refuses to be fooled by the waving lure, but keeps all his strength and all his faculties for his own defence, the soul of the Spaniard rises up in hate and loathing. He calls on the matador to kill him any way. If he will not rush at the flag, the crowd

shouts for the demi-lune; and the noble brute is houghed from behind, and your soul grows sick with shame of human nature at the hellish glee with which they watch him hobbling on his severed legs.

This seldom happens. The final act is usually an admirable study of coolness and skill against brute force. When the *banderillas* are all planted, and the bugles sound for the third time, the matador, the *espada*, the sword, steps forward with a modest consciousness of distinguished merit, and makes a brief speech to the *corregidor*, offering in honor of the good city of Madrid to kill the bull. He turns on his heel, throws his hat by a dexterous back-handed movement over the barrier, and advances, sword and cape in hand, to where his noble enemy awaits him. The bull appears to recognize a more serious foe than any he has encountered. He stops short and eyes the new-comer curiously. It is always an impressive picture: the tortured, maddened animal, whose thin flanks are palpitating with his hot breath, his coat one shining mass of blood from the darts and the spear-thrusts, his massive neck still decked as in mockery with the fluttering flags, his fine head and muzzle seeming sharpened by the hour's terrible experience, his formidable horns crimsoned with onset; in front of this fiery bulk of force and courage, the slight, sinewy frame of the killer, whose only reliance is on his coolness and his intellect. I never saw a matador come carelessly to his work. He is usually pale and alert. He studies the bull for a moment with all his eyes. He waves the blood-red *engaño*, or lure, before his face. If the bull rushes at it with his eyes shut, the work is easy. He has only to select his own stroke and make it. But if the bull is jealous and sly, it requires the most careful management to kill him. The disposition of the bull is developed by a few rapid passes of the red flag. This must not be continued too long: the tension of the nerves of the auditory will not bear

trifling. I remember one day the crowd was aroused to fury by a bugler from the adjoining barracks playing retreat at the moment of decision. All at once the matador seizes the favorable instant. He poises his sword as the bull rushes upon him. The point enters just between the left shoulder and the spine; the long blade glides in up to the hilt. The bull reels and staggers and dies.

Sometimes the matador severs the vertebra. The effect is like magic. He lays the point of his sword between the bull's horns, as lightly as a lady who touches her cavalier with her fan, and he falls dead as a stone.

If the blow is a clean, well-delivered one, the enthusiasm of the people is unbounded. Their approval comes up in a thunderous shout of, "Well done!" *Valiente! Viva!* A brown shower of cigars rains on the sand. The victor gathers them up: they fill his hands, his pockets, his hat. He gives them to his friends, and the aromatic shower continues. Hundreds of hats are flung into the ring. He picks them up and shies them back to their shouting owners. Sometimes a dollar is mingled with the flying compliments; but the enthusiasm of the Spaniard rarely carries him so far as that. For ten minutes after a good *estocada* the matador is the most popular man in Spain.

But the trumpets sound again, the door of the Toril flies open, another bull comes rushing out, and the present interest quenches the past. The play begins again, with its sameness of purpose and its infinite variety of incident.

It is not quite accurate to say, as is often said, that the bull-fighter runs no risk. El Tato, the first sword of Spain, lost his leg in 1869, and his life was saved by the coolness and courage of Lagartijo, who succeeded him in the championship, and who was terribly wounded in the foot that summer. Arjona killed a bull in the same year, which tossed and ruptured him after receiving his death-blow. Pepe Illo died in harness, on the sand.

Every year picadors, chulos, and such small deer are killed, without gossip. I must copy the inscription on the sword which Tato presented to Lagartijo, as a specimen of taumomachian literature:—

"If, as philosophers say, gratitude is the tribute of noble souls, accept, dear Lagartijo, this present; preserve it as a sacred relic, for it symbolizes the memory of my glories, and is at the same time the mute witness of my misfortune. With it I killed my last bull named *Peregrino*, bred by D. Vicente Martinez, fourth of the fight of the 7th June, 1869, in which act I received the wound which has caused the amputation of my right leg. The will of man can do nothing against the designs of Providence. Nothing but resignation is left to thy affectionate friend, Antonio Sanchez [Tato]."

It is in consideration of the mingled skill and danger of the trade, that such enormous fees are paid the principal performers. The leading swordsmen receive about three hundred dollars for each performance, and they are eagerly disputed by the direction of all the arenas of Spain. In spite of these large wages, they are rarely rich. They are as wasteful and improvident as gamblers. Tato, when he lost his leg, lost his means of subsistence, and his comrades organized one or two benefits to keep him from want. Cuchares died in the Havana, and left no provision for his family.

There is a curious *naïveté* in the play-bill of a bull-fight, the only conscientious public document I have seen in Spain. You know how we of Northern blood exaggerate the attractions of all sorts of shows, trusting to the magnanimity of the audience. "He war n't nothing like so little as that," confesses Mr. Magsman, "but where's your dwarf what is?" There are few who have the moral courage to demand their money back because they counted but thirty-nine thieves when the bills promised forty. But the management of the Madrid bull-ring knows its public too well to promise more than it is sure

of performing. It announces six bulls, and positively no more. It says there will be no use of bloodhounds. It promises two picadors, with three others in reserve, and warns the public that if all five become inutilized in the combat, no more will be issued. With so fair a preliminary statement, what crowd, however inflammable, could mob the management?

Some industrious and ascetic statistician has visited Spain and interested himself in the bull-ring. Here are some of the results of his researches. In 1864 the number of places in all the taurine establishments of Spain was 509,283, of which 246,813 belonged to the cities, and 262,470 to the country.

In the year 1864 there were 427 bull-fights, of which 294 took place in the cities and 133 in the country towns. The receipts of ninety-eight bull-rings in 1864 reached the enormous sum of two hundred and seventeen and a half millions of reals (nearly \$11,000,000). The 427 bull-fights which took place in Spain during the year 1864 caused the death of 2,989 of these fine animals, and about 7,473 horses, — something more than half the number of the cavalry of Spain. These wasted victims could have ploughed three hundred thousand hectares of land, which would have produced a million and a half hectolitres of grain, worth eighty millions reals; all this without counting the cost of the slaughtered cattle, worth say seven or eight millions, at a moderate calculation.

Thus far the Arithmetic Man; to whom responds the *taumachian aficionado*: That the bulk of this income goes to purposes of charity; that were there no bull-fights, bulls of good race would cease to be bred; that nobody ever saw a horse in a bull-ring that could plough a furrow of a hundred yards without giving up the ghost; that the nerve, dexterity, and knowledge of brute nature gained in the arena is a good thing to have in the country; that, in short, it is our way of amusing ourselves, and if you don't like it you can go home and cultivate prize-fighters, or kill two-year-old colts

on the race-course, or murder jockeys in hurdle-races, or break your own necks in steeple-chases, or in search of wilder excitement thicken your blood with beer, or burn your souls out with whiskey.

And this is all we get by our well-meant effort to convince Spaniards of the brutality of bull-fights. Must Chicago be virtuous before I can object to Madrid ale, and say that its cakes are unduly gingered?

Yet even those who most stoutly defend the bull-fight, feel that its glory has departed and that it has entered into the era of full decadence. I was talking one evening with a Castilian gentleman, one of those who cling with most persistence to the national traditions, and he confessed that the noble art was wounded to death. "I do not refer, as many do, to the change from the old times, when gentlemen fought on their own horses in the ring. That was nonsense, and could not survive the time of Cervantes. Life is too short to learn bull-fighting. A grandee of Spain, if he knows anything else, would make a sorry torero. The good times of the art are more modern. I saw the short day of the glory of the ring when I was a boy. There was a race of gladiators then, such as the world will never see again, — mighty fighters before the king. Pepe Illo and Costillares, Romero and Paco Montes, — the world does not contain the stuff to make their counterparts. They were serious, earnest men. They would have let their right arms wither before they would have courted the applause of the mob, by killing a bull outside of the severe traditions. Compare them with the men of to-day, with your Rafael Molina, who allows himself to be gored, playing with a heifer; with your frivolous boys like Frascuelo. I have seen the ring convulsed with laughter as that buffoon strutted across the arena, flirting his *muleta* as a manola does her skirts, the bewildered bull not knowing what to make of it. It was enough to make Illo turn in his bloody grave.

"Why, my young friend, I remember when bulls were a dignified and serious matter; when we kept account of their progress from their pasture to the capital. We had accounts of their condition by couriers and carrier-pigeons. On the day when they appeared, it was a high festival in the court. All the sombreros in Spain were there, the ladies in national dress with white mantillas. The young queen always in her *palco* (may God guard her). The fighters of that day were high-priests of art; there was something of veneration in the regard that was paid them. Duchesses threw them bouquets with *billets-doux*. Gossip and newspapers have destroyed the romance of common life.

"The only pleasure I take in the

Plaza de Toros now is at night. The custodians know me and let me moon about in the dark. When all that is ignoble and mean has faded away with the daylight, it seems to me the ghosts of the old time come back upon the sands. I can fancy the patter of light hoofs, the glancing of spectral horns. I can imagine the agile tread of Romero, the deadly thrust of Montes, the whisper of long-vanished applause, and the clapping of ghostly hands. I am growing too old for such skylarking, and I sometimes come away with a cold in my head. But you will never see a bull-fight you can enjoy as I do these visionary festivals, where memory is the corregidor, and where the only spectators are the stars and I."

John Hay.

THEIR WEDDING JOURNEY.

I.

THE OUTSET.

THEY first met in Boston, but the match was made in Europe, where they afterwards saw each other; whither, indeed, he followed her; and there the match was also broken off. Why it was broken off, and why it was renewed after a lapse of years, is part of quite a long love-story, which I do not think myself qualified to rehearse, distrusting my fitness for a sustained or involved narration; though I am persuaded that a skilful romancer could turn the courtship of Basil and Isabel March to excellent account. Fortunately for me, however, in attempting to tell the reader of the wedding-journey of a newly married couple, no longer very young, to be sure, but still fresh in the light of their love, I shall have nothing to do but to talk of some ordinary traits of American life as these appeared to them, to speak a little of well-known and easily accessible places,

to present now a bit of landscape and now a sketch of character.

They had agreed to make their wedding-journey in the simplest and quietest way, and as it did not take place at once after their marriage, but some weeks later, it had all the desired charm of privacy from the outset.

"How much better," said Isabel, "to go now, when nobody cares whether you go or stay, than to have started off upon a wretched wedding-breakfast, all tears and trousseau, and had people wanting to see you aboard the cars. Now there will not be a suspicion of honeymoon-shine about us; we shall go just like anybody else, — with a difference, dear, with a difference!" and she took Basil's cheeks between her hands. In order to do this, she had to run round the table; for they were at dinner, and Isabel's aunt, with whom they had begun married life, sat substantial between them. It was rather a girlish thing for Isabel, and she added, with a

conscious blush, "We are past our first youth, you know; and we shall not strike the public as bridal, shall we? My one horror in life is an evident bride."

Basil looked at her fondly, as if he did not think her at all too old to be taken for a bride; and for my part I do not object to a woman's being of Isabel's age, if she is of a good heart and temper. Life must have been very unkind to her if at that age she have not won more than she has lost. It seemed to Basil that his wife was quite as fair as when they met first, eight years before; but he could not help recurring with an inextinguishable regret to the long interval of their broken engagement, which but for that fatality they might have spent, he imagined, in just such rapture as this together. The regret always haunted him, more or less; it was part of his love; the loss accounted irreparable really enriched the final gain.

"I don't know," he said presently, with as much gravity as a man can whose cheeks are clasped between a lady's hands, "you don't begin very well for a bride who wishes to keep her secret. If you behave in this way, they will put us into the 'bridal-chambers' at all the hotels. And the cars, — they're beginning to have them on the palace-cars."

Just then a shadow fell into the room.

"Was n't that thunder, Isabel?" asked her aunt, who had been contentedly surveying the tender spectacle before her. "O dear! you'll never be able to go by the boat to-night, if it storms. It's actually raining now!"

In fact, it was the beginning of that terrible storm of last June. All in a moment, out of the hot sunshine of the day it burst upon us before we quite knew that it threatened, even before we had fairly noticed the clouds, and it went on from passion to passion with an inexhaustible violence. In the square upon which our friends looked out of their dining-room windows the trees whitened in the gusts, and dark-

ened in the driving floods of the rainfall, and in some paroxysms of the tempest bent themselves in desperate submission, and then with a great shudder rent away whole branches and flung them far off upon the ground. Hail mingled with the rain, and now the few umbrellas that had braved the storm vanished, and the hurtling ice crackled upon the pavement, where the lightning played like flames burning from the earth, while the thunder roared overhead without ceasing. There was something splendidly theatrical about it all; and when a street-car, laden to the last inch of its capacity, came by, with horses that pranced and leaped under the stinging blows of the hail-stones, our friends felt as if it were an effective and very naturalistic bit of pantomime invented for their admiration. Yet as to themselves they were very sensible of a potent reality in the affair, and at intervals during the storm they debated about going at all that day, and decided to go and not to go, according to the changing complexion of the elements. Basil had said that as this was their first journey together in America, he wished to give it at the beginning as pungent a national character as possible, and that as he could imagine nothing more peculiarly American than a voyage to New York by a Fall River boat, they ought to take that route thither. So much upholstery, so much music, such variety of company, he understood, could not be got in any other way, and it might be that they would even catch a glimpse of the inventor of the combination, who represented the very excess and extremity of a certain kind of Americanism. Isabel had eagerly consented; but these æsthetic motives were paralyzed for her by the thought of passing Point Judith in a storm, and she descended from her high intents first to the Inside Boats, without the magnificence and the orchestra, and then to the idea of going by land in a sleeping-car. Having comfortably accomplished this feat, she treated Basil's consent as a matter of course, not because she did not regard him, but because as a woman

she could not conceive of the steps to her conclusion as unknown to him, and always treated her own decisions as the product of their common reasoning. But her husband held out for the boat, and insisted that if the storm fell before seven o'clock, they could reach it at Newport by the last express; and it was this obstinacy that, in proof of Isabel's wisdom, obliged them to wait two hours in the station before going by the land route. The storm abated at five o'clock, and though the rain continued, it seemed well by a quarter of seven to set out for the Old Colony Depot, in sight of which a sudden and vivid flash of lightning caused Isabel to seize her husband's arm, and to implore him, "O *don't* go by the boat!" On this, Basil had the incredible weakness to yield; and bade the driver take them to the Worcester Depot. It was the first swerving from the ideal in their wedding journey, but it was by no means the last; though it must be confessed that it was early to begin.

They both felt more tranquil when they were irretrievably committed by the purchase of their tickets, and when they sat down in the waiting-room of the station, with all the time between seven and nine o'clock before them. Basil would have eked out the business of checking the trunks into an affair of some length, but the baggage-master did his duty with pitiless celerity; and so Basil, in the mere excess of his disoccupation, bought an accident-insurance ticket. This employed him half a minute, and then he gave up the unequal contest, and went and took his place beside Isabel, who sat prettily wrapped in her shawl, perfectly content.

"Is n't it charming," she said gayly, "having to wait so long? It puts me in mind of some of those other journeys we took together. — But I can't think of those times with any patience, when we might really have had each other, and did n't! — Do you remember how long we had to wait at Chambéry? and the numbers of military gentlemen

that waited too, with their little waists, and their kisses when they met? and that poor married military gentleman, with the plain wife and the two children, and a tarnished uniform? He seemed to be somehow in misfortune, and his mustache hung down in such a spiritless way, while all the other military mustaches about curled and bristled with so much boldness. I think *salles d'attente* everywhere are delightful; and there is such a community of interest in them all, that when I come here only to go out to Brookline, I feel myself a traveller once more, — a blessed stranger in a strange land. O dear, Basil, those were happy times after all, when we might have had each other and did n't. And now we're the more precious for having been so long lost."

She drew closer and closer to him, and looked at him in a way that threatened betrayal of her bridal character.

"Isabel, you will be having your head on my shoulder, next," said he.

"Never!" she answered fiercely, recovering her distance with a start. "But, dearest, if you *do* see me going to — act absurdly, you know, do stop me."

"I'm very sorry, but I've got myself to stop. Besides, I did n't undertake to preserve the incognito of this bridal party."

If any accident of the sort dreaded had really happened, it would not have mattered so much, for as yet they were the sole occupants of the waiting-room. To be sure, the ticket-seller was there, and the lady who checked packages left in her charge; but these must have seen so many endearments pass between passengers, that a fleeting caress or two would scarcely have drawn their notice to our pair. Yet Isabel did not so much even as put her hand into her husband's; and as Basil afterwards said, it was very good practice.

Our temporary state, whatever it is, is often mirrored in all that come near us, and our friends were fated to meet frequent parodies of their happiness from first to last on this journey. The

travesty began with the very first people who entered the waiting-room after themselves, and who were a very young couple starting like themselves upon a pleasure tour, which also was evidently one of the first tours of any kind that they had made. It was of modest extent, and comprised going to New York and back; but they talked of it with a fluttered and joyful expectation as if it were a voyage to Europe. Presently there appeared a burlesque of their happiness (but with a touch of tragedy) in that kind of young man who is called by the females of his class a fellow, and two young women of that kind known to him as girls. He took a place between these, and presently began a robust flirtation with one of them. He possessed himself, after a brief struggle, of her parasol, and twirled it about, as he uttered, with a sort of tender rudeness, inconceivable vapidities, such as you would expect from none but a man of the highest fashion. The girl thus courted became selfishly unconscious of everything but her own joy, and made no attempt to bring the other girl within its warmth, but left her to languish forgotten on the other side. The latter sometimes leaned forward, and tried to divert a little of the flirtation to herself, but the flirts snubbed her with short answers, and presently she gave up and sat still in the sad patience of uncourted women. In this attitude she became a burden to Isabel, who was glad when the three took themselves away, and were succeeded by a very stylish couple — from New York, she knew as well as if they had given her their address on West 999 Street. The lady was not pretty, and she was not, Isabel thought, dressed in the perfect taste of Boston; but she owned frankly to herself that the New-Yorkeress was stylish, undeniably effective. The gentleman bought a ticket for New York, and remained at the window of the office talking quite easily with the seller.

"You could n't do that, my poor Basil," said Isabel, "you'd be afraid."

"O dear, yes; I'm only too glad to

get off without browbeating; though I must say that this officer looks kindly and affable enough. Really," he added, as an acquaintance of the ticket-seller came in and nodded to him and said "Hot, to-day!" "this is very strange. I always felt as if these men had no private life, no friendships like the rest of us. On duty they seem so like sovereigns, set apart from mankind, and above us all, that it's quite incredible they should have the common personal relations."

At intervals of their talk and silence there came vivid flashes of lightning and quite heavy shocks of thunder, all consoling to our friends, who took them as so many compliments to their prudence in not going by the boat, and who had secret doubts of their wisdom whenever these acknowledgments were withheld. Isabel went so far as to say that she hoped nothing would happen to the boat, but I think she would cheerfully have learnt that the vessel had been obliged to put back to Newport, on account of the storm, or even that it had been driven ashore at a perfectly safe place.

People constantly came and went in the waiting-room, which was sometimes quite full, and again empty of all but themselves. In the course of their observations they formed many cordial friendships and bitter enmities upon the ground of personal appearance, or particulars of dress, with people whom they saw for half a minute upon an average; and they took such a keen interest in every one, that it would be hard to say whether they were more concerned in an old gentleman with vigorously upright iron-gray hair, who sat fronting them, and reading all the evening papers, or a young man who hurled himself through the door, bought a ticket with terrific precipitation, burst out again, and then ran down a departing train before it got out of the station: they loved the old gentleman for a certain stubborn benevolence of expression, and if they had been friends of the young man and his family for generations, and felt bound if any harm

befell him to go and break the news gently to his parents, their nerves could not have been more intimately wrought upon by his hazardous behavior. Still, as they had their tickets for New York, and he was going out on a merely local train, — to Brookline, I believe, — they could not, even in their anxiety, repress a feeling of contempt for his unambitious destination.

They were already as completely cut off from local associations and sympathies as if they were a thousand miles and many months away from Boston. They enjoyed the lonely flaring of the gas-jets as a gust of wind drew through the station; they shared the gloom and isolation of a man who took a seat in the darkest corner of the room, and sat there with folded arms, the genius of absence. In the patronizing spirit of travellers in a foreign country they noted and approved the vases of cut-flowers in the booth of the lady who checked packages, and the pots of ivy in her windows. "These poor Bostonians," they said, "have some love of the beautiful in their rugged natures."

But after all was said and thought, it was only eight o'clock, and they still had an hour to wait.

Basil grew restless, and Isabel said, with a subtle interpretation of his uneasiness, "*I don't want anything to eat, Basil, but I think I know the weaknesses of men; and you had better go and pass the next half-hour over a plate of something indigestible.*"

This was said *con stizza*, the least little suggestion of it; but Basil rose with shameful alacrity. "Darling, if it's your wish —"

"It's my fate, Basil," said Isabel.

"— I'll go," he exclaimed, "because it is n't bridal, and will help us to pass for old married people."

"No, no, Basil, be honest; fibbing is n't your *forte*: I wonder you went into the insurance business; you ought to have been a lawyer. Go, because you like eating, and are hungry, perhaps, or think you may be so before

we get to New York. I shall amuse myself well enough here."

I suppose it is always a little shocking and grievous to a wife when she recognizes a rival in butchers'-meat and the vegetables of the season. With her slender relishes for pastry and confectionery, and her dainty habits of lunching, she cannot reconcile with the ideal her husband's capacity for breakfasting, dining, supping, and hot meals at all hours of the day and night — as they write it on the sign-boards of barbaric eating-houses. But Isabel would have had only herself to blame if she had not perceived this trait of Basil's before marriage. She recalled now, as his figure disappeared down the station, to memorable instances of his appetite in their European travels during their first engagement. "Yes, he ate terribly at Susa, when I was too full of the notion of getting into Italy to care for *bouillon* and cold roast chicken. At Rome, I thought I must break with him on account of the wild-boar; and at Heidelberg, the sausage and the ham! — how could he, in my presence? But I took him with all his faults, — and was glad to get him," she added, ending her meditation with a little burst of candor; and she did not even think of Basil's appetite when he reappeared.

With the thronging of all sorts of people, in parties and singly, into the waiting-room, they became once again mere observers of their kind, more or less critical in temper, until the crowd grew so that individual traits were merged in the character of multitude. Even then, they could catch glimpses of faces so sweet or fine that they made themselves felt like moments of repose in the tumult, and here and there was something so grotesque in dress or manner that it showed distinct from the rest. The ticket-seller's stamp clicked incessantly as he sold tickets to all points South and West: to New York, Philadelphia, Charleston, to New Orleans, Chicago, Omaha, to St. Paul, Duluth, St. Louis; and it would not have been hard to find in that anxious bustle,

that unsmiling eagerness, an image of the whole busy affair of life. It was not a particularly sane spectacle, that impatience to be off to some place that lay not only in the distance, but also in the future — to which no line of road carries you with absolute certainty across an interval of time full of all imaginable chances and influences. It is easy enough to buy a ticket to Cincinnati, but it is somewhat harder to arrive there. Say that all goes well, is it exactly *you* who arrive?

In the midst of this disquiet there entered at last an old woman, so very infirm that she had to be upheld on either hand by her husband and the hackman who had brought them, while a young girl went before with shawls and pillows which she arranged upon the seat. There the invalid lay down, and turned towards the crowd a white, suffering face, which was yet so heavenly meek and peaceful that it comforted whoever looked at it. In spirit our happy friends bowed themselves before it and owned that there was something better than happiness in it.

"What is it like, Isabel?"

"O, I don't know, darling," she said; but she thought, "Perhaps it is like some blessed sorrow that takes us out of this prison of a world, and sets us free of our every-day hates and desires, our aims, our fears, ourselves. Maybe a long and mortal sickness might come to wear such a face in one of us two, and the other could see it, and not regret the poor mask of youth and pretty looks that had fallen away."

She rose and went over to the sick woman, on whose face beamed a tender smile, as Isabel spoke to her. A chord thrilled in two lives hitherto unknown to each other; but what was said Basil would not ask when the invalid had taken Isabel's hand between her own, as for adieu, and she came back to his side with swimming eyes. Perhaps his wife could have given no good reason for her emotion, if he had asked it. But it made her very sweet and dear to him; and I suppose that when a tolerably unselfish man is once secure of a woman's

love, he is ordinarily more affected by her shows of compassion and tenderness for other objects than by her feeling towards himself. He likes well enough to think, "She loves me," but still better, "How kind and good she is!"

They lost sight of the invalid in the hurry of getting places on the cars, and they never saw her again. The man at the wicket-gate leading to the train had thrown it up, and the people were pressing furiously through as if their lives hung upon the chance of instant passage. Basil had secured his ticket for the sleeping-car, and so he and Isabel stood aside and watched the tumult. When the rush was over they passed through, and as they walked up and down the platform beside the train, "I was thinking," said Isabel, "after I spoke to that poor old lady, of what Clara Williams says: that she wonders the happiest women in the world can look each other in the face without bursting into tears, their happiness is so unreasonable, and so built upon and hedged about with misery. She declares that there's nothing so sad to her as a bride, unless it's a young mother, or a little girl growing up in the innocent gayety of her heart. She wonders they can live through it."

"Clara is very much of a reformer, and would make an end of all of us men, I suppose, — except her father, who supports her in the leisure that enables her to do her deep thinking. She little knows how we poor fellows have to suffer, and how often we break down in business hours, and sob upon one another's necks. Did that old lady talk to you in the same strain?"

"O no! she spoke very calmly of her sickness, and said she had lived a blessed life. Perhaps it was that made me shed those few small tears. She seemed a very religious person."

"Yes," said Basil, "it is almost a pity that religion is going out. But then, you are to have the franchise."

"All aboard!"

This warning cry saved him from whatever heresy he might have been

about to utter ; and presently the train carried them out into the gas-sprinkled darkness, with an ever-growing speed that soon left the city lamps far behind. It is a phenomenon whose commonness alone prevents it from being most impressive, that departure of the night-express. The two hundred miles it is to travel stretch before it, traced by those slender clews, to lose which is ruin, and about which hang so many dangers. The drawbridges that gape upon the way, the trains that stand smoking and steaming on the track, the rail that has borne the wear so long that it must soon snap under it, the deep-cut where the overhanging mass of rock trembles to its fall, the obstruction that a pitiless malice may have placed in your path,—you think of these after the journey is done, but they seldom haunt your fancy while it lasts. The knowledge of your helplessness in any circumstances is so perfect that it begets a sense of irresponsibility, almost of security ; and as you drowse upon the pallet of the sleeping-car, and feel yourself hurled forward through the obscurity, you are almost thankful that you can do nothing, for it is upon this condition only that you can endure it ; and some such condition as this, I suppose, accounts for many heroic facts in the world. To the fantastic mood which possesses you equally, sleeping or waking, the stoppages of the train have a weird character ; and Worcester, Springfield, New Haven, and Stamford are rather points in dreamland than well-known towns of New England. As the train stops you drowse if you have been waking, and wake if you have been in a doze ; but in any case you are aware of the locomotive hissing and coughing beyond the station, of flaring gas-jets, of clattering feet of passengers getting on and off ; then of some one, conductor or station-master, walking the whole length of the train ; and then you are aware of an insane satisfaction in a renewed flight through the darkness. You think hazily of the folk in their beds in the town left be-

hind, who stir uneasily at the sound of your train's departing whistle ; and so all is a blank vigil or a blank slumber.

By daylight Basil and Isabel found themselves at opposite ends of the car, struggling severally with the problem of the morning's toilet. When the combat was ended, they were surprised at the decency of their appearance, and Isabel said, "I think I'm presentable to an early Broadway public, and I've a fancy for not going to a hotel. Lucy will be expecting us out there before noon ; and we can pass the time pleasantly enough for a few hours just wandering about." She was a woman who loved any cheap defiance of custom, and she had an agreeable sense of adventure in what she proposed. Besides, she felt that nothing could be more in the unconventional spirit in which they meant to make their whole journey than a stroll about New York at half past six in the morning.

"Delightful !" answered Basil, who was always charmed with these small originalities. "You look well enough for an evening party ; and besides, you won't meet one of your own critical class on Broadway at this hour. We will breakfast at one of those gilded metropolitan restaurants, and then go round to Leonard's, who will be able to give us just three unhurried seconds. After that we'll push on out to his place."

At that early hour there were not many people astrid on the wide avenue down which our friends strolled when they left the station ; but in the aspect of those they saw there was something that told of a greater heat than they had yet known in Boston, and they were sensible of having reached a more southern latitude. The air, though freshened by the over-night's storm, still wanted the briskness and sparkle and pungency of the Boston air, which is as delicious in summer as it is terrible in winter ; and the faces that showed themselves were sodden from the yesterday's heat and perspiration. A corner-grocer, seated in a sort of fierce

despondency upon a keg near his shop door, had lightly equipped himself for the struggle of the day in the battered armor of the day before, and in a pair of roomy pantaloons, and a baggy shirt of neutral tint,—perhaps he had made a vow not to change it whilst the siege of the hot weather lasted,—now confronted the advancing sunlight, before which the long shadows of the buildings were slowly retiring. A marketing mother of a family paused at a provision-store, and looking weakly in at the white-aproned butcher among his meats and flies, passed without an effort to purchase. Hurried and wearied shop-girls tripped by in the draperies that betrayed their sad necessity to be both fine and shabby; from a boarding-house door issued briskly one of those cool young New-Yorkers whom no circumstances can oppress: breezy-coated, white-linened, clean, with a good cigar in the mouth, a light cane caught upon the elbow of one of the arms holding up the paper from which the morning's news is snatched, whilst the person sways lightly with the walk; in the street-cars that slowly tinkled up and down were rows of people with baskets between their legs and papers before their faces; and all showed by some peculiarity of air and dress the excess of heat which they had already borne, and to which they seemed to look forward, and gave by the scantiness of their number a vivid impression of the uncounted thousands within doors prolonging, before the day's terror began, the oblivion of sleep.

As they turned into one of the numerical streets to cross to Broadway, and found themselves in a yet deeper seclusion, Basil began to utter in a musing tone:—

"A city 'gainst the world's gray Prime,
Lost in some desert, far from Time,
Where noiseless Ages gliding through,
Have only sifted sands and dew,—
Yet still a marble hand of man
Lying on all the haunted plan;
The passions of the human heart
Beating the marble breast of Art,—
Were not more lone to one who first
Upon its giant silence burst,
Than this strange quiet, where the tide
Of life, upheaved on either side,

Hangs trembling, ready soon to beat
With human waves the Morning Street."

"How lovely!" said Isabel, swiftly catching at her skirt, and deftly escaping contact with one of a long row of ash-barrels posted sentinel-like on the edge of the pavement. "Whose is it, Basil?"

"Ah! a poet's," answered her husband, "a man of whom we shall one day any of us be glad to say that we liked him before he was famous. What a nebulous sweetness the first lines have, and what a clear, cool light of daybreak in the last!"

"You could have been as good a poet as that, Basil," said the ever-personal and concretely-speaking Isabel, who could not look at a mountain without thinking what Basil might have done in that way, if he had tried.

"O no, I could n't, dear. It's very difficult being any poet at all, though it's easy to be like one. But I've done with it; I broke with the Muse the day you accepted me. She came into my office, looking *so* shabby,—not unlike one of those poor shop-girls; and as I was very well dressed from having just been to see you, why, you know, I felt the difference. 'Well, my dear?' said I, not quite liking the look of reproach she was giving me. 'You are going to leave me,' she answered sadly. 'Well, yes; I suppose I must. You see the insurance business is very absorbing; and besides, it has a bad appearance, you're coming about so in office hours, and in those clothes.' 'O,' she moaned out, 'you used to welcome me at all times, out in the country, and thought me prettily dressed.' 'Yes, yes; but this is Boston; and Boston makes a great difference in one's ideas; and I'm going to be married, too. Come, I don't want to seem ungrateful; we *have* had many pleasant times together, I own it; and I've no objections to your being present at Christmas and Thanksgivings and birthdays, but really I must draw the line there.' She gave me a look that made my heart ache, and went straight to my desk and took out of a pigeon-

hole a lot of papers, — odes upon your cruelty, Isabel; songs to you; sonnets, — the sonnet, a mighty poor one, I'd made the day before, — and threw them all into the grate. Then she turned to me again, signed adieu with mute lips, and passed out. I could hear the bottom wire of the poor thing's hoop-skirt clicking against each step of the stairway, as she went slowly and heavily down to the street."

"O don't, — *don't*, Basil," said his wife, "it seems like something wrong. I think you ought to have been ashamed."

"Ashamed! I was heart-broken. But it had to come to that. As I got hopeful about you, the Muse became a sad bore; and more than once I found myself smiling at her when her back was turned. The Muse does n't like being laughed at any more than another woman would, and she would have left me shortly. No, I could n't be a poet like our Morning-Street friend. But see! the human wave is beginning to sprinkle the pavement with cooks and second-girls."

They were frowzy serving-maids and silent; each swept down her own door-steps and the pavement in front of her own house, and then knocked her broom on the curbstone and vanished into the house, on which the hand of change had already fallen. It was no longer a street solely devoted to the domestic gods, but had been invaded at more than one point by the bustling deities of business: in such streets the irregular, inspired doctors and doctresses come first with inordinate door-plates; then a milliner filling the parlor window with new bonnets; here even a publisher had hung his sign beside a door, through which the feet of young ladies used to trip, and feet of little children to patter. Here and there stood groups of dwellings unmolested as yet outwardly; but even these had a certain careworn and guilty air, as if they knew themselves to be cheapish boarding-houses or furnished lodgings for gentlemen, and were trying to hide it. To these belonged

the frowzy serving-women; to these the rows of ash-barrels, in which the decrepit children and mothers of the streets were clawing for bits of coal.

By the time Basil and Isabel reached Broadway there were already some omnibuses beginning their long day's travel up and down the handsome, tiresome length of that avenue; but for the most part it was empty. There was, of course, a hurry of foot-passengers upon the sidewalks, but these were sparse and uncharacteristic, for New York proper was still fast asleep. The waiter at the restaurant into which our friends stepped was so well aware of this, and so perfectly assured they were not of the city, that he could not forbear a little patronage of them, which they did not resent. He brought Basil what he had ordered in barbaric abundance, and charged for it with barbaric splendor. It is all but impossible not to wish to stand well with your waiter: I have myself been often treated with conspicuous rudeness by the tribe, yet I have never been able to withhold the *douceur* that marked me for a gentleman in their eyes, and entitled me to their dishonorable esteem. Basil was not superior to this folly, and left the waiter with a conviction that, if he was not a New-Yorker, he was a high-bred man of the world at any rate.

Vexed by a sense of his own pitifulness, this man of the world continued his pilgrimage down Broadway, which even in that desert state was full of a certain interest. Troops of laborers straggled along the pavements, each with his dinner-pail in hand; and in many places the eternal building up and pulling down was already going on; carts were struggling up the slopes of vast cellars, with loads of distracting rubbish; here stood the half-demolished walls of a house, with a sad variety of wall-paper showing in the different rooms; there clinked the trowel upon the brick, yonder the hammer on the stone; overhead swung and threatened the marble block that the derrick was lifting to its place. As yet these

forces of demolition and construction had the business of the street almost to themselves.

"Why, how shabby the street is!" said Isabel, at last. "When I landed, after being abroad, I remember that Broadway impressed me with its splendor."

"Ah! but you were merely coming from Europe then; and now you arrive from Boston, and are contrasting this poor Broadway with Washington Street. Don't be hard upon it, Isabel; every street can't be a Boston street, you know," said Basil. He was, as Isabel — herself a Bostonian of great intensity both by birth and conviction — believed, the only man able to have thoroughly baffled the malignity of the stars in causing him to be born out of Boston; yet he sometimes trifled with his hardly achieved triumph, and even showed an indifference to it, with an insincerity of which there can be no doubt whatever.

"O stuff!" retorted his wife, "as if I had any of that silly local pride! Though *you* know well enough that Boston *is* the best place in the world. But Basil! I suppose Broadway strikes us as so fine, on coming ashore from Europe, because we hardly expect anything of America then."

"Well, I don't know. Perhaps the street has some positive grandeur of its own, though it needs a multitude of people in it to bring out its best effects. I'll allow its disheartening shabbiness and meanness in many ways; but to stand in front of Grace Church, on a clear day, — a day of late September, say, — and look down the swarming length of Broadway, on the movement and the numbers, while the Niagara roar swelled and swelled from those human rapids, was always like strong new wine to me. I don't think the world affords such another sight; and for one moment, at such times, I'd have been willing to be an Irish councilman, that I might have some right to the pride I felt in the capital of the Irish Republic. What a fine thing it must be for each victim of six centu-

ries of oppression to reflect that he owns at least a dozen Americans, and that, with his fellows, he rules a hundred helpless millionnaires!"

Like all daughters of a free country, Isabel knew nothing about politics, and she felt that she was getting into deep water; she answered buoyantly, but she was glad to make her weariness the occasion of hailing a stage, and changing the conversation. The farther down town they went the busier the street grew; and about the Astor House, where they alighted, there was already a bustle that nothing but a fire could have created at the same hour in Boston. A little farther on the steeple of Trinity rose high into the scorching sunlight, while below, in the shadow that was darker than it was cool, slumbered the old graves among their flowers.

"How still they lie!" mused the happy wife, peering through the iron fence in passing.

"Yes, their wedding-journeys are ended, poor things!" said Basil; and through both their minds flashed the wonder if they should ever come to something like that; but it appeared so impossible that they both smiled at the absurdity.

"It's too early yet for Leonard," continued Basil; "what a pity the churchyard is locked up! We could spend the time so delightfully in it. But, never mind; let us go down to the Battery, — it's not a very pleasant place, but it's near, and it's historical, and it's open, — where these drowsy friends of ours used to take the air when they were in the fashion, and had some occasion for the element in its freshness. You can imagine — it's cheap — how they used to see Mr. Burr and Mr. Hamilton down there."

All places that fashion has once loved and abandoned are very melancholy; but of all such places, I think the Battery is the most forlorn. Are there some sickly locust-trees there that cast a tremulous and decrepit shade upon the mangy grass-plots? I believe so, but I do not make cer-

tain; I am sure only of the mangy grass-plots, or rather the spaces between the paths, thinly overgrown with some kind of refuse and opprobrious weed, a stunted and pauper vegetation proper solely to the New York Battery. At that hour of the summer morning when our friends, with the aimlessness of strangers who are waiting to do something else, saw the ancient promenade, a few scant and hungry-eyed little boys and girls were wandering over this weedy growth, not playing, but moving listlessly to and fro, fantastic in the wild inaptness of their costumes. One of these little creatures wore, with an odd involuntary jauntiness, the cast-off best dress of some happier child, a gay little garment cut low in the neck and short in the sleeves, which gave her the grotesque effect of having been at a party the night before. Presently came two jaded women, a mother and a grandmother, that appeared, when they had crawled out of their beds, to have put on only so much clothing as the law compelled. They abandoned themselves upon the green stuff, whatever it was, and, with their lean hands clasped outside their knees, sat and stared, silent and hopeless, at the face of the east, at the heart of the terrible furnace, into which in those days the world seemed cast to be burnt up, while the child which the younger woman had brought with her feebly wailed unheeded at her side. On one side of these women were the shameless houses out of which they might have crept, and which somehow suggested riotous maritime dissipation; on the other side were those houses in which had once dwelt rich and famous folk, but which were now dropping down the boarding-house scale through various unhomelike occupations to final dishonor and despair. Down nearer the water, and not far from the castle that was once a playhouse and is now the depot of emigration, stood certain express-wagons, and about these lounged a few hard-looking men. Beyond laughed and danced the fresh blue water of

the bay, dotted with sails and smoke-stacks.

"Well," said Basil, "I think if I could choose, I should like to be a friendless German boy, setting foot for the first time on this happy continent. Fancy his rapture on beholding this lovely spot, and these charming American faces! What a smiling aspect life in the New World must wear to his young eyes, and how his heart must leap within him!"

"Yes, Basil; it's all very pleasing, and thank you for bringing me. But if you don't think of any other New York delights to show me, do let us go and sit in Leonard's office till he comes, and then get out into the country as soon as possible."

Basil defended himself against the imputation that he had been trying to show New York to his wife, or that he had any thought but of wiling away the long morning hours, until it should be time to go to Leonard. He protested that a knowledge of Europe made New York the most uninteresting town in America, and that it was the last place in the world where he should think of amusing himself or any one else; and then they both upbraided the city's bigness and dullness with an enjoyment that none but Bostonians can know. They particularly derided the notion of New York's being loved by any one. It was immense, it was grand in some ways, parts of it were exceedingly handsome; but it was too vast, too coarse, too restless. They could imagine its being liked by a successful young man of business, or by a rich young girl, ignorant of life and with not too nice a taste in her pleasures; but that it should be dear to any poet or scholar, or any woman of wisdom and refinement, that they could not imagine. They could not think of any one's loving New York as Dante loved Florence, or as Madame de Staël loved Paris, or as Johnson loved black, homely, home-like London. And as they twittered their little dispraises, the giant Mother of Commerce was growing more and more conscious of her-

self, waking from her night's sleep and becoming aware of her fleets and trains, and the myriad hands and wheels that throughout the whole sea and land move for her, and do her will even while she sleeps. All about the wedding-journeys swelled the deep tide of life back from its night-long ebb. Broadway had filled her length with people; not yet the most characteristic New York crowd, but the not less interesting multitude of strangers arrived by the early boats and trains, and that easily distinguishable class of lately New-Yorkized people from other places, about whom in the metropolis still hung the provincial traditions of early rising; and over all, from moment to moment, the eager, audacious, well-dressed, proper life of the mighty city was beginning to prevail, though this was not so notable where Basil and Isabel had paused at a certain window. It was the office of one of the English steamers, and he was saying, "It was by this line I sailed, you know—" and she was interrupting him with, "When who could have dreamed that you would ever be telling me of it here?" So the old marvel was wondered over anew, till it filled the world in which there was room for nothing but the strangeness

that they should have loved each other so long and not made it known, that they should ever have uttered it, and that, being uttered, it should be so much more and better than ever could have been dreamed. The broken engagement was a fable of disaster that only made their present fortune more prosperous. The city ceased about them, and they walked on up the street, the first man and first woman in the garden of the new-made earth. As they were both very conscious people, they recognized in themselves some sense of this, and presently drolled it away, in the opulence of a time when every moment brought some beautiful dream, and the soul could be prodigal of its bliss. If the real Adam and Eve were not able to do likewise in their day, they were not so fortunate as we are apt to think. To be children and to know it, — this is joy's crown of joy, this is the supreme art, the last wisdom of life.

"I think if I had the naming of the animals over again, this morning, I should n't call snakes *snakes*; should you, Eve?" laughed Basil in intricate acknowledgment of his happiness.

"O no, Adam; we'd look out all the most graceful euphemisms in the newspapers, and we would n't hurt the feelings of a spider."

W. D. Howells.

THE VISION OF THE FAITHFUL.

UPON the faithful in the common things
 Enjoined of duty, rarest blessings wait.
 A pious nun (an ancient volume brings
 The legend and the lesson), while she sate
 Reading some scriptures of the Sacred Word,
 And marvelling much at Christ's exceeding grace,
 Since, in her room, a Vision of the Lord
 With sudden splendor filling all the place;
 Whereat, she knelt, enraptured! — when a bell
 Signalled her hour to feed the convent's poor;
 Which humble duty done, she sought her cell,
 And lo! the Vision, brighter than before,
 Who, smiling, spake, "Even so is Heaven obtained;
 I — hadst thou lingered here — had not remained!"

John G. Saxe.

CAN A BIRD REASON?

"SOME animals can be taught to do a great many things, but none can reason or contrive like man. They are guided in all they do by what is called instinct. Birds build their nests by instinct. They do not build them now any better than they did a thousand years ago," etc., etc.

The above very dogmatical and very positive assertion may be found *verbatim et literatim* in a certain once popular school-book. The same in substance, if not in form, has been taught as indisputable truth to generation after generation, so far back that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. Yet that it is true, that animals are not unfrequently guided in the most manifest manner by reason, and that birds do—at least some of them—build their nests a great deal better now than they did much less than one thousand years ago, we are prepared to maintain as demonstrable and indubitable. We do not, however, propose to inflict upon the readers of the Atlantic any long or tedious metaphysical arguments upon the trite topic of "reason *versus* instinct." We do, however, propose to show, by a very brief essay of facts, that we have here, in North America, an entire family of birds, all of whose members, with hardly an exception, have undergone or are now undergoing complete change of habit since this country was settled by the white man. They have, all of them, been taught to avail themselves of the society, protection, and aid of man, and they all now build their nests in a manner very different from, and in many respects greatly superior to, that in which they were enabled to build before the dwellings of civilization appeared on this continent.

I refer of course to the swallow family, in which are included, besides the true swallows, the martins and the

"bank-swallows," or "sand-martins," as they are sometimes called. Of these there are seven in all, inhabiting different parts of North America.

The most common and best known to us of New England is the so-called "barn-swallow." Of the general habit of this graceful and beautiful bird our space will not permit us to give our readers any details further than relate to its entire change of habits caused by the settlement of the country. There is ample evidence that less than two hundred years ago this species, now so abundant, and found in every farmer's barn throughout this extended land, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from Florida to the settlements of the Hudson Bay Company or the distant Yukon and Anderson Rivers, was comparatively rare and infrequent, and only found in localities where overhanging cliffs, huge piles of boulders, or cavernous rocks enabled it to build in places of shelter and comparative safety. Even now, among the caverns of the Pacific Coast Range, and in the wilder limestone countries, where various openings occur among the rocky cliffs, there the original unchanged swallow may still be found plastering his simple mud nest against the cavern's roof or under some projecting ledge. But everywhere else these birds have been taught and educated into a new life by contact with civilized man, and this has lasted so long that we have wellnigh lost sight of the fact that our own Swallows' Cave at Nahant was once peopled by these fairy forms. Now, everywhere in warm and comfortable barns, under the shelter of hospitable roofs, these swallows build their curiously elaborated homes. And what an improvement they all are upon the structure of the wild untaught swallow! Not the least remarkable peculiarity is a projecting solid platform built out on the edge of

the nest, upon which the affectionate husband attends, and watches over his partner in her maternal duties. Is this all instinct? Is it not rather a high order of self-educating reason, in plain and cogent contradiction of the old dogma we have quoted?

Even more remarkable and far more recent are the changes which contact with man have taught the Rocky Mountain swallow. For a long while this swallow dwelt in distant solitudes, afar from the dwellings of the white man. There on the sides of high and rocky cliffs he constructed a very curious and a very elaborate nest. It was in shape like the retort of the chemist, the bulb of which was affixed to the rock, and the entrance to it was through its long tube-like neck that hung down below. It was a peculiarly social swallow, and wherever found existed in large colonies of often many thousands of pairs. It was met with by Major Long's party in 1820, and about the same time was found by the ill-starred Sir John Franklin in his first Arctic journey. Five years after they made their first appearance at Fort Chippewayan, in 1825, and there we have the first recorded instance in which these birds built their nests under the eaves of dwelling-houses within the Arctic circle. Trading-posts had been in existence in those regions a century and a half, yet now for the first time this swallow placed itself under the protection of man within the widely extended lands north of the Great Lakes. What could have thus suddenly called into action that confidence in the human race with which the Framers of the universe has endowed this species and all the swallow tribe? Was it not education, experience, and reason?

Once taught the greater convenience and safety of the sheltering eaves of houses for its breeding, the example became contagious; and now all over our continent, from Pennsylvania to the Arctic seas, and from Newfoundland to Oregon, these swallows abound about the dwellings of man. We know

of no authentic record of their breeding thus upon houses within the limits of New England before the year 1837, though De Witt Clinton found one pair thus breeding at White Hall, on an outbuilding near a tavern, in 1817. The next year there were seven pairs, the third year twenty-eight, and the fourth year forty. In 1822, when Governor Clinton published his paper, there were seventy pairs thus nesting.

The writer first met with these birds in 1839, in Jaffrey, N. H., where a large colony had settled only the year before, under the eaves of an old church in the centre of the village. Three years before these same birds are said to have made their first appearance at Burlington, Vt., in large numbers. In 1842 a large colony settled in Attleborough, Massachusetts, and a few pairs also appeared in various parts of this State. One pair built on the front of the Boston Athenæum, and continued so to do for several years. We have said that originally their nest, when built in exposed places, was like the retort of the chemist, the entrance from below through a long tubular opening. This was a necessity for protection against the weather, and also against their enemies, so long as they nested in exposed places. But since these birds have placed themselves under the protection of man, they have found that there is no longer any need of all this superfluous architecture, and the shape of their nests has been gradually simplified and improved. In 1851, on one of the islands in the Bay of Fundy, the writer met with a large colony whose nests, on the side of a barn, were placed between two projecting boards put up for them by the friendly proprietor. The very first year they occupied these convenient quarters every one of these sensible swallows built nests open at the top, discarding the old patriarchal domes and narrow entrances of their forefathers. How much of instinct was there in this instantaneous change of habit? Not a particle, say we. It was pure, unadulterated reason, and nothing else.

The well-known purple martin before and for a long while after the settlement of this country, wherever found, built in hollow trees and in ledges of rocks. In wild localities, and in newly settled portions of this country, this martin does so still. But wherever the country has been long settled, and man has sought to attract its society around his dwelling by providing it any form of shelter, there we find the purple martin occupying martin-houses, building in porches, under piazzas, and even in the rudest forms of shelter offered by the Southern black man,—in the hollow gourds and calabashes put up for them by the humble dwellers in log-cabins. In his transition from his wild, uncivilized life, and in accepting the hospitalities of man and conforming his life to his improved situation, the purple martin seemed to assume new duties, and to take upon himself the guardianship of the barnyard in which he had been invited to dwell. The great value of these services to the dove-cotes and poultry-yards were soon recognized. Not a hawk, nor an owl, nor an eagle, nor any bird of prey dared to approach that barnyard which enjoyed the protection of the purple martin. No bird is now more welcome, and no one better deserves that hospitable welcome. But was it instinct that taught this bird entirely to change his habits and his wild nature, and to cultivate the society of man, and protect his poultry, any more than it was instinct that prompted man to meet the martin half-way, to bid him welcome, and to put up for him convenient houses? The one was as purely reason as the other.

The white-bellied swallow, better known here in Boston and vicinity as the martin,—which, of course, it is not, in ninety-nine hundredths of America probably,—still prefers the normal habits of its race, and breeds in hollow trees. At Easptort and among the islands of Grand Manan, in 1850, all efforts to tempt them to build in martin-houses had been a failure. They were old-fashioned and slow to change.

Yet here in Massachusetts, and all along our coast even to the Penobscot, these birds have gradually learned to usurp the boxes intended for the purple martins, and now in Boston they have nearly if not entirely driven their relatives away. They come on earlier in the season,—the earliest of all the swallows,—and are in full possession before the later martins appear and are “too late.” Those that thus build near the dwellings of man seem to have utterly changed their nature, and from being among our wildest are, here at least, among our most tame and confiding birds.

Its nearest kith and kin, the violet-green swallow of the Pacific coast, is almost an exception to our rule, so generally do all of its race adhere to their original wildness and to their primitive habits. This is a species that very rarely breeds in hollow trees, and does not affect a wooded country, but prefers wild and rocky tracts, and selects for its homes crevices in rocks. Only very recently have the emigrations from the East reached the regions these birds inhabit, yet the period has been long enough to demonstrate that, after all, this, the wildest of its family, will in time imitate its relatives, seek the shelter of man, and conform its habits to a new life. Already in the settlements of mining communities in Nevada, Montana, and Idaho instances are not wanting in which this swallow has sought out holes and crevices in the walls of hastily constructed buildings, in which it constructs its nest. As settlements increase and old buildings multiply, it is more than probable that the swallows of the Pacific will in time be educated into a full and complete confidence in the protection of man, and that a change in their habits will become more general and noticeable.

Of the sand-martins we have two kinds. The common sand-bank swallow, which is cosmopolitan, found over all the world except Australia, has undergone no apparent changes in its modes of nesting, using holes excavated

by itself in the sides of sandy bluffs. The only change noticed is that these swallows are no longer confined to the banks of rivers or bluffs washed by the sea. The numerous excavations made everywhere by man have increased their numbers and have brought them more closely into communion with civilized life. The other species, the rough-winged swallow, is exclusively North American. It is a bird of a very peculiar conformation, one side of each feather of the wings being provided, instead of the customary soft plumage, with hard horny points. The natural habits of this species prompt it also to breed like the sand-martin in holes excavated by itself in sand-banks. But this habit it has already learned to abandon, and to seek for itself more accessible, better protected, and more desirable places of shelter made for it by man, or if not made for this purpose, seized upon by it and adapted to its needs.

Thus it will be seen that, of the seven kinds of the swallow family inhabiting North America, all but one are known to have undergone a more or less complete and radical change of life, seeking the protection and companionship of man,—all do this without exception,—and making great and important changes in their nesting, both as to location and architectural structure.

We venture to submit these few but striking facts to the consideration of the reader, and we fully believe he will agree with us that they overthrow the antiquated dogma that birds do not

and cannot contrive or reason, or that all they do is but the prompting of a blind and unalterable instinct. The facts we have adduced, and the changes of life they indicate, evince a progress which can only be explained by the innate presence of something higher and more intelligent than a blind, unreasoning faculty. Nor are these evidences of reason confined to the swallow family. We see its manifestations in the change of life and habits of even the proverbially not over-intelligent gull, which at Grand Manan, taught by generations of persecutions, and robbed of its eggs with ruthless greed by man, no longer nests on the treacherous shore, but with its clumsy webbed feet builds itself a nest in high and inaccessible forest-trees. We see it, too, in that intense caution, mis-called cunning, with which that poor persecuted benefactor of the farmer, the crow, is compelled to guard his hunted life. This caution has been taught him by the severe lessons of experience and by his own powers of reason. It is foreign to the crow's nature. In Nova Scotia, where our absurd prejudice against the crow has no existence, we may still find this same species as familiar and as fearless as our common robin here in Massachusetts. And at the West, in Iowa for instance, where the farmers appreciate their value and welcome them as friends, there also we find the natural, untaught, confiding crow. We might go on and multiply similar instances, but here we are content to rest our case.

T. M. Brewer.

KATE BEAUMONT.

CHAPTER XXI.

MAJOR LAWSON cherished hopes that he should be able to palaver General Johnson into some peaceful accommodation of the difficulty between Tom Beaumont and Frank McAlister.

But the General had an instinctive feeling, which he had greatly strengthened by venerable sanguinary experience, to the effect that accommodations not preceded by gunpowder are a disgrace to high-toned humanity, and not to be agreed to by any right-minded second. In duelling matters he was on his familiar hunting-grounds, and easily an overmatch for a novice in the intricate, tremendous chase. Moreover, one babbler is, as a rule, quite able to take care of another; and even the Major was not a longer winded creature than the old stump orator. Thus the latter had his own sweet will, courteously balked all attempts at effecting a reconciliation, and serenely brought the two parties face to face.

An "oldfield," — that is, a deserted clearing, a plot of land once alive to humanity and now dead, a few acres gone utterly barren except for weeds, bushes, and dwarf pines, — an oldfield some four or five miles from the village was the place of meeting. Anxious for decorum even in homicide, and perhaps more especially in homicide, the General had made the arrangements with able secrecy, so as totally to baffle the curiosity of the loungers of Hartland. The only persons present were the principals, the seconds, Dr. Mattieson, a Dr. McAuley, two negro coachmen, and two negro servants; these four last, by the way, being as cheerfully interested in the occasion as if they were full-blooded white men of the highest toned origin and habits. The rising sun was just beginning to steal through the stunted trees and

burnish to splendor the drops of dew upon the starveling grass. The ground was so staked out as that the life-giving light should not dazzle the eyes of either of the men upon whom it now shone for perhaps the last time.

Major Lawson, looking very ghastly and piteous, as if he were about to plead for his own further existence, walked hastily up to that red-eyed destiny, Johnson, and muttered a few words in such an agitated tone that they were incomprehensible.

"I beg your pardon?" inquired the tranquil General. "I am obliged to reply that I did not understand you, — my hearing, Major," explained the polite old fellow, whose senses were as acute as those of a young squirrel.

"Hem!" uttered the Major, vehemently clearing his throat, for he was both ashamed of his agitation and eager to speak. "I was taking the liberty, my very dear General, to suggest that it is not too late to — in fact to prevent bloodshed. To prevent bloodshed," he repeated, trying to soften Johnson with a smile and an inflection.

The General, in spite of his habitual urbanity, looked frankly annoyed, not to say disgusted.

"Major, have you anything to propose on the part of your principal?" he asked dryly.

"In case of regrets — of a sufficient apology," stammered Lawson, not knowing how to proceed, and fearing lest he had already said more than the code justified.

"Bless me, no," smiled the relieved General, who had absolutely feared a withdrawal of the challenge, although the scandal did not really seem possible. "My dear Major, I am happy to say — I mean I am sincerely and singularly grieved to state — that I have no authority to offer an apology. As for submitting the idea to my principal,

I should not dare do it at this late moment. In my opinion it would be trespassing upon his liberty of action. But, bless me, Major! why, you are suffering, you are pale. Don't trouble yourself to explain. I understand it all. You are weighed upon by your sense of responsibility. Cheer up, sir," exhorted the friendly General, nobly taking Lawson's hand. "You have done your whole duty as a gentleman and a Christian. Your philanthropic and humane conduct claims and obtains my sincere admiration. Let me assure you that you may make your remaining preparations with a conscience as clear as heaven's own azure." After gazing for a moment with bleary-eyed ecstasy into the blue ethereal above, he added briskly: "Well, let us hasten. These suspenses are trying. Moreover, we must avoid interruptions; they are always causes of scandal. Receive my thanks, Major, for your humane suggestion, and my regrets that I cannot avail myself of it."

With a profound bow the Major tottered away, muttering to himself, "Bloodthirsty old beast!"

Altogether the most excited, anxious, and alarmed man on the ground was John Lawson. He was face to face with a monstrous event, with the grandest ceremony of the knightly society in which he had been bred, with an instant question of life and death. He felt as if he were being presented at court, and also as if he were about to commit murder. Great responsibilities and duties weighed upon him; he must fight his man well, and he must load a pistol. These things, too, these tremendous courtesies and this momentous business, he must undertake for the first time; and, to complete his embarrassment, he must undertake them in the presence of a man who knew everything, while he knew nothing. Every step that he took, however carefully premeditated, might be an outrageous blunder in the eyes of that critical, cool, abominable old Johnson.

But Lawson's greatest trouble was lest somebody should be shot. If that

happened, how could he ever sleep again, or be happy while awake? Especially if Frank McAlister should fall never more to rise, how would matters stand with social, soft-hearted John Lawson? Would his pet, Kate Beaumont, or even his old friend Kershaw, ever forgive him? The Major would have given his worldly estate to have the loading of both weapons, so that he might charge them with nothing but the softest, downiest wadding. He wished that he had the courage to submit to his principal that it would be well to fire over the head of the other principal. Meanwhile he was loading his pistol with great difficulty, for his eyes were dim with lack of sleep the night before, and his hands were so shaky that he dropped several caps before he got one on the nipple.

"Rough business being roused out so early in the morning, is n't it, Major?" said Tom Beaumont in such a cheerful, cheering voice, that Lawson turned to stare at the youngster.

Tom appeared as a Beaumont should on such an occasion; he lounged easily about, and he had a pretty good color in his cheeks. He had come to the field in a proud spirit, determined to do himself and his family honor. He had been so fearful that he should look pale at the scratch, that he had washed his face repeatedly in cold water before leaving home, and finally had given it a rubbing with spirits of hartshorn.

But although Tom was resolved to behave manfully in this his first duel, he somehow did not find himself bloodthirsty nor even very pugnacious. The near prospect of death had softened his spirit and made him almost forgive his antagonist. He had come to remember with gentleness and with something like gratitude the family obligation to this Frank McAlister. By moments he considered the propriety of firing at least one shot in the air, and very nearly decided that he ought so to do. This gentle change in his feelings he only revealed to others by a single phrase, which was so ill understood

that it was afterwards credited to him as a jest.

"By heavens," he muttered, glancing with a half-smile at his tall antagonist, "if I wanted to shoot over his head, I could n't."

Frank McAlister never once looked at Tom. The lofty, grand monument of a fellow stood perfectly quiet, with his arms folded, his head bent, and his eyes on the ground. He was engaged in an obstinate struggle to fix his mind entirely, steadily, and to the last on Kate Beaumont. He had passed the night mainly in carrying on this struggle. He had not slept, except in brief dozing. On awaking from each his first thought had been the duel; no, it had not been so much a thought as a vague foreboding, — an uncertain, sombre consciousness of peril. In the very next breath came a recollection of Kate and a renewal of the effort to settle his soul upon her alone. She had not answered his letters; she had doubtless condemned him because of his father and his family; she had condemned him, without a hearing, to be separated from her forever; he knew, or thought he knew, all that. Never mind; he would love her still, make her the whole of what life remained to him, think steadily of her and of nothing but her. Thus had he passed the night, striving to reach her through enemies and circumstances; and now, in the near presence of death, he was continuing the same pathetic, agonized battle. His constant pleading was, "Let me die, conscious of her alone."

Of a sudden the sun, stealing under the branches of a young pine, smote upon his eyes and summoned him to face another thought. In spite of his wrestling to cling to the beloved object which was to him nearly all of earth, he remembered and realized the awful solemnity of that transit which he was near to making. He felt that he must appeal for strength and comfort to a higher power than any human being. Wrong as he was, he dared to pray, or rather he dared not refrain from praying. An irresistible pressure was upon him,

and all in the direction of prayer. It did not command him to repent, but merely to ask forgiveness and help. It was the hurried instinct of a swimmer overwhelmed by billows and dragged deathward. Without a lifting of the eyes or even a moving of the lips, there passed through his mind something like the following words: —

"O Father in heaven, I am here by my own folly and wickedness. But I am broken-hearted, and long to die. Give me strength to bear the deserved stroke; strength to bear wounds, suffering, and death. Pardon me for rushing upon my fate. Thou knowest what a burden has fallen upon me. Forgive me for sinking under it. Help here, and mercy in eternity."

You can judge of the keenness of a sorrow which had thus far unseated a strong reason; you can guess at the depth of a despair which had thus swallowed up a Christian education. We have no excuses to offer for what he himself confessed to be folly and wickedness. We only say that he should be considered as temporarily insane with broken hopes and blighted affection.

His prayer uttered, he felt strengthened. It was a moment incredible to such as have not passed through similar trials. He calmly advanced to meet death by the help of a woman whom he had lost and a Creator whom he disobeyed. Impossible as it was, these two sustained him. There was on his face an expression which was almost a smile as he took the loaded pistol from his alert, uncomprehending, heartless second. Supported, yes, and cheered by his illusions, he walked to his post of fate and waited. His eyes were fixed dreamily on the ground; he still would not look at his adversary.

There was a short silence. Lawson, trembling visibly all over, turned away his face and then shaded it with one hand, longing to cover it altogether. The steady old Johnson, in a firm, clear, shrill voice, called: "Gentlemen! Are you ready? One, two, three. Fire!"

Two reports answered. Each of the

combatants kept his position. The tragedy had crashed by harmlessly.

At the sound of the pistols Major Lawson wheeled as quickly as if he had been hit, and made a step or two toward Frank McAlister. Then, remembering himself and seeing his favorite standing, he hurried to his own principal.

"What the deuce did he fire in the air for?" at once demanded Tom.

"Did he?" inquired the amazed Major. "Why, of course he did," he immediately added, recovering his presence of mind. "The ball passed thirty feet over your head."

"I didn't hit him?" were Tom's next words, in a tone of inquiry.

Lawson wheeled about in alarm, and then said with a sigh of undisguisable relief, "It appears not."

"There's no pluck in firing at a man who won't fire back," Tom quickly added.

Lawson silently grasped the youth's hand and pressed it warmly.

"It seems a little like mere murder," continued Tom. "What do you say?"

"Noble young man!" murmured the Major. "Noble, gallant, chivalrous young man!" he continued, with real and profound feeling. "Mr. Beaumont, you honor your race. Shall I say—shall I have the great pleasure of saying—that you demand no further satisfaction? You may properly direct me to say it. My dear, noble, distinguished young friend, you may feel entirely justified in directing it."

"Ye—s," drawled Tom, after a moment of reflection which was torture to Lawson. "Only I won't shake hands. I'll have another fire first. He may go this time, but I won't shake hands."

"Noble young man!" sang the Major (though with less fervor than before), as he turned to meet General Johnson.

That veteran swashbuckler did not look gratified, nor hardly amiable. He had noted with dissatisfaction that his man had fired in the air, and he was in chivalrous anxiety lest the duel might

be closed by that mistaken act of magnanimity, unparalleled in the history of his own personal combats.

"I have the honor to inquire whether your principal demands any further satisfaction?" he said with a succinctness and grimness quite foreign to his Ciceronian habits.

"We demand nothing more, sir," replied Lawson, bowing and smiling, exasperatingly sweet. "The magnanimous and chivalrous conduct of your principal induces us to terminate the combat."

The General was somewhat mollified. A compliment to his principal was precious to him; it was a flattery which he had a right to share.

"Allow me to express to you my admiration for the gallantry and the knightly bearing of your principal," he responded in his stateliest way. Then, in a more familiar tone, "Noble young fellows, both of them, Lawson. Noble boys, by gad."

"Certainly," coincided the Major, warmly. "Johnson, we are honored in serving them. Honored, General, honored."

"Yes, sir," affirmed the General, with an emphasis rarely equalled at least in this world.

"My principal only ventures to claim one reservation," added Lawson, apologizing for the claim with bow and smile. "He declines a formal reconciliation,—the usual shaking of hands, General,—nothing but that."

"Ah, indeed," replied Johnson, smiling also, for he saw a chance to continue the duel. "Excuse me, my very dear Major, but that is a matter which requires consideration."

"The political antagonism of the families, you remember," ventured to suggest the newly alarmed Lawson. "Reasons of state, if I may venture to use the expression. No personal feeling, I assure you. Dear me, no."

"I shall take great pleasure in laying the matter before my principal and requesting his decision," returned the diplomatic Johnson.

Frank McAlister, expecting nothing less than another exchange of shots, had resumed his struggle to think of no other thing on earth than Kate Beaumont, and was standing with arms folded, brows fixed, eyes drooped, unconscious of all around him.

"Shake hands?" he said dreamily, when he at last caught the meaning of the General's elaborate statement of the fresh difficulty. "Of course I don't require it. I shall never touch a hand of that family again."

"Allow me to observe that you have already shown immense forbearance," suggested the discomfited Johnson.

"That is my part," quietly answered Frank. "I came here for that."

"My God, these are new notions," thought the gentleman of an old school, as he marched back to make his pacific communication. "In my day men fought till something happened. What the deuce is to come of all these Quakerly whimwhams?" he concluded, with a notion that good society might not last his time out.

But the astonishment, and we might say the grief, of the hoary hero were fruitless; for once a duel between a Beaumont and a McAlister ended without bloodshed; in a few minutes more the oldfield was left deserted and without a stain.

Tom Beaumont dashed homeward on horseback, and on the way met his father, also mounted. Although the grim old knight had been able to send his son to meet death, he could not help suffering keen anxiety as to his fate. He did not know that he had the gout that morning, nor could he drink brandy enough to raise his spirits. After passing two hours in patrolling his garden, lighting and throwing away a succession of cigars, and roaring to Cato every few minutes for juleps, he called for his fastest horse, thrust his swollen feet into the stirrups and galloped off to meet the carriages. The father and son encountered each other unexpectedly at the angle of a wood.

"Ah, Tom!" exclaimed Peyton

Beaumont, grasping the young fellow's hand. "All right, my boy?" Then, impelled by a strange mixture of emotions, "God bless you, my boy!"

Next followed some straightforward, business-like inquiries as to the circumstances of the meeting.

"You did well, Tom," was his brief comment. "On the whole, taking into view the previous circumstances of the case, you did well to let him off."

In a subsequent conversation with Lawson he expressed himself much more fully on this point of the "letting off" of Frank McAlister.

"By heavens, Tom is a trump!" he said proudly. "I knew no son of mine would do anything in bad taste. Tom did right in sparing the fellow. And, Lawson, I am more pleased with the fact than you can imagine. Lawson, by heavens, it's a strange thing, but I liked that fellow. I absolutely felt an affection for him; and, what's more, I can't quite get over it; I can't, by heavens. It's a most astonishing circumstance, considering that brutal insult. Why, just think of it; just think of it, Lawson. Tied my son! Tied him like a thief, like a nigger. Consider the outrage, Lawson; how *could* he do it? I would n't have thought he could tie one of my sons, or tie any gentleman. I would n't have believed it of him. I had a high opinion of that fellow. I almost loved him. He had the making of a gentleman in him. If he had been born in any other family, he would have become as fine a fellow as you could wish to see. Well, badly as he has behaved to Tom, I'm glad he was n't hurt. I can never forgive him, never. But I did n't want him killed. No, Lawson, no."

"He may do well yet," suggested the cunning Major. "You know, I suppose, my dear Beaumont, that he fired in the air."

"Yes. Tom told me. Of course Tom told me everything. It speaks well for the fellow, shows that he has good instincts," admitted Beaumont, magnanimously. "Ashamed of his

brutal insult, you see," he explained. "Willing to take the legitimate consequences of it. On the whole — by heavens, Lawson, I wish we had never met, or never quarrelled."

From Peyton Beaumont we return to Frank McAlister. He would have been glad to ride away alone from the duelling-ground, but he had not expected to leave it an able-bodied man or even a living one, and had therefore neglected to bring a horse. The result was that he made his journey back to Hartland in the same carriage with his second. It was a singular *tête-à-tête*, an interview of gabble with revery. The old fellow tatted in his unconsciously ferocious way about the duel, and about other duels, a long series of chivalrous horrors, as ghastly and bloody as so many ghosts of Banquo. The young fellow heard not, answered not, and thought only of Kate Beaumont. It was not rational meditation; he did not, for instance, query as to what might be the feelings of the girl concerning this meeting between himself and her brother; he was in no state to marshal facts or to draw conclusions. His condition was consciousness, rather than intelligence; and his consciousness revolved only about the idea that he loved.

How he had met her; how she had looked on this occasion and that and the other; what had been the tone of her voice, the expression of her eyes, the meaning of her gestures; — these things and many more like them thronged through his spirit. Nor were they mere remembrances; they were tableaux and audiences; she was in his presence. She advanced, and passed before his face, and went sweetly out of sight, only to come again. Except for an under voice of deepest despair which whispered, "Lost, lost!" the revery was indescribably delicious.

"I *have* been happy," he said in his soul. "I thank her for the purest happiness that I ever knew. No one, no event, no lapse of time, can rob me of the fact that I once knew her and was daily near her. I am still bound, and

always shall be bound, to owe her greater gratitude than I can utter. She created me anew; she has made me nobler than I was; she lifted me up like a queen out of mere egotism. Until I met her I did not know that I had the power in me to love. She has made me worthy to be on the earth. Thanks to her, I have no shame for myself; I am perfectly wretched, but I possess my own respect. It is proper and beautiful to exist only for another. She has ennobled me."

At this point he vaguely understood the General to say: "Yes, sir. A man ought to shoot his own brother, sir, if that brother gives him the lie. He ought to shoot him, as sure as you are born, sir. By gad, that's my solemn opinion, as a gentleman, sir."

The next moment the young man was lost again in his revery. "I have lived, for I have loved," he repeated from Schiller. "To her beautiful soul be all the praise for my redemption from selfishness. Thanks be to Heaven also that she has been worshipped in a manner worthy of her. It may be that no other woman was ever honored by such an adoration. Thank Heaven that I have been deemed fit to confer upon her this great distinction of entire love. Merely in laying the whole of my heart at her feet, I have honored both her and me. Perhaps no other man was ever permitted so to worship such a worshipful being. My reward is sufficient, and it is more than I deserve. I have lived to high purpose, and I am content to die."

Here again he caught a few words from the interminably prattling General: "The truth is, that old Hugh Beaumont, the father of Peyton, you know, shot your great-uncle, Duncan, quite unnecessarily. In my opinion you would have been justified in remembering that fact to-day, and acting accordingly. Not to mention," etc., etc.

Notwithstanding this savage reminiscence, Frank remained in his lovelorn abstraction. His mood was more potent than mere revery; it rose to an

exaltation which was almost mania ; he was as irrational as those are who love with their whole being. His passion was a possession, the object of which had usurped the place of himself, so that he was not only ruled but absorbed by her. The power which she exercised over his spirit was absolutely a matter of pride with him. He wished to be known as her adorer, her infatuated idolater, her helpless slave. It needed all the natural gravity and dignity of his character to prevent him from babbling of her constantly to his friends. In riding or walking he had wild impulses to stop people, even though they were perfect strangers, and say, "I am nobler than you think me, for I love Kate Beaumont."

Let us not jeer at him ; let us study him reverently. If any man is clean of the world, it is the lover ; if any man is pure in heart, it is the lover. There is no nobler state of mind, with regard at least to merely human matters, than that of a man who loves with his whole being. The wife's affection is equal ; so is the mother's. There is no diminution of honor in the fact that this sublime and beautiful emotion is in a measure its own reward. It is also its own pain : think of the sorrow of rejection ! think of the agony of bereavement !

Nearing home, Frank met one of his father's negroes on a horse which he had been taking to the smith's. Muttering an indistinct farewell to Johnson, he sprang out of the carriage, mounted the animal, and set off at full speed toward Kershaw's, not even remembering to send word of his safety to his brother Bruce. He was wild with impatience to look once more upon the house which sheltered Kate, even though he might not enter it. Fortune granted him more than he hoped, for he met the girl in the Kershaw barouche. She had that morning heard of the duel, and she was hurrying home to prevent it.

In his exaltation, his little less than madness, Frank dashed up to the carriage and stopped it.

CHAPTER XXII.

So haggard and pale had Frank become since Kate last saw him, that, although she had recognized him the instant his tall form appeared in the distance, yet when he drew up by her side she almost mistook him for a stranger.

"Mr.," she stammered, — "Mr. McAlister." Then guessing all at once that the duel had taken place, that he was wounded and that Tom was killed, she screamed, "What is the matter ? Why do you speak to me ?"

He had *not* spoken as yet ; and he could hardly speak now. It was the first time that he had ever heard such a voice from her, or seen such an expression of agony, terror, and aversion on her face. In amaze, and hardly knowing what he said, he replied, "Your brother is well."

"It is n't true," she gasped, scared by his hoarseness and pallor, and shrinking from him. "O, is it ?" she demanded, hope leaping up in her heart. Then, seeing the answer in his face, she reached towards him, her rich cheeks flushing, her hazel eyes sparkling, and her small mouth quivering with joy. "O, thank you, Mr. McAlister," she whispered. "Then you have not fought."

"I wanted him to kill me," was Frank's confession. "I wanted him to, and he would not."

"O, how could you ?" she answered, falling back from him with a look of reproach which seemed like anger. "Cruel — wicked man !"

The coachman, a grave and fatherly old negro belonging to Kershaw, judged that he had heard the last words that could ever pass between these two, and softly drove on. Had he not done so, there would surely have been explanations and pleadings on the part of Frank, and Kate might at once have pardoned, or even more than pardoned. But the uncomprehending slave, acting the part of a deaf and blind fate, divided them before they could think to forbid it.

Frank remained behind, speechless and paralyzed. The first word of harsh reproach which we receive from one whom we dearly love is an avalanche. For a time it puts out of mind all other calamities and all other things whatsoever. To Frank there seemed to be nothing in the world, nothing past or present or future, but those words, "Cruel — wicked." His eyes were on the retreating carriage, and he did not move until it was out of sight. Then he started, rushing away at full speed, and directing his course toward a wood near the Beaumont place, his sole purpose being to reach a stile over which he had once helped Kate to pass. Finding it, he dismounted and stood for a long time contemplating the worm-eaten rail, repeatedly kissing the spot on which he remembered that her foot had rested. After an hour in this place, an hour made heavenly as well as wretched by passing pageants of her form and face, he found himself faint with hunger and fever and rode slowly homeward.

We must return to Kate. She had scarcely been driven past the sight of the man whom she had called cruel and wicked, ere she longed to call him to her side. "Why does he drive on?" she thought, glancing helplessly at the slave, who would have stopped had she bidden him. Next she turned in a useless paroxysm of haste, and looked back at Frank through the rear window of the carriage, querying whether he would follow her. "What did I say to him?" she asked, sure that she had uttered something bitter, but not yet able to remember what. In great trembling of body and spirit, and finding life a woful perplexity and burden, she was taken home.

The first of the family to meet her was Tom. She drew him to her, kissed him on both cheeks, and then held him back at arm's length, looking him sadly in the eyes and saying, "Ah, Tom! How could you?"

The next instant, remembering those words, "I wanted your brother to kill me, and he would not," she threw her-

self into the boy's arms and covered his face with kisses and tears of gratitude. This staid, simple, pure girl, her eyes humid, her cheeks flushed to burning, and every feature alight with unusual emotion, was at the moment eloquent and beautiful beyond humanity. There never was a finer glow and glory on anything earthly than was then on her exquisite young face. Just in this breath her father came to the door, and stood dazzled by his own child. Steeped in brandy and hot with his chronic pugnacity, he forgot at the sight of Kate everything but Kate.

"Ah, my daughter!" he said, taking her into his short heavy arms and pressing her against his solid chest. "How I have neglected you for the last few days! What have I been about?"

"Father, was it fair —?" she began, and stopped to recover control of her voice.

"No, it wasn't fair," answered old Peyton, understanding in a moment and repenting as quickly. "No, by heavens, it was n't fair. Tom, we ought to have told her. She's a Beaumont, and she's my own dear daughter, and she had a right to know everything we did. Kate, we have behaved, by heavens, miserably."

"Well, it is over, and safely," sighed Kate, laying her head on her father's shoulder. "I thank God for it," she added in a whisper.

"So do I, Kate," replied Beaumont, touched almost to crying. "I do, by heavens. I'm a poor, savage, old beast; but I am thankful, by heavens. I'm glad Tom is out of it safe, and I'm glad the other is out of it safe."

"Father, I must go to bed," said the girl, presently. "I am very, very tired."

"Not sick?" demanded Beaumont, staring at her in great alarm.

He assisted her up stairs to her room; he would not let anybody else do it; he forgot that his feet were masses of gout. When he came down, he said to Tom, "Ride for a doctor; ride like the devil. Don't bring any of those d—d

surgeons who were in the duel. Bring somebody else."

During that day and the next he haunted the passages which led to his daughter's room. Indifferent to pain, merely cursing it, he regularly hobbled up stairs to carry her food with his own hands, affirming that no one else knew how to wait on her properly, and denouncing the incapacity and stupidity of "niggers." When she was awake and able to see him, he sat for hours by her bed, holding her hand, looking at her, and talking softly.

"My God, how I have neglected you!" he groaned; "I don't see how I could have done it. I ought to have known that you would run yourself down. I ought to have stopped it."

Such was Peyton Beaumont: he passed his life in sinning and repenting, and he did each with equal fervor. As to the cause of Kate's shattered condition, he had grave suspicions that it was not merely watching over Kershaw, and not merely the shock of the news of the duel. At times he regretted bitterly the renewal of the feud, and blamed Judge McAlister very severely for having brought about the untoward result, being, of course, unable to see that he himself was at all responsible therefor. "Unreasonable, incomprehensible, hard-hearted, selfish old beast!" he grumbled in perfect honesty, meaning McAlister, and not Beaumont. Well, there was no help for it; the only thing to be done was not to speak of that family in Kate's presence; above all, she must not once hear the name of Frank. This wise decision he communicated distinctly to Nellie, and vaguely but with great energy of manner to Mrs. Chester. As for his boys, he trusted to their sense and delicacy as gentlemen, and he trusted not in vain.

The result was, that, when Kate came down in a day or two to table, anxious to learn all about the quarrel and to hear the name of McAlister incessantly, she got never a word on

those subjects. It was very uncomfortable; it was like being shut in prison. Open utterance of hate against the McAlisters would have been more tolerable to her than this boding silence with its attendant suspense. Kate had self-command and dignity of soul; she would not allow her face to show anxiety or sorrow; there was nothing uncheerful in it, save a pathetic lassitude. But at times it seemed to her as if her heart must absolutely break bounds and demand, "Will none of you speak of him? Is it not enough that I shall never see him more? Must I not even hear his name?"

She could not relieve herself by struggling against the feud. She had fought it once when fighting it seemed to be a matter of simple humanity and of affection for her own race. But now, her soul more or less laden with Frank McAlister, she could not demand peace without having the air to herself of suing for a lover. Indeed, she dared not introduce the subject of the family warfare, lest her face should reveal the secret of her heart and even suggest more than was thus far true. For she maintained to herself that as yet she was not quite in love with this man. To love him, especially to confess it to others, when he had not asked for her affection, would be shameful; and the girl was calmly resolved to endure any suffering rather than descend below her own respect or that of her family. So for several days there was silence in the Beaumont prandial and other public conclaves concerning Frank McAlister and all his breed.

"I think Kate is getting on very well," remarked Peyton Beaumont to his married daughter. It was not an assertion, but a query; he did not feel at all certain that Kate was getting on well; he wanted a woman's opinion about a woman.

"If saying nothing, and growing paler every day, is getting on well, you are right," answered Nellie, in her straightforward, business-like, manly way.

"You don't mean," stammered the

father, — "you don't mean that she cares for —"

"Don't mention his name," interjected Nellie. "That man, I absolutely hate him. I did want him shot. He is intolerable. Do you know, father, I sympathized with that man and showed him that I did? To think that after that, no matter what the provocation, he should tie my brother! grossly insult my brother! It was not an outrage upon Tom only. It was an outrage upon me and upon Kate."

"The scoundrel!" growled Beaumont, his eyes flaming at once and his bushy eyebrows working like a forest in a hurricane. "Nellie, why did n't you tell us this before? Tom would have shot him, sure."

"Ah, — well. On the whole I did not. I had liked him so well, that I could not quite say the word to have him — hurt. I had really liked him; that was it. And perhaps it is as well; yes, perhaps it is better. He behaved well in the duel, father?"

"Yes," assented Beaumont, a tiger who had been tamed by his children, and easily followed their leading. "He stood up to the scratch like a man."

"And he did n't fire at Tom."

"That 's true. He showed penitence. He behaved well."

"Let him go," added Nellie, after a moment of revery. "But Kate must not be allowed to meet him again."

"Of course, she won't meet him again," declared Beaumont, lifting his eyebrows in amazement. "How the deuce should she meet him again?"

"Shall I take her away with me for a few weeks?" asked Mrs. Armitage.

"No," returned the father, promptly. "Why, good heavens, she has just got home. I can't spare her yet. But you are not going now," he added. "What do you want to go for?"

"My husband has written me to come," answered Nellie, with that strange look, half imploring and half defiant, which so often came over her face.

Beaumont walked up and down the room, muttering something which

sounded like, "Hang your husband!"

"Besides, Aunt Marian quarrels with me every day," pursued Mrs. Armitage, forcing a smile.

"O, never mind Aunt Marian! She quarrels with everybody and always did and always will. She can't help it. She grew up that way. And really she is n't so much to blame for it. She was a spoilt baby. My father could n't govern his only daughter, and my mother would n't have let him if he had wanted to. The consequence was that Marian always behaved like the very deuce, just as she does now. Yelled, scratched, fought for sugar, bounced away from table, called her mother names, sulked by the twenty-four hours, grew up that way and stayed so. Come, Aunt Marian is too old to cure; she is a fixed fact. No use quarrelling with her. Let her alone and never mind her."

"I don't mind her much," said Nellie, coolly. "I rather think she gets the worst of it."

"I rather think so," the father could not help laughing, pleased that his daughter should overmatch his sister.

"It's a shame, is n't it, that people should n't govern their children?" continued Nellie with a smile.

"A shame? It's downright wickedness," declared Beaumont, who had not a suspicion that he had failed to rule his offspring properly.

Nellie laughed outright.

"Still, I must go," she resumed. "I have been here nearly a month: it is so pleasant to be here! But it is time that I got back and set to work. There are the autumn suits for our niggers to be cut out and made up."

"Oh!" answered Beaumont, seeing something to the purpose in this statement.

"And I want Kate to help me."

"Pshaw! You don't want her."

"She ought to learn that sort of thing."

Beaumont uttered a growl of discontent: he could not spare his favorite.

"I shall leave it to Kate," declared

Nellie as she closed the interview, somewhat queening it over her father.

In the same spirit of benevolent imperiousness she went off directly to lay the question of the visit before her sister. She had not heretofore meditated her plan; she had thought of it while talking with her father, and immediately resolved upon it; and she was now as much prepared to urge it as if she had had it in view for weeks. She meant to suggest it to Kate; and, if it was opposed, to argue for it; and, if necessary, quarrel for it. It was one of those cases of instantaneous consideration and decision for which women, and indeed all emotional people, including Beaumonts, are noted.

Kate, however, was not altogether womanish or Beaumontish; there was something manly, there was something of the Kershaw nature in her; she was thoughtful, judicial, deliberative, and a little slow. In her aquiline face, delicate and feminine and beautiful as it was, there was a waiting, holdfast power, like that in the face of Washington.

"Don't you mean to go?" demanded Mrs. Armitage, excitedly and almost angrily, after advocating her plan for ten minutes.

"Yes," replied Kate. "Thank you, Nellie. I shall be very glad to go."

"Then why did n't you say so?"

"I was thinking," said Kate, dreamily.

About the corners of her small, pulpy, rosy mouth there was a slight droop which Mrs. Armitage comprehended at once and translated into a long confession of trouble. She rustled forward, put one of her large arms around the girl's waist and kissed her in an eagerly petting way, as a mother kisses her baby. Not a word of explanation passed between the two; and when Nellie spoke again it was only to say, "Now go and get ready."

"Have you asked papa about it?" demanded Kate.

"I told him I should leave it to you," replied Nellie, in her prompt, decided way. "I will let him know that you are going."

"He and grandpa Kershaw must both be consulted," said Kate, with tranquil firmness.

The next day, all relatives consenting, willingly or unwillingly, Mrs. Armitage carried her sister from the scene where she had found weariness and sorrow. Ten hours of travel in creaky, rolling, staggering cars, over a rickety railroad of a hundred and thirty miles in length, brought them into the mountainous western corner of the State, and left them at sundown in the straggling borough of Brownville.

"We shall perhaps find Randolph here," said Nellie as they neared the lonely, rusty station-house. "He wrote me that he should come every evening until I appeared." Then she added with a somewhat humbled air, "But I don't much expect him."

It was a wife's imbittered confession of the fact that her husband has learned to pay her little attention.

The Armitage equipage, a shabby barouche attached by a roughly patched harness to two noble horses, was at the station; but the only human being about it was a ragged negro coachman; there was no Randolph.

"He would have come if he had expected you," was Nellie's too frank comment. "Husbands are fond of novelty. Wait till you get one."

"I am sure you are unjust to him," said Kate. "Of course he has his business."

"O yes, of course," replied Nellie, hiding the wound which she had been indiscreet enough to expose. "We women demand incessantly, and demand more than can be given. I only thought it worth while to warn you not to expect too much."

"What is that?" asked Kate, anxious to change the subject of the conversation, and pointing to an axe and a coil of rope which lay on the driver's foot-board.

"Dem ar is to mend the kerridge with, case it breaks down, miss," grinned the coachman.

"You don't know our Saxonburg fashions," laughed Nellie. "Family

coaches will get shaky if they are kept long enough ; and we up-country people almost always keep them long enough."

"I don't object to old things," said Kate ; "excepting old family feuds," she added, unable to help thinking at every moment of the troubles at home.

In an hour the high-spirited bays halted champing at the door of Randolph Armitage's house. It was a strange-looking residence, which had obviously not been created all at once, but in successive parts, as the means of the owner increased, and without regard to aught but interior convenience. Two stories in height here and one story there, with one front facing the south and another the southwest, it appeared less like a single building than like an accidental collection of buildings. If three or four small dwellings should be swept away by a flood, and beached together without further disposition than that of the random waters, the inchoate result would resemble this singular mansion. It was, in fact, the nest where the Armitages had grown up through three generations from backwoods rudeness to their present grandeur, if grandeur it might be called. There was evidence in the building that prosperity did not yet haunt it overflowing. The white paint which had once decked the miscellaneous clapboards had become ragged and rusty. In a back wing, constituting the kitchen and servants' quarters, several window-panes were broken. The wooden front steps were somewhat shaky, and the enclosing fence fantastically dilapidated.

The adorning light of a summer day in the hour after sundown fell upon Randolph Armitage as he came out to greet his wife and children. Kate had not met him since she was a girl of fourteen ; but she perfectly well recollected the glamour of his personal beauty, — a beauty which was so great that it fascinated children. In the exquisite mild radiance of the hour he seemed faultlessly beautiful still. He wore an old loose coat of gray home-

spun, but the shapeliness of his form could not be hidden. His long black hair, matted and careless as it was, offered superb waves and masses. There yet was the Apollonian profile of old, the advanced full forehead, the straight nose nearly on a line with it, the delicately chiselled mouth, the small but firm chin, the straight and smooth cheeks, the many-tinted brown eyes, and the clear olive complexion. He still seemed to Kate the handsomest man that she had ever seen ; handsomer even than that splendid and good giant, Frank McAlister.

"So you have come at last !" were the ungracious first words of this Apollo.

Kate knew nothing of the domestic troubles of her sister. On hearing this reproving growl, she suspected only that Nellie had wrongly delayed her return home ; and before even she got out of the carriage, she tried to take the blame upon herself. She called out, "I dare say it is my fault, Randolph."

"What !" he exclaimed, his face changing from sullenness to gayety. "Is it Kate ?" he asked, helping her down the step and gazing at her with admiration. "What a beauty you have grown !" and he kissed her cheek caressingly. "Why, my dear little sister, you are a thousand times welcome. So my wife waited to bring you ? She is always doing better than I suspect."

He kissed his wife now, and she calmly returned it. Kate of course could not see that the embrace was on her account. How should she, whose heart yearned to love and be loved, guess easily that husband and wife could meet without pleasure ?

"And here are my youngsters," said Armitage, turning away from Nellie with singular suddenness. "Willie, did you have a nice long visit ? And you, Freddy ? Did you both play with grandpapa ?"

He lifted them successively, hugged them with a graceful air of fervor, and set them down promptly.

"And now, Kate," he added, offering her his arm gayly, "let me escort you into my house for the first time. It is a great honor to me and a great pleasure."

All the evening his manner to his guest was most caressing and flattering. Moreover, he dressed in her honor, laying aside his slovenly homespun and coming to the table attired in a way to show his fine figure to advantage. Yet as the hours wore on, and as Kate's spirits turned to depression under a sense of homesickness and fatigue, she seemed to perceive something disagreeable, or at least something suspicious, under this brilliant surface. She was like one who, after gazing with delight on a tide of clear sparkling water, should half think that he discovers a corpse in the translucent abysses. The light of the lamps showed her that Randolph's face was not all that it had been in other days; the fervid color had faded a little, and there were bags under the still brilliant eyes, and a jaded air as of dissipation. Was it true, too, that there was a shadow of reserve between husband and wife, as if neither was sure of possessing the other's sympathy? What did it mean, moreover, that they occupied separate rooms?

In spite of the girl's efforts to believe that all went well in this family which was so near and dear to her, she retired that night with a vague impression that she was in a household haunted by mysteries, if not by misery.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WHAT blessed restoration there is in the sleep and in the health of youth! Palaces of hope and happiness which had tumbled to ruin at eventide are rebuilt ere morning by these beneficent magicians.

When Kate came to breakfast, after the refreshing slumber which even troubled hearts know at nineteen, she had forgotten the bodings of the night before, or remembered them only to

scout them. All went aright to her eyes in the Armitage dwelling that day and the day following and for many days after. Good, sincere, amiable, unsuspecting of evil, anxious to think well of others, she was the easy and contented dupe of a skilful though wayward enchanter.

On certain holy festivals good Mahometans turn their jackets inside out, and go all in green, the color of the prophet. In like manner Randolph Armitage had a garment of deportment which he could turn according to the circumstances of time or company, the one side being of the color of the Devil and his angels, while the other might please the eyes of saints or pure women. The silver lining of this sable cloud it was now his pleasure to wear outward. Kate was young and beautiful, and it was one of his amusements to charm young and beautiful women; moreover, the girl might be expected to bear witness of him among the Beaumonts, should he misbehave during her visit; and if he feared anybody on earth, it was his puissant relatives by marriage. So for weeks he controlled the seven capital devils who inhabited his soul, suffering none of them to issue forth and disport himself in her presence. He was a fond father, a gentle husband, an amiable brother-in-law, and a merciful master to his slaves. He astonished his wife, and almost won her heart. He fascinated Kate.

It was not a difficult matter for him to be thus delightful. He possessed that mighty glamour of excelling beauty which sheds attractiveness over even indifferent, even misbecoming behavior. So sweet and so fair to look upon was his smile, that mere young girls, mere rude boys, mere untutored crackers, were glad at winning one from him, and never forgot the pleasant sight all their lives after. Hundreds of people who knew him not had stared wonderingly in his face as he met them, turned to look at him after he had passed, and eagerly inquired his name. All through Saxonburg district, and in the rough surrounding region, he was known as

Handsome Armitage. A mountaineer from East Tennessee had once stopped him in the street, and said: "Stranger, excuse me; but you be certainly the puttiest man I've seen sence I come to Sou' Carline. Mought I ask what you call yourself?"

But, in addition to his beauty, Randolph had the charm of a flexible character, apt to take the bent of his society. It was his nature to be hail fellow well met with Satan or with the archangel Ithuriel, according as he found himself in the company of either. He had intelligence to perceive at once, and to the full, both the purity of Kate Beaumont and the innate grossness of the vilest low-down harridan in the district. He was as much in place, so far as his behavior went, with the one as with the other. The result was, that, as Nellie divulged nothing concerning her husband, Kate believed him to be good, and knew him to be charming. She walked with him, rode with him, tried her hand at fishing under his guidance, learned games of cards of him, read him the letters which she received from home, talked with him about the feud, and made him little less than a confidant. Of course he agreed with her in all things; caring little about the feud, it was easy for him to condemn it; despising politics, it was easy for him to bemoan the election difficulty. He had the coinciding amiability of indifference and hypocrisy. Thus it was that this stainless and unsuspecting girl found in this thoroughly corrupt man a friend whom she valued and almost revered.

"You don't half appreciate your husband," she reproached her sister.

"Yes, I do," replied Nellie, making an effort of repression which was truly sublime, and withholding her ready tongue from all confession or complaint.

"You should be very sweet to him, if only on my account," added Kate, with a smile of perfect incomprehension and innocence. "How kind he is to me!"

"I *am* obliged to him, on your ac-

count," said the martyr-like wife. "I have told him so."

"I don't believe it," laughed Kate. "I want you to tell him so in my presence."

Just then Randolph entered the room. It was one of his handsomest moments; his cheeks were flushed, his eyes bright, his air elated; moreover, he had dressed himself carefully and becomingly. His wife settled her eyes upon him with such an expression as if she were dazzled against her will.

"Randolph," she said, her voice wavering a little, perhaps with recollection of the tenderness of other days, "Kate wants me to thank you again for your kindness to her. I do so with all my heart."

In this speech, so set and ceremonious as between husband and wife, there was of course a hidden meaning. It was as much as to say, I thank you for restraining yourself, especially in the presence of my sister.

Armitage smiled, that smile that said so much; he just moved his lips, those lips that were so eloquent without speaking; then lightly and gracefully he advanced to Nellie, lifted her hand, and kissed it. For a moment the wife was much moved; she drew his hand to her and pressed it against her heart. Kate rose, in her eyes a glistening of tears, in her heart one of the high-blooded impulses of her father's race, and stepping quickly up to her brother-in-law, kissed his cheek.

"Thank you, my dear, good child," he said, turning upon her with a flush of sincere gratification. "You almost tempt me, you two, to stay at home this evening. But," he added, without the least difficulty, and in the same breath, "I have an engagement. Don't sit up for me."

After he had gone Kate said to Nellie, "I *must* tell you. You have delighted me. When I came here, — when I first came, — I thought that you two were — indifferent. I beg your pardon, both of you."

"Ah, Kate!" replied Nellie, "you are capable of falling in love. If you

were not, you would not care for these things so. You can love, and I am sorry for it."

Hours passed after this scene, and Armitage did not return. As the evening wore on towards midnight, Nellie's brow grew darker and darker with an expression which was not so much anxiety as something sterner. She looked at last like one who is receiving blows, not in a spirit of angry retaliation, but with sullen defiance. Her air was so gloomy and hard that it disturbed her sister.

"Had you not better send out for him?" asked Kate. "Do you know where he has gone?"

"He sometimes stays out in this way," said Nellie, calmly. "We won't sit up longer for him."

"But had n't we better?" urged the younger woman.

"No, no," replied Nellie, almost imperiously. "I would rather you would not. I wish you to go to bed."

Leaving the two to find such sleep as is the lot of anxious women, let us follow Randolph Armitage and see how he was passing the night. On the morning of that day this "high-strung" gentleman had risen to find himself under the spell of a mighty impulse; an impulse which had come to him he knew not how, which he could not account for, nor analyze, nor control; an impulse common with men of dissolute lives, and forming the mainspring of their characteristic actions. He must break bounds, he must run away, he must go wild, he must have a spree. He was no more capable of philosophizing upon the possession than a horse is able to state why he snorts, flings out his heels, and dashes headlong over his pastures. His brain, his stomach, his arterial structure, or some other physical organ, had gone mad, either with boisterous health or with inflammation, and demanded the relief of violent activity; whether noble or vicious was indifferent, only that his habits of life almost necessarily directed the outburst towards immorality. In the horsy language of his favorite

companions, lewd fellows of the baser sort, and mostly of low-down birth, "he had got his head up for a spree."

While in this state of mind he met Lunt Saxon, widely and unfavorably known as Redhead Saxon, a "low-flung" descendant of the rude family which had first settled the district of Saxonburg and served as the mean origin of its name. It was with this coarse, gaunt, long-legged, hideous desperado and sycophant in homespun that he had made the engagement which took him from his home during the evening. He had gone straight from the exquisite scene with his wife and Kate Beaumont to a cracker ball.

Three miles from his house, in a region of sand and pines and scrub-oaks, there was a clearing which had once supported a settler's family, and which, as the soil became exhausted, had degenerated into an oldfield, overgrown with bushes and long weeds. In the centre of the oldfield was a log-cabin, the clay fallen from its chinks, the boards on its roof warped and awry, its windows without glass and closed by rude shutters, the chimney a ruinous, unshapely mass of stones and mud, the outer air free to enter at numberless crannies. This cabin was the residence of two "lone women," who held it rent free of its charitable owner, a wealthy physician of the village. The eldest was Nancy Gile, thirty years old, but looking thirty-five, yellow-haired, white-faced, freckled, red-eyed, dirty, ragged, shiftless, idle, a beggar, and otherwise of questionable life. The youngest was Sally Huggs, a small, square-built, rosy-cheeked, black-eyed girl of not more than seventeen, who had run away from her mother to secure larger liberty of flirtation. Nancy Gile had two illegitimate children, and Sally Huggs was herself an illegitimate child. The reader can guess at the kind of morality that adorned the household existence.

There are no outcasts. People who are not in "our society," and not in the circle below that, and not in any circle that we deem society, have still

a surrounding of more or less sympathetic humanity and even perhaps a following of admirers. Nancy Gile and Sally Huggs, poor and ignorant and degraded as they were, had an environment of friends whom they wished to hold fast and of enemies whom they desired to propitiate. Consequently, when they one day came into unexpected, almost miraculous possession of five dollars more than was necessary to buy bacon and hominy for the morrow, they resolved to raise their standing and enlarge their popularity by "giving a treat." A pound of tallow-candles for illumination and three gallons of white raw whiskey for refreshment summed up their purchases. As for supper, they trusted, as any other host of the oldfields would have done, that each guest would provide his or her own, and eat it before coming. For music there was Sam Tony, a youth of piny woods extraction, as lean and yellow as his own fiddle, and a gratuitous scraper on such occasions. The invitations had been spread by word of mouth at the previous "sale-day" in the village, and had gathered in every young Saxonburg loafer or cracker who was not in open hostility with the household. Even those tramps, the Bibbs, who had no abiding habitation, but slept sometimes in brush cabins and sometimes in the sheltering corners of warm fences, had sent one representative in the shape of a ragged, dirty girl of eighteen, trim and slender and graceful in figure, but yellow and ghastly with exposure and lack of proper nourishment. When Handsome Armitage and hideous Red-head Saxon rode into the benighted tangle of the oldfield, Nancy Gile's cabin was humming like a huge beehive with the noise of dancing and laughing low-downers, and flaming from every door and window and chink with tallow-dip splendor.

"It looks like a storming old blow-out," said Armitage, as he tied his horse's bridle to the drooping branch of a tree. "Quash," he added, addressing a negro whom he had brought

along, also mounted, "stay by these beasts. Come on, Redhead."

He was already heated with liquor. His manner and voice had become strangely degraded since that pretty scene at his home. In place of his make-believe yet gracious gentility and tenderness there was a wild, reckless, animal-like excitement. Perhaps it was more than animal; it may be doubted whether any beast is ever a rowdy; we have heard that even a drunken ape has decorum.

The one room of the cabin, eighteen feet or so by twenty-five, was crammed. In the centre eight couples were jostling and elbowing through a sort of country dance. Squeezing close up to them, and squeezing against the log walls, and filling the two doorways, and covering the shaky stairs which led to the loft, was a mass of young men and girls, applauding, yelling, chattering, laughing, or staring with vacant eyes and mouth. Even the wide-open doors and windows and chinks and the gaping chimney could not carry off all the mephitic steam generated by this mob of unclean people. As a perfume, an uproar, and a spectacle, the crowd was vigorously, one might almost say nauseously, interesting.

To a New-Englander or a Pennsylvania Quaker fresh from the pacific, temperate, educated faces of his birth-land, it would not have seemed possible that these visages were American. The general cast of countenance was a lean and hardened wildness, like that of Albanian mountaineers or Calabrian brigands. There were no stolid, square, bulldog faces; everywhere you saw cleverness, or liveliness, or at least cunning, but it was cleverness of a wolfish or foxy nature. The forms, too, were agile, most of them tall, slender, and bony, the outlines showing sharply through the calico gowns or homespun suits. Four or five plump and rosy girls, looking all the plumper because of sunburn, were exceptions to the general rule of muscle and sinew. All the men, through early use of tobacco and constant exposure to hardship, were figures of ex-

cessive lankness. The stunted, graceless costumes increased the general ungainliness. Some of the girls were in calico, limp with dirt; others in narrow-chested, ill-fitted, scant-skirted gowns of the coarsest white cotton, such as was commonly issued to field-hands; others in the cast-off finery of charity, worn just as it was received, without remaking. Nearly all the men had straight, tight trousers, insufficient vests, and short-bodied, long-tailed frock-coats of gray or butternut homespun.

Scarcely one of these crowding faces had been illuminated or softened by the touch of civilization. If they were less stolid than the countenances of so many Indians, they were not much less savage. Not that the savagery was perfectly frank and open: there was an air of slyness about it and even of sycophancy; it was the ferocity of a bloodhound, waiting to be set on. While these people knew how to commit deeds of blood, they could set about them best at the command of a "high-tone gentleman." But even to their masters they must have looked a little untrustworthy: It was evident that human life, no matter of what dignity and descent, would be held by them in light esteem. After all, valuing their own lives little, they were not despicable. In spite of law-abiding prejudices, it is impossible not to accord some respect to a hearty willingness to give and take hard knocks. The best intentioned members of society cannot look down with unmixed contempt upon a man who fights like the Devil, although they may find him inconvenient and proper for suppression. Born to be proud of my countrymen, reposing a loving confidence in their pugnacity and their knack at firearms, I would adventure the population of this hive in any part of the Abruzzi, sure that they would make their frontiers respected and perhaps lay *Fra Diavolo* under contribution. In fact, I should rejoice to colonize them in those regions, trusting that the drama of the *Kilkenny cats* might be re-enacted.

Into this genial mob bounced Handsome Armitage with a sense of satisfied sympathy.

"Hurrah, Nancy!" he shouted, seizing the mistress of the house and whirling her round in an extemporized waltz, much to the confusion of the country-dancers. "Bully for you, old girl! This is a glorious blow-out."

"Square, I'm right glad to see ye," returned Nancy Gile, her white face reddening with pride and pleasure. "I said you mought come. Sally said you would n't."

"Where is she?" asked Armitage.

"Thar she is, Square, dancin' along with Sam Hicks."

"Sally, come here," called the high-toned gentleman. "Come here, and let's have a look at your cheeks."

"Can't," laughed Sally, hot and gay with exercise and attentions, for she was the belle of the ball. "Got to dance this through. Then I'll come."

"Who the deuce is Sam Hicks?" demanded Armitage.

"He's a Dark Corner man," explained Nancy. "He met up with her last sale day, an' took an awful shine to her. Talks like he was goin' to marry her. Mebbe he will."

"Mebbe he won't," laughed Armitage. "Well, give us some whiskey. I have n't had a drink for half an hour. Redhead, try it."

"After you, Square," returned the respectful Redhead, filling a glass for his superior. "It's the same old spring I reckon. Pickens whiskey, fresh from the mill, clar as water, an' strong as pizen. Reckon that'll warm you, Square, to the toes of yer boots."

Armitage took the little tumbler, half full of pure spirit, put its sticky brim to his handsome mouth, and sipped at the contents.

"Nasty," he said. "But never mind; it does its work. Redhead, this is what kills us, and we love it. We are good Christians; we love our worst enemy." Then, a recollection of his college reading coming upon him, he raised the glass on high and

invoked it in the words of the gladiators, "Ave Cæsar! morituri te salutant."

"That's tall talk, Square," grinned the admiring Redhead.

"Taller than you could understand if I should tell you what it means, you cursed ignoramus," returned Armitage, as he tossed off the poison.

At this moment the country dance ended, and the dancers made a rush toward the whiskey. Sam Hicks sought to keep possession of his rosy-cheeked little partner by passing one butternut-clothed arm around her waist while he poured out for her a half-tumbler of the Pickens district nectar.

"Ladies first," said Armitage, pushing him back with a jocosely contemptuous roughness.

"I was gwine to help a lady," replied Hicks, sulkily. "Sally here wants a drink."

"I'll give her one myself," persisted the high-flung gentleman. "Do you mean to keep her all the evening? Stand out of the way!"

"Let go, my boy," counselled Redhead Saxon, sliding behind the mountaineer and whispering over her shoulder. "Mought get a welt acrost yer snoot. Let go to catch a better holt."

Sam cast a pleading look at his girl, then an angry though cowed one at his imposing rival, and gave back grumbling. Armitage mixed a drink for Sally, insisted upon her swallowing the whole of it, took her roughly under his arm and marched her away.

"You little wretch, why did n't you come to me at first?" he scolded, half in jest and half in alcoholic earnest. "What do you stick to that booby for? Why don't you stick to me?"

Sally looked up in his face with an expression which might be described as vulgar shyness or low-bred modesty. She was dazzled and awed by the handsome, fine gentleman who had taken possession of her; and at the same time she hankered after plain homespun Sam Hicks, who wanted to marry her.

"I don't know jest what you're up

to," she blurted out spunkily and yet timorously.

"And what the deuce is *he* up to? Going to marry you, is he?"

Sally made no reply, but she colored a coarse blush, and threw a glance at the faithful pursuing Hicks.

"You can't go to him," said Armitage. "You must dance the next set with me."

And dance he did, playing pranks which raised shouts of laughter in the rough crowd, throwing fondling grimaces at his partner and threatening ones at his rival. The dance ended, he let Sally go back to Hicks, only to claim her again as soon as he had taken another glass of whiskey. A couple of hours passed much in this way. Armitage seemed possessed to get drunk, to pay a rude courtship to Sally Huggs, and to torment Sam Hicks. That he could enjoy the coarse farce seems incredible; and yet the stupid, low-lived fact is that he did enjoy it. It was a monotonous, uninteresting, disagreeable, degrading exhibition; and we only describe it because it dramatizes in brief the character of the man when in his cups. Intoxication had turned him into an insolent, quarrelsome savage; and when we add that it always affected him thus, we can understand the habitual expression of his wife's face; we know how she came to have that strange air of half pleading, half standing at bay.

Let us hurry. About midnight Armitage, wild as a madman with drink, tore Sally Huggs away from her lover for perhaps the tenth time, and gave the latter a blow which laid him prostrate.

"Quit that, Sam!" shouted Redhead Saxon, rushing upon Hicks and stopping his hand as it sought the inside of his homespun coat. "Now get out of here, Sam, before mischief is done," continued the faithful henchman of Armitage. "Don't go to fightin' with high-tone gentlemen. They're too hefty for you, my boy."

Sam Hicks was not an ordinary low-downer, educated in the depressing

vicinity of great estates, and subservient to the planting chivalry. He was a mountaineer, as independent and fierce and lithe as a wild-cat, and disposed to fight any man who trespassed upon his rights or person. He tried to get at Armitage, and struggled violently with Saxon and three or four others who held him, his long yellow hair thrown back from his thin and sunburnt visage, a fine though coarse figure of virile indignation. But at last, overcome by numbers, he became sullenly quiet, and suffered himself to be led out of the cabin. Tranquillity was the more easily restored because Armitage was too drunk to care for the raving of the mountaineer, or even to notice that Sally Huggs soon slipped out of the revelry in pursuit of her betrothed.

Half an hour after this "unpleasantness," Saxon succeeded in persuading his intoxicated patron to mount and set out for home. The path led the length of the oldfield, then through a wood of young pines and stunted cedars, then across other oldfields and some natural barrens, and then down a lane lined by forests, at the end of which it touched the highroad. For a time the party moved slowly, there being only starlight, the ground uneven and tangled with vines, and Armitage reeling in his saddle. As they entered the lane Saxon fell back alongside of the negro, and muttered, "Quash, when we strike the road, we'll try a gallop. You keep on one side of him, an' I'll keep on the other."

At this moment there was a pistol-shot from the dense underwood of the forest which overhung the lane.

"Sam Hicks, by thunder!" growled Saxon, feeling for his revolver. "Bill ahead, Square!"

Instead of pushing onward as directed, Armitage turned his horse toward the spot where the flash had showed, and put him straight at the fence

which separated the narrow path from the wood. But the animal floundered in a swampy drain, and, unable to rise to the obstacle, pitched against it.

"Hold on, Square," called Saxon, dismounting and taking post behind his horse as behind a breastwork. "Don't go in thar. He'll pop you, sure."

But the warning was useless; the crazy man, shouting with rage, dismounted and began to climb the fence; in a moment, drunk as he was, he had reached the top of it. Just then there was another report, coming from the black recesses of the wood; and in the same breath Armitage toppled over the fence and fell to the ground; there was a single groan, followed by silence.

"O Mars Ranney! Mars Ranney!" presently whispered the negro, shaking with grief as well as terror.

"Guess your boss is gone up," muttered Redhead Saxon, after a moment of listening.

"O, I'se feared so, I'se feared so," whimpered Quash. "O Mars Saxon, what'll we do?"

"Dunno, though," continued Redhead. "That last ball whistled by like it had n't hit nothin'. So did the first one perhaps, though I did n't notice."

After further hearkening he resumed: "We must git him out of thar. Quash, I'll hold the hosses. You sneak in an' feel for him."

The negro trembled and hesitated, fearing another shot from the hidden assassin; for life is dear to slaves.

"Start in, you black cuss," commanded Redhead, turning his revolver on Quash.

"I'se gwine," quavered the demoralized chattel. "Wait till I catch my bref. I'se gwine."

Crawling on his hands and knees through the mud and water of the drain, Quash slowly approached the fence, displaced a rail, and slid through the aperture.

J. W. DeForest.

MOUNTAINEERING IN THE SIERRA NEVADA.

III.

THE ASCENT OF MOUNT TYNDALL.

MORNING dawned brightly upon our bivouac among a cluster of dark firs in the mountain corridor, opened by an ancient glacier of King's River into the heart of the Sierras. It dawned a trifle sooner than we could have wished, but Professor Brewer and Hoffman had breakfasted before sunrise, and were off with barometer and theodolite upon their shoulders, purposing to ascend our amphitheatre to its head and climb a great pyramidal peak which swelled up against the eastern sky, closing the view in that direction.

We who remained in camp spent the day in overhauling campaign materials and preparing for a grand assault upon the summits. For a couple of hours we could descry our friends through the field-glasses, their minute black forms moving slowly on among piles of giant *débris*; now and then lost, again coming into view, and at last disappearing altogether.

It was twilight, and almost eight o'clock, when they came back to camp, Brewer leading the way, Hoffman following; and as they sat down by our fire without uttering a word, we read upon their faces terrible fatigue.

So we hastened to give them supper of coffee and soup, bread and venison; which resulted, after a time, in our getting in return the story of the day.

For eight whole hours they had worked up over granite and snow, mounting ridge after ridge, till the summit was made about two o'clock.

These snowy crests bounding our view at the eastward we had all along taken to be the summits of the Sierra, and Brewer had supposed himself to be climbing a dominant peak, from which he might look eastward over Owen's Valley and out upon leagues of desert. Instead of this a vast wall

of mountains, lifted still higher than his peak, rose beyond a tremendous cañon which lay like a trough between the two parallel ranks of peaks. Hoffman showed us on his sketch-book the profile of this new range, and I instantly recognized the peaks which I had seen from Mariposa, whose great white pile had led me to believe them the highest points of California.

For a couple of months my friends had made me the target of plenty of pleasant banter about my "highest land," which they lost faith in as we climbed from Thomas's Mill, — I too becoming a trifle anxious about it; but now that the truth had burst upon Brewer and Hoffman they could not find words to describe the terribleness and grandeur of the deep cañon, nor for picturing those huge crags towering in line at the east. Their peak, as indicated by the barometer, was in the region of thirteen thousand four hundred feet, and a level across to the farther range showed its crests to be at least fifteen hundred feet higher. They had spent hours upon the summit scanning the eastern horizon, and ranging downward into the labyrinth of gulfs below, and had come at last with reluctance to the belief that to cross this gorge and ascend the eastern wall of peaks was utterly impossible.

Brewer and Hoffman were old climbers, and their verdict of impossible oppressed me as I lay awake thinking of it; but early next morning I had made up my mind, and, taking Cotter aside, I asked him in an easy manner whether he would like to penetrate the Terra Incognita with me at the risk of our necks, provided Brewer should consent. In a frank, courageous tone he answered, after his usual mode, "Why not?" Stout of limb, stronger yet of

heart, of iron endurance, and a quiet, unexcited temperament, and, better yet, deeply devoted to me, I felt that Cotter was the one comrade I would choose to face death with, for I believed there was in his manhood no room for fear or shirking.

It was a trying moment for Brewer when we found him and volunteered to attempt a campaign for the top of California, because he felt a certain fatherly responsibility, a natural desire that we should not deposit our trituated remains in some undiscoverable hole among the feldspathic granites; but, like a true disciple of science, this was at last overbalanced by his intense desire to know more of the unexplored region. He freely confessed that he believed the plan madness, and Hoffman, too, told us we might as well attempt to get on a cloud as to try the peak.

As Brewer gradually yielded his consent, I knew by his conversation that there was a possibility of success; so we spent the rest of the day in making preparations.

Our walking-shoes were in excellent condition, the hobnails firm and new. We laid out a barometer, a compass, a pocket-level, a set of wet and dry thermometers, note-books, with bread, cooked beans, and venison enough to last a week, and rolled them all in blankets, making two knapsack-shaped packs (strapped firmly together with loops for the arms), which, by Brewer's estimate, weighed forty pounds apiece.

Gardner declared he would accompany us to the summit of the first range to look over into the gulf we were to cross, and at last Brewer and Hoffman also concluded to go up with us.

Quite too early for our profit we all betook ourselves to bed, vainly hoping to get a long refreshing sleep from which we should rise ready for our tramp.

Never did a man welcome those first gray streaks in the east more gladly than I, unless it may be Cotter, who has in later years confessed that he did not go to sleep that night. Long

before sunrise we had done our breakfast and were under way, Hoffman kindly bearing my pack, and Brewer carrying Cotter's.

Our way led due east up the amphitheatre and toward Mount Brewer, as we had named the great pyramidal peak.

Awhile after leaving camp, slant sunlight streamed in among gilded pinnacles along the slope of Mount Brewer, touching here and there, in broad dashes of yellow, the gray walls, which rose sweeping up on either hand like the sides of a ship.

Our way along the valley's middle ascended over a number of huge steps, rounded and abrupt, at whose bases were pools of transparent snow-water edged with rude piles of erratic glacier blocks, scattered companies of alpine firs, of red bark and having cypress-like darkness of foliage, fields of snow under sheltering cliffs, and bits of softest velvet meadow clouded with minute blue and white flowers.

As we climbed, the gorge grew narrow and sharp, both sides wilder; and the spurs which projected from them, nearly overhanging the middle of the valley, towered above us with sculpture more and more severe. We frequently crossed deep fields of snow, and at last reached the level of the highest pines, where long slopes of *débris* swept down from either cliff, meeting in the middle. Over and among these immense blocks, often twenty and thirty feet high, we were obliged to climb, hearing far below us the subterranean gurgle of streams.

Interlocking spurs nearly closed the gorge behind us; our last view was through a granite gateway formed of two nearly vertical precipices, sharp-edged, jutting buttress-like, and plunging down into a field of angular boulders which fill the valley bottom.

The eye ranged out from this open gateway overlooking the great King's Cañon with its moraine-terraced walls, the domes of granite upon Big Meadows, and the undulating stretch of forest which descends to the plain.

The gorge turning southward, we rounded a sort of mountain promontory, which, closing the view behind us, shut us up in the bottom of a perfect basin. In front lay a placid lake reflecting the intense black-blue of the sky. Granite, stained with purple and red, sank into it upon one side, and a broad, spotless field of snow came down to its margin upon the other.

From a pile of large granite blocks, forty or fifty feet up above the lake margin, we could look down fully a hundred feet through the transparent water to where boulders and pebbles were strewn upon the stone bottom. We had now reached the base of Mount Brewer and were skirting its southern spurs in a wide open corridor surrounded in all directions by lofty granite crags from two to four thousand feet high; above the limits of vegetation, rocks, lakes of deep heavenly blue, and white trackless snows were grouped closely about us. Two sounds—a sharp little cry of martens, and occasional heavy crashes of falling rock—saluted us.

Climbing became exceedingly difficult, light air—for we had already reached twelve thousand five hundred feet—beginning to tell upon our lungs to such an extent that my friend, who had taken turns with me in carrying my pack, was unable to do so any longer, and I adjusted it to my own shoulders for the rest of the day.

After four hours of slow, laborious work we made the base of the *débris* slope which rose about a thousand feet to a saddle-pass in the western mountain wall,—that range upon which Mount Brewer is so prominent a point. We were nearly an hour in toiling up this slope over an uncertain footing which gave way at almost every step. At last, when almost at the top, we paused to take breath, and then all walked out upon the crest, laid off our packs, and sat down together upon the summit of the ridge and for a few moments not a word was spoken.

The Sierras are here two parallel

summit ranges. We were upon the crest of the western ridge, and looked down into a gulf five thousand feet deep, sinking from our feet nearly or quite two thousand feet in abrupt cliffs whose base plunged into a broad field of snow lying steep and smooth for a great distance, but broken near its foot by craggy steps often a thousand feet high.

Vague blue haze obscured the lost depths, hiding details, and giving a bottomless distance, out of which, like the breath of wind, floated up a faint tremor, vibrating upon the senses, yet never clearly heard.

Rising on the other side, cliff above cliff, precipice piled upon precipice, rock over rock, up against the sky, towered the most gigantic mountain-wall in America, culminating in a noble pile of Gothic-finished granite and enamel-like snow. How grand and inviting looked its white form, its untrodden, unknown crest, so high and pure in the clear strong blue! I looked at it as one contemplating the purpose of his life; and for just one moment I would have rather liked to dodge that purpose, or to have waited, or have found some excellent reason why I might not go; but all this quickly vanished, leaving a cheerful resolve to go ahead.

From the two opposing mountain-walls singular, thin, knife-blade ridges of stone jutted out, dividing the sides of the gulf into a series of amphitheatres, each one a labyrinth of ice and rock. Piercing thick beds of snow, sprang up knobs and straight isolated spires of rock, mere obelisks curiously carved by frost, their rigid, slender forms casting a blue, sharp shadow upon the snow. Embosomed in depressions of ice, or resting on broken ledges, were azure lakes, deeper in tone than the sky, which at this altitude, even at midday, has a violet duskiness.

To the south, not more than eight miles, a wall of peaks stood across the gulf, dividing the King's, which flowed north at our feet, from the Kern River,

that flowed down the trough in the opposite direction.

I did not wonder that Brewer and Hoffman pronounced our undertaking impossible; but when I looked at Cotter there was such complete bravery in his eye that I asked him if he was ready to start. His old answer, "Why not?" left the initiative with me; so I told Professor Brewer that we would bid him good by. Our friends helped us on with our packs and we shook hands in silence. Before he released my hand Professor Brewer asked me for my plan, and I had to own that I had but one, which was to reach the highest peak in the range.

After looking in every direction I was obliged to confess that I saw as yet no practicable way. We bade them a good by, receiving their "God bless you" in return, and started southward along the range to look for some cliff possible to descend. Brewer, Gardner, and Hoffman turned north to push upward to the summit of Mount Brewer, and complete their observations. We saw them whenever we halted, until at last, on the very summit, their microscopic forms were for the last time discernible. With very great difficulty we climbed a peak which surmounted our wall just to the south of the pass, and, looking over the eastern brink, found that the precipice was still sheer and unbroken. In one place, where the snow lay against it to the very top, we went to its edge and contemplated the slide. About three thousand feet of unbroken white, at a fearfully steep angle, lay below us. We threw a stone over and watched it bound until it was lost in the distance; after fearful leaps we could only detect it by the flashings of snow where it struck, and as these were, in some instances, three hundred feet apart, we decided not to launch our own valuable bodies, and the still more precious barometer, after it.

There seemed but one possible way to reach our goal; that was to make our way along the summit of the cross

ridge which projected between the two ranges. This divide sprang out from our Mount Brewer wall, about four miles to the south of us. To reach it we must climb up and down over the indented edge of the Mount Brewer wall. In attempting to do this we had a rather lively time scaling a sharp granite needle, where we found our course completely stopped by precipices four and five hundred feet in height. Ahead of us the summit continued to be broken into fantastic pinnacles, leaving us no hope of making our way along it; so we sought the most broken part of the eastern descent, and began to climb down. The heavy knapsacks, beside wearing our shoulders gradually into a black-and-blue state, overbalanced us terribly, and kept us in constant danger of pitching headlong. At last, taking them off, Cotter climbed down until he had found a resting-place upon a cleft of rock; then I lowered them to him with our lasso, afterwards descending cautiously to his side, and taking my turn in pioneering downward, received the freight of knapsacks by lasso as before. In this manner we consumed more than half the afternoon in descending a thousand feet of broken, precipitous slope; and it was almost sunset when we found ourselves upon the fields of level snow which lay white and thick over the whole interior slope of the amphitheatre. The gorge below us seemed utterly impassable. At our backs the Mount Brewer wall either rose in sheer cliffs or in broken, rugged stairway, such as had offered us our descent. From this cruel dilemma the cross divide furnished the only hope, and the sole chance of scaling that was at its junction with the Mount Brewer wall. Toward this point we directed our course, marching wearily over stretches of dense frozen snow, and regions of *débris*, and reaching about sunset the last alcove of the amphitheatre, just at the foot of the Mount Brewer wall. It was evidently impossible for us to climb it that evening, and we looked about the desolate recesses for a sheltered camping-spot. A high

granite wall surrounded us upon three sides, recurving to the southward in long elliptical curves; no part of the summit being less than two thousand feet above us, and the higher crags not unfrequently reaching three thousand feet. A single field of snow swept around the base of the rock, and covered the whole amphitheatre, except where a few spikes and rounded masses of granite rose through it, and where two frozen lakes, with their blue ice-disks, broke the monotonous surface. Through the white snow-gate of our amphitheatre, as through a frame, we looked eastward upon the summit group; not a tree, not a vestige of vegetation in sight,—sky, snow, and granite the only elements in this wild picture.

After searching for a shelter we at last found a granite crevice near the margin of one of the frozen lakes,—a sort of shelf just large enough for Cotter and me,—where we hastened to make our bed, having first filled the canteen from a small stream that trickled over the ice, knowing that in a few moments the rapid chill would freeze it. We ate our supper of cold venison and bread, and whittled from the sides of the wooden barometer-case shavings enough to warm water for a cup of miserably tepid tea, and then, packing our provisions and instruments away at the head of the shelf, rolled ourselves in our blankets and lay down to enjoy the view.

After such fatiguing exercises the mind has an almost abnormal clearness: whether this is wholly from within, or due to the intensely vitalizing mountain air, I am not sure; probably both contribute to the state of exaltation in which all alpine climbers find themselves. The solid granite gave me a luxurious repose, and I lay on the edge of our little rock niche and watched the strange yet brilliant scene.

All the snow of our recess lay in the shadow of the high granite wall to the west, but the Kern divide which curved around us from the southeast was in

full light; its broken sky-line, battlemented and adorned with innumerable rough-hewn spires and pinnacles, was a mass of glowing orange intensely defined against the deep violet sky. At the open end of our horseshoe amphitheatre, to the east, the floor of snow rounded in a smooth brink, overhanging precipices, which sank two thousand feet into the King's Cañon. Across the gulf rose the whole procession of summit peaks, their lower halves rooted in a deep sombre shadow cast by the western wall, the heights bathed in a warm purple haze, in which the irregular marbling of snow burned with a pure crimson light. A few fleecy clouds, dyed fiery-orange, drifted slowly eastward across the narrow zone of sky which stretched from summit to summit like a roof. At times the sound of waterfalls, faint and mingled with echoes, floated up through the still air. The snow near by lay in cold ghastly shade, warmed here and there in strange flushes by light reflected downward from drifting clouds. The sombre waste about us; the deep violet vault overhead; those far summits, glowing with reflected rose; the deep impenetrable gloom which filled the gorge, and slowly and with vapor-like stealth climbed the mountain-wall extinguishing the red light,—combined to produce an effect which may not be described; nor can I more than hint at the contrast between the brilliancy of the scene under full light, and the cold, deathlike repose which followed when the wan cliffs and pallid snow were all overshadowed with ghostly gray.

A sudden chill enveloped us. Stars in a moment crowded through the dark heaven, flashing with a frosty splendor. The snow congealed, the brooks ceased to flow, and, under the powerful sudden leverage of frost, immense blocks were dislodged all along the mountain summits and came thundering down the slopes, booming upon the ice, dashing wildly upon the rocks. Under the lee of our shelf we felt quite safe, but neither Cotter nor I could help being startled,

and jumping just a little, as these missiles, weighing often many tons, struck the ledge over our heads and whizzed down the gorge, their stroke resounding fainter and fainter, until at last only a confused echo reached us.

The thermometer at nine o'clock marked twenty degrees above zero. We set the "minimum" and rolled ourselves together for the night. The longer I lay the less I liked that shelf of granite; it grew hard in time and cold also, my bones seeming to approach actual contact with the chilled rock; moreover, I found that even so vigorous a circulation as mine was not sufficient to warm up the ledge to anything like a comfortable temperature. A single thickness of blanket is a better mattress than none, but the larger crystals of orthoclase, protruding plentifully, punched my back and caused me to revolve on a horizontal axis with precision and frequency. How I loved Cotter! how I hugged him and got warm, while our backs gradually petrified, till we whirled over and thawed them out together! The slant of that bed was diagonal and excessive; down it we slid till the ice chilled us awake, and we crawled back and chocked ourselves up with bits of granite inserted under my ribs and shoulders. In this pleasant position we dozed again, and there stole over me a most comfortable ease. The granite softened perceptibly. I was delightfully warm, and sank into an industrious slumber which lasted with great soundness till four, when we rose and ate our breakfast of frozen venison.

The thermometer stood at two above zero; everything was frozen tight except the canteen, which we had prudently kept between us all night. Stars still blazed brightly, and the moon, hidden from us by western cliffs, shone in pale reflection upon the rocky heights to the east, which rose, dimly white, up from the impenetrable shadows of the cañon. Silence, — cold, ghastly dimness, in which loomed huge forms, — and the biting frostiness of the air, wrought upon our feelings as we should

dered our packs and started with slow pace to climb toward the divide.

Soon, to our dismay, we found the straps had so chafed our shoulders that the weight gave us great pain, and obliged us to pad them with our handkerchiefs and extra socks, which remedy did not wholly relieve us from the constant wearing pain of the heavy load.

Directing our steps southward toward a niche in the wall which bounded us only half a mile distant, we travelled over a continuous snow-field frozen so densely as scarcely to yield at all to our tread, at the same time compressing enough to make that crisp frosty sound which we all used to enjoy, even before we knew from the books that it had something to do with the severe name of regelation.

As we advanced, the snow sloped more and more steeply up toward the crags, till by and by it became quite dangerous, causing us to cut steps with Cotter's large bowie-knife, — a slow, tedious operation, requiring patience of a pretty permanent kind. In this way we spent a quiet social hour or so. The sun had not yet reached us, being shut out by the high amphitheatre wall; but its cheerful light reflected downward from a number of higher crags, filling the recess with the brightness of day, and putting out of existence those shadows which so sombrely darkened the earlier hours. To look back when we stopped to rest was to realize our danger, — that smooth swift slope of ice carrying the eye down a thousand feet to the margin of a frozen mirror of ice; ribs and needles of rock piercing up through the snow, so closely grouped that, had we fallen, a miracle only might save us from being dashed against them. This led to rather deeper steps, and greater care that our burdens should be held more nearly over the centre of gravity, and it was a pleasant relief when we got to the top of the snow and sat down on a block of granite to breathe and look in search of a way up the thousand-foot cliff of broken surface among the lines of frac-

ture and the galleries winding along the face.

It would have disheartened us to gaze up the hard, sheer front of precipices, and search among splintered projections, crevices and shelves, and snow-patches for an inviting route, had we not been animated by a faith that the mountains could not baffle us.

Choosing what looked like the least impossible way, we started; but, finding it unsafe to work with packs on, resumed the yesterdays plan, — Cotter taking the lead, climbing about fifty feet ahead, and hoisting up the knapsacks and barometer as I tied them to the end of the lasso. Constantly closing up in hopeless difficulty before us the way opened again and again to our gymnastics, till we stood together upon a mere shelf, not more than two feet wide, which led diagonally up the smooth cliff. Edging along in careful steps, our backs flattened upon the granite, we moved slowly to a broad platform, where we stopped for breath.

There was no foothold above us. Looking down over the course we had come, it seemed, and I really believe it was, an impossible descent: for one can climb upward with safety where he cannot climb downward. To turn back was to give up in defeat; and we sat at least half an hour, suggesting all possible routes to the summit, accepting none, and feeling woful. About thirty feet directly over our heads was another shelf, which, if we could reach, seemed to offer at least a temporary way upward. On its edge were two or three spikes of granite; whether firmly connected with the cliff or merely blocks of *débris* we could not tell from below. I said to Cotter I thought of but one possible plan: it was to lasso one of these blocks, and to climb, sailor-fashion, hand over hand, up the rope. In the lasso I had perfect confidence, for I had seen more than one Spanish bull throw his whole weight against it without parting a strand. The shelf was so narrow that throwing the coil of rope was a very difficult undertaking. I tried three times, and Cotter spent

five minutes vainly whirling the loop up at the granite spikes. At last I made a lucky throw, and it tightened upon one of the smaller protuberances. I drew the noose close, and very gradually threw my hundred and fifty pounds upon the rope; then Cotter joined me, and for a moment we both hung our united weight upon it. Whether the rock moved slightly or whether the lasso stretched a little, we were unable to decide; but the trial must be made, and I began to climb slowly. The smooth precipice-face against which my body swung offered no foothold, and the whole climb had therefore to be done by the arms, an effort requiring all one's determination. When about half-way up I was obliged to rest, and, curling my feet in the rope, managed to relieve my arms for a moment. In this position I could not resist the fascinating temptation of a survey downward.

Straight down, nearly a thousand feet below, at the foot of the rocks, began the snow, whose steep, roof-like slope, exaggerated into an almost vertical angle, curved down in a long white field, broken far away by rocks and round polished lakes of ice.

Cotter looked up cheerfully and asked how I was making it; to which I answered that I had plenty of wind left. At that moment, when hanging between heaven and earth, it was a deep satisfaction to look down at the wild gulf of desolation beneath, and up to unknown dangers ahead, and feel my nerves cool and unshaken.

A few pulls hand over hand brought me to the edge of the shelf, when, throwing an arm around the granite spike, I swung my body upon the shelf and lay down to rest, shouting to Cotter that I was all right, and that the prospects upward were capital. After a few moments' breathing I looked over the brink and directed my comrade to tie the barometer to the lower end of the lasso, which he did, and that precious instrument was hoisted to my station, and the lasso sent down twice for knapsacks, after which Cotter came

up the rope in his very muscular way, without once stopping to rest. We took our loads in our hands, swinging the barometer over my shoulder, and climbed up a shelf which led in a zigzag direction upward, and to the south, bringing us out at last upon the thin blade of a ridge which connected a short distance above with the summit. It was formed of huge blocks, shattered, and ready, at a touch, to fall bounding and careening in a way that lent us new caution.

So narrow and sharp was the upper slope, that we dared not walk, but got astride, and worked slowly along with our hands, pushing the knapsacks in advance, now and then holding our breath when loose masses rocked under our weight.

Once upon the summit, a grand view burst upon us. Hastening to step upon the crest of the divide, which was never more than ten feet wide, frequently sharpened to a mere blade, we looked down the other side, and were astonished to find we had ascended the gentler slope, and that the rocks fell from our feet in almost vertical precipices for a thousand feet or more. A glance along the summit toward the highest group showed us that any advance in that direction was impossible, for the thin ridge was gashed down in notches three or four hundred feet deep, forming a procession of pillars, obelisks, and blocks piled upon each other, and looking terribly insecure.

We then deposited our knapsacks in a safe place, and, finding that it was already noon, determined to rest a little while and take a lunch, at over thirteen thousand feet above the sea.

West of us stretched the Mount Brewer wall with its succession of smooth precipices and amphitheatre ridges. To the north the great gorge of the King's River yawned down five thousand feet. To the south the valley of the Kern, opening in the opposite direction, was broader, less deep, but more filled with broken masses of granite. Clustered about the foot of the divide were a dozen alpine lakes;

the higher ones blue sheets of ice, the lowest completely melted. Still lower in the depths of the two cañons we could see thin groups of forest-trees; but they were so dim and so distant as never to relieve the prevalent masses of rock and snow. Our divide cast its shadow for a mile down King's Cañon in dark blue profile upon the broad sheets of sunny snow, from whose brightness the hard splintered cliffs caught reflections and wore an aspect of joy. Thousands of rills poured from the melting snow, filling the air with a musical tinkle as of many accordant bells. The Kern Valley opened below us with its smooth oval outline, the work of extinct glaciers, whose form and extent were evident from worn cliff-surface and rounded wall; snow-fields, relics of the former *névé*, hung in white tapestries around its ancient birthplace; and, as far as we could see, the broad, corrugated valley, for a breadth of fully ten miles, shone with burnishings, wherever its granite surface was not covered with lakelets or thickets of alpine vegetation.

Through a deep cut in the Mount Brewer wall we gained our first view to the westward, and saw in the distance the wall of the South King's Cañon, and the granite point which Cotter and I had climbed a fortnight before. But for the haze we might have seen the plain; for above its farther limit were several points of the Coast Ranges, isolated like islands in the sea.

The view was so grand, the mountain colors so brilliant, the immense snow-fields and the blue alpine lakes so charming, that we almost forgot we were ever to move, and it was only after a swift hour of this delight that we began to consider our future course.

The King's Cañon, which headed against our wall, seemed untraversable, — no human being could climb along the divide; we had then but one hope of reaching the peak, and our greatest difficulty lay at the start. If we could climb down to the Kern side of the

divide, and succeed in reaching the base of the precipices which fell from our feet, it really looked as if we might travel without difficulty among the *roches moutonnées* to the other side of the Kern Valley, and make our attempt upon the southward flank of the great peak. One look at the sublime white giant decided us. We looked down over the precipice, and at first could see no method of descent. Then we went back and looked at the road we had come up, to see if that were possibly not so bad; but the broken surface of the rocks was evidently much better climbing-ground than anything ahead of us. Cotter, with danger, edged his way along the wall to the east, and I to the west, to see if there might not be some favorable point; but we both returned with the belief that the precipice in front of us was as passable as any of it. Down it we must go.

After lying on our faces, looking over the brink, ten or twenty minutes, I suggested that by lowering ourselves on the rope we might climb from crevice to crevice; but we saw no shelf large enough for ourselves and the knapsacks too. However, we were not going to give it up without a trial; and I made the rope fast round my breast, and, looping the noose over a firm point of rock, let myself slide gradually down to a notch forty feet below. There was only room beside me for Cotter, so I made him send down the knapsacks first. I then tied these together by the straps with my silk handkerchiefs, and hung them off as far to the left as I could reach without losing my balance, looping the handkerchiefs over a point of rock. Cotter then slid down the rope, and, with considerable difficulty, we whipped the noose off its resting-place above, and cut off our connection with the upper world.

"We're in for it now, King," remarked my comrade, as he looked aloft, and then down; but our blood was up, and danger added only an exhilarating thrill to the nerves.

The shelf was hardly more than two feet wide, and the granite so smooth

that we could find no place to fasten the lasso for the next descent; so I determined to try the climb with only as little aid as possible. Tying the lasso round my breast again, I gave the other end into Cotter's hands, and he, bracing his back against the cliff, found for himself as firm a foothold as he could, and promised to give me all the help in his power. I made up my mind to bear no weight unless it was absolutely necessary; and for the first ten feet I found cracks and protuberances enough to support me, making every square inch of surface do friction duty, and hugging myself against the rocks as tightly as I could. When within about eight feet of the next shelf, I twisted myself round upon the face, hanging by two rough blocks of protruding feldspar, and looked vainly for some further hand-hold; but the rock, beside being perfectly smooth, projected slightly, and my legs dangled in the air. I saw that the next cleft was over three feet broad, and I thought, possibly, I might, by a quick slide, reach it in safety without endangering Cotter. I shouted to him to be very careful, and let go in case I fell, loosened my hold upon the rope, and slid quickly down. My shoulder struck against the rock and threw me out of balance; for an instant I reeled over upon the verge, in danger of falling, but, in the excitement, I thrust out my hand and seized a small alpine gooseberry-bush, the first piece of vegetation we had seen. Its roots were so firmly fixed in the crevice that it held my weight and saved me.

I could no longer see Cotter, but I talked to him, and heard the two knapsacks come bumping along till they slid over the eaves above me, and swung down to my station, when I seized the lasso's end and braced myself as well as possible, intending, if he slipped, to haul in slack and help him as best I might. As he came slowly down from crack to crack, I heard his hobnailed shoes grating on the granite; presently they appeared dangling from the eaves above my head. I had gathered in the rope until

it was taut, and then hurriedly told him to drop. He hesitated a moment and let go. Before he struck the rock I had him by the shoulder, and whirled him down upon his side, thus preventing his rolling overboard, — which friendly action he took quite coolly.

The third descent was not a difficult one, nor the fourth; but when we had climbed down about two hundred and fifty feet the rocks were so glacially polished and water-worn, that it seemed impossible to get any farther. To our right was a crack penetrating the rock perhaps a foot deep, widening at the surface to three or four inches, which proved to be the only possible ladder. As the chances seemed rather desperate, we concluded to tie ourselves together, in order to share a common fate; and with a slack of thirty feet between us, and our knapsacks upon our backs, we climbed into the crevice, and began descending with our faces to the cliff. This had to be done with unusual caution, for the foothold was about as good as none, and our fingers slipped annoyingly on the smooth stone; besides, the knapsacks and instruments kept a steady backward pull, tending to overbalance us. But we took pains to descend one at a time, and rest wherever the niches gave our feet a safe support. In this way we got down about eighty feet of smooth, nearly vertical wall, reaching the top of a rude granite stairway, which led to the snow; and here we sat down to rest, and found to our astonishment that we had been three hours in coming from the summit.

After breathing a half-minute we continued down, jumping from rock to rock, and having by practice become very expert in balancing ourselves, sprang on, never resting long enough to lose the *aplomb*, and in this manner made a quick descent over rugged *débris* to the crest of a snow-field, which, for seven or eight hundred feet more, swept down in a smooth, even slope, of very high angle, to the borders of a frozen lake.

Without untying the lasso which

bound us together, we sprang upon the snow with a shout, and glissaded down splendidly, turning now and then a somersault, and shooting out like cannon-balls almost to the middle of the frozen lake; I upon my back, and Coter feet first, in a swimming position. The ice cracked in all directions. It was only a thin, transparent film, through which we could see deep into the lake. Untying ourselves, we hurried ashore in different directions, lest our combined weight should be too great a strain upon any point.

With curiosity and wonder we scanned every shelf and niche of the last descent. It seemed quite impossible we could have come down there, and now it actually was beyond human power to get back again. But what cared we? "Sufficient unto the day—" We were bound for that still distant, though gradually nearing, summit; and we had come from a cold shadowed cliff into deliciously warm sunshine, and were jolly, shouting, singing songs, and calling out the companionship of a hundred echoes. Six miles away, with no grave danger, no great difficulty, between us, lay the base of our grand mountain. Upon its skirts we saw a little grove of pines, an ideal bivouac, and toward this we bent our course.

After the continued climbing of the day, walking was a delicious rest, and forward we pressed with considerable speed, our hobnails giving us firm footing on the glittering glacial surface. Every fluting of the great valley was in itself a considerable cañon, into which we descended, climbing down the scored rocks, and swinging from block to block until we reached the level of the pines. Here, sheltered among *roches moutonnées*, began to appear little fields of alpine grass, pale yet sunny, soft under our feet, fragrantly jewelled with flowers of fairy delicacy, holding up amid thickly clustered blades chalices of turquoise and amethyst, white stars, and fiery little globes of red. Lakelets, small but innumerable, were held in the glacial

basins, the striæ and grooves of that old dragon's track ornamenting their smooth bottoms.

One of these lakes, a sheet of pure beryl hue, gave us much pleasure from its lovely transparency, and we lay down in the necklace of grass about it and smelled the flowers, while tired muscles relaxed upon warm beds of verdure, and the pain in our burdened shoulders went away, leaving us delightfully comfortable. After the stern grandeur of granite and ice, and with the peaks and walls still in view, it was relief to find ourselves again in the region of life. I never felt for trees and flowers such a sense of intimate relationship and sympathy. When we had no longer excuse for resting, I invented the palpable subterfuge of measuring the altitude of the spot, since the few clumps of low, wide-boughed pines near by were the highest living trees. So we lay longer with less and less will to rise, and when resolution called us to our feet the getting up was sorely like Rip Van Winkle's in the third act.

The deep glacial cañon-flutings, across which our march then lay, proved to be great consumers of time; indeed, it was sunset when we reached the eastern ascent, and began to toil up through scattered pines, and over trains of moraineal rocks, toward the great peak. Stars were already flashing brilliantly in the sky, and the low glowing arch in the west had almost vanished when we reached the upper trees, and threw down our knapsacks to camp. The forest grew on a sort of plateau-shelf with a precipitous front to the west, — a level surface which stretched eastward and back to the foot of our mountain, whose lower spurs reached within a mile of camp. Within the shelter lay a huge fallen log, like all these alpine woods, one mass of resin, which flared up when we applied a match, illuminating the whole grove. By contrast with the darkness outside, we seemed to be in a vast, many-pillared hall. The stream close by afforded water for our blessed teapot;

venison frizzled with mild, appetizing sound upon the ends of pine sticks; matchless beans allowed themselves to become seductively crisp upon our tin plates. That supper seemed to me then the quintessence of gastronomy, and I am sure Cotter and I must have said some very good *après-dîner* things, though I long ago forgot them all. Within the ring of warmth, on elastic beds of pine-needles, we curled up, and fell swiftly into a sound sleep.

I woke up once in the night to look at my watch, and observed that the sky was overcast with a thin film of cirrus cloud, to which the reflected moonlight lent the appearance of a glimmering tent stretched from mountain to mountain over cañons filled with impenetrable darkness, with only the vaguely lighted peaks and white snow-fields distinctly seen. I closed my eyes and slept soundly until Cotter woke me at half past three, when we arose, breakfasted by the light of our fire, which still blazed brilliantly, and, leaving our knapsacks, started for the mountain with nothing but instruments, canteens, and luncheon.

In the indistinct moonlight climbing was very difficult at first, for we had to thread our way along a plain which was literally covered with glacier boulders, and innumerable brooks which when we crossed were frozen solid. However, our march brought us to the base of the great mountain, which, rising high against the east, shut out the coming daylight, and kept us in profound shadow. From base to summit rose a series of broken crags, lifting themselves from a general slope of *débris*. Toward the left the angle seemed to be rather gentler, and the surface less ragged; and we hoped, by a long *détour* round the base, to make an easy climb up this gentler face. So we toiled on for an hour over the *débris*, reaching at last the bottom of the north slope. Here our work began in good earnest. The rocks were of enormous size, and in every stage of unstable equilibrium, frequently rolling over as we jumped upon them, making it necessary for us to take a

second leap and land where we best could. To our relief we soon surmounted the largest blocks, reaching a smaller size, which served us as a sort of stairway.

The advancing daylight revealed to us a very long, comparatively even snow-slope, whose surface was pierced by many knobs and granite heads, giving it the aspect of an ice-roofing fastened on with bolts of stone. It stretched in far perspective to the summit, where already the rose of sunrise reflected gloriously, kindling a fresh enthusiasm within us.

Immense boulders were partly imbedded in the ice just above us, whose constant melting left them trembling on the edge of a fall. It communicated no very pleasant sensation to see above you these immense missiles hanging by a mere band, and knowing that, as soon as the sun rose, you would be exposed to a constant cannonade.

The east side of the peak, which we could now partially see, was too precipitous to think of climbing. The slope toward our camp was too much broken into pinnacles and crags to offer us any hope, or to divert us from the single way, dead ahead, up slopes of ice, and among fragments of granite. The sun rose upon us while we were climbing the lower part of this snow, and in less than half an hour began to liberate huge blocks, which thundered down past us, gathering and growing into small avalanches below.

We did not dare climb one above another, according to our ordinary mode, but kept about an equal level, a hundred feet apart, lest, dislodging the blocks, one should hurl them down upon the other.

We climbed alternately up smooth faces of granite, clinging simply by the cracks and protruding crystals of feldspar, and then hewed steps up fearfully steep slopes of ice, zigzagging to the right and left to avoid the flying boulders. When midway up this slope we reached a place where the granite rose in perfectly smooth bluffs, on either side of a gorge, — a narrow cut,

or walled way, leading up to the flat summit of the cliff. This we scaled by cutting ice-steps, only to find ourselves fronted again by a still higher wall. Ice sloped from its front at too steep an angle for us to follow, but had melted in contact with it, leaving a space of three feet wide between the ice and the rock. We entered this crevice and climbed along its bottom, with a wall of rock rising a hundred feet above us on one side, and a thirty-foot face of ice on the other, through which light of an intense blue penetrated.

Reaching the upper end, we had to cut our footsteps upon the ice again, and, having braced our backs against the granite, climb up to the surface. We were now in a dangerous position; to fall into the crevasse upon one side was to be wedged to death between rock and ice; to make a slip was to be shot down five hundred feet, and then hurled over the brink of a precipice. In the friendly seat which this wedge gave me I stopped to take wet and dry observations with the thermometer, — this being an absolute preventive of a scare, — and to enjoy the view.

The wall of our mountain sank abruptly to the left, opening for the first time an outlook to the eastward. Deep — it seemed almost vertically — beneath us we could see the blue water of Owen's Lake, ten thousand feet down. The summit peaks to the north were piled in Titanic confusion, their ridges overhanging the eastern slope with terrible abruptness. Clustered upon the shelves and plateaus below were several frozen lakes, and in all directions swept magnificent fields of snow. The summit was now not over five hundred feet distant, and we started on again with the exhilarating hope of success. But if Nature had intended to secure the summit from all assailants, she could not have planned her defences better; for the smooth granite wall which rose above the snow-slope continued, apparently, quite round the peak, and we looked in great anxiety to see if there was not

one place where it might be climbed. It was all blank, except in one place ; quite near us the snow bridged across the crevasse, and rose in a long point to the summit of the wall,—a great icicle-column frozen in a niche of the bluff,—its base about ten feet wide, narrowing to two feet at the top. We climbed to the base of this spire of ice, and, with the utmost care, began to cut our stairway. The material was an exceedingly compacted snow, passing into clear ice as it neared the rock. We climbed the first half of it with comparative ease ; after that it was almost vertical, and so thin that we did not dare to cut the footsteps deep enough to make them absolutely safe. There was a constant dread lest our ladder should break off, and we be thrown either down the snow-slope or into the bottom of the crevasse. At last, in order to prevent myself from falling over backwards, I was obliged to thrust my hand into the crack between the ice and the wall, and the

spire became so narrow that I could do this on both sides ; so that I made the climb as upon a tree, cutting mere toe-holes and embracing the whole column of ice in my arms. At last I reached the top, and, with the greatest caution, wormed my body over the brink, and, rolling out upon the smooth surface of the granite, looked over and watched Cotter make his climb. He came steadily up, with no sense of nervousness, until he got to the narrow part of the ice, and here he stopped and looked up with a forlorn face to me ; but as he climbed up over the edge the broad smile came back to his face, and he asked me if it had occurred to me that we had, by and by, to go down again.

We had now an easy slope to the summit, and hurried up over rocks and ice, reaching the crest at exactly twelve o'clock. I rang my hammer upon the topmost rock ; we grasped hands, and I reverently named the grand peak MOUNT TYNDALL.

Clarence King.

HOW I GOT MY OVERCOAT.

(CIRCUMSTANTIALLY TRUE.)

THE war was not quite over, but my regiment was old enough to have grown too small for a colonel, and I sat, the dimmest of all men, a "mustered-out" officer, sated with such good things as a suddenly arrested income had allowed me, over an after-dinner table in a little room at the Athenæum Club. My coffee was gone to its dregs ; the closing day was shutting down gloomily in such a weary rain as only a New York back yard ever knows ; and I was wondering what was to become of a man whom four years of cavalry service had estranged from every good and useful thing in life. The only career that then seemed worth running was run

out for me ; and, worst of all, my pay had been finally stopped.

The world was before me for a choice, but I had no choice. The only thing I could do was to command mounted troops, and commanders of mounted troops were not in demand. Ages ago I had known how to do other things, but the knowledge had gone from me, and was not to be recalled so long as I had enough money left with which to be unhappy in idle foreboding. I had not laid down my life in the war, but during its wonderful four years I had laid down, so completely, the ways of life of a sober and industrious citizen, and had soaked my whole nature so full of the subtle ether of idleness

and vagabondism, that it seemed as easy and as natural to become the Aladdin I might have dreamed myself to be as the delver I had really been. With a heavy heart, then, and a full stomach, I sat in a half-disconsolate, half-reminiscent, not wholly unhappy mood, relapsing with post-prandial ease into that befogged intellectual condition in which even the drizzle against the window-panes can confuse itself with the patter on a tent roof; and the charm of the old wanderings came over me again, filling my table with the old comrades, even elevating my cigar to a brier-wood, and recalling such fellowship as only tent-life ever knows.

Such dreaming is always interrupted, else it would never end; mine was disturbed by a small card on a small salver, held meekly across the table by the meekest of waiters.

The card bore the name Adolf zu Dohna-Schlodien, and a count's coronet, — a count's coronet and "zu" (a touch above "von")! I remembered to have seen a letter from my adjutant to the Prussian consul in Philadelphia, asking him to obtain information about a handsome young musical "Graf zu" something, who was creating a sensation in St. Louis society, and the "zu" seemed to indicate this as the party in question; he had spoken of him as having defective front teeth, which seemed to be pointing to the "color and distinguishing marks," known in Herd Book pedigrees, and human passports, — a means of identification I resolved to make use of; for my experience with the German nobility in America had been rather wide than remunerative.

The "Herr zu" had waited in the hall and was standing under the full light of the lamp. He was very tall, very slight, and very young, apparently not more than twenty, modestly dressed, and quiet in his manner. He was not strikingly handsome, though very well looking. His hands were the most perfect I ever saw, and the ungloved one showed careful attention.

There was no defect noticeable in his front teeth. He bowed slightly and handed me a letter. It was from Voisin, my former adjutant, but it was not exactly a letter of introduction. At least, it was less cordial than Voisin's letters of introduction were wont to be. Yet it was kind. Without commending the Count as a bosom friend, he still said he was much interested in him, had reason to believe in him, was sorry for him, had given him material aid, and was very desirous that he should pull through some pecuniary troubles, which he could do only by enlisting in the Regular Army, and receiving his bounty. From this he would give me money to release his baggage, which was valuable, from some inconveniences that were then attending it in St. Louis. Would I get him enlisted? He said he would enlist, and would prefer to be known under the name Adolph Danforth. The gentleman himself took early occasion to express this preference.

I debated a little what to do. He was not introduced as a friend, only as a person in need of help; yet Voisin believed in him, and he had asked a service that he would not have asked for an unworthy man. I engaged him in conversation and got him to smile. It was a very frank smile, but it displayed a singular defect far up on the front teeth. This decided me. He was the same Graf zu whose position had been asked of the Prussian Consul, and I knew he had learned that the Graf zu Dohna-Schlodien, an officer in the Gardecorps Kürassier, was of the highest nobility and of a family of great wealth. There was evidently no technical reason why the poor fellow should not be received cordially and well treated. So we went back to the smoking-room, and with fresh coffee and cigars opened an acquaintance which resulted not altogether uneventfully.

He was not obtrusive. His story was not forced upon me; but as I already had its thread, I was able to draw it from him in a natural way, and he

told it very frankly, though halting a little at its more important turnings, as if wondering how its development would strike me. There was just enough of hesitancy over a harrowing tale to throw on myself the responsibility of learning it.

He had been brought up by the tenderest of mothers at the castle of Schlodien (I think in Silesia), had early joined the Cuirassiers of the Body Guard, had fought a fatal duel in which he had been the aggressor, and had been condemned to the Fortress of Spandau. Only his mother's great influence (exercised without the knowledge of his stern and much older father, who was then on his distant estates) had secured for him an opportunity to escape. He had come directly to America, and had remained near Boston until he received intimation (again the result of his mother's influence with Baron Gerolt, the Prussian Minister at Washington) that his return under the Extradition Treaty was being urged at the solicitation of the family of his fallen antagonist. He had then taken refuge in a remote town in South Missouri, where he amused himself by shooting. His mother had written to him but once, and had not been able to send him money. He had at last returned to St. Louis, where he had contracted some small debts which Voisin and another kind friend had assumed. To reimburse them and to gain more perfect seclusion, he had resolved to enlist in the Regular Army. It was a sad conclusion of his career, but as an honorable man (and a pursued one) he had no choice but to accept it.

It was the old story, — *noblesse oblige*. There was but one way out of a sad affair, and — like a very Graf zu — this stripling, who had been born and bred to a better fate, faced the penalty of his misfortune without flinching. I tried infinite suggestions, but nothing else offered the immediate money which alone could relieve him of debt and restore him his wardrobe and the portraits of his mother and sister, which with a few well-worn letters were all

he had to cheer him in his exile. We sat till far into the night and until my kindest sympathies were fully aroused by the utter and almost childlike simplicity and frankness with which the poor boy told of his sorrows. I had been taught by a very ample experience to look with much caution on German counts and barons, — an experience that, if it was worth what it had cost, I could not prize too highly; but here was an entirely new type, a combination of the gentlest breeding with an unsophistication that argued more of a mother's care than of garrison influences, and an utter absence of the devil-may-care manner that army life in Germany had hitherto seemed to give. With the improvidence of one who had never known the lack of money, he had lodged himself at the Everett House; and as I left him at its door, I resolved to lose no time in getting him enlisted and stopping an expense that would only add to his troubles. The next day I saw the official who had charge of the making up of the city's quota, and easily arranged for the examination of my candidate. Dohna begged me to secure his admission to a command whose officers would be able to appreciate his difficult position, and a weary time I had of it. At last it was all arranged; he had passed, with much shock to his sensibilities, the surgeon's examination, and had been enrolled in a company of Regular Infantry, whose captain (then serving on the general staff of the department) had acquired a sympathy for him not less than my own. His bounty (over seven hundred dollars) he put into my hands, and he went with me to Adams's express office, where we sent more than half the sum to St. Louis, the full amount of his indebtedness. One specified trunk was to be sent to the Everett House, and the rest of his luggage — which Voisin had described as valuable — to me. I received by an early mail the receipt of the St. Louis express office for it and found it most convenient to let it lie for the present, addressed to me personally, at the

office here. It would be useless to Dohna in the army, and I was to take care of it here.

The captain of the company in which he was enlisted secured him a furlough for ten days, and, to show his gratitude, he invited us both to dine with him at the Everett. We sat down at seven, and we sat long. The best that either cellar or kitchen afforded was spread before us in wasteful profusion, and our host, temperate in his sipping, but eating with the appetite of youth, seemed only to regret the limit of our capacity. As we walked across the square, filled and with the kindest emotions, we planned means for so occupying the remaining days of the furlough as to allow but little opportunity for money-spending. His company was at Fort Trumbull, and after he joined he would be safe.

The next day being Saturday, I took him to my father's house in the country, where his unfortunate story was already known, and where as much real interest was felt in him as the good people of Connecticut ever accord to a duellist. He had a friend living farther out on the New Haven road, and he took an early train to see her (this was a new feature), returning to me in the evening. I met him at the depot. He wore the superb uniform overcoat of the Gardecorps Kürassier, long, flowing, and rich, with a broad, scarlet-lined fur collar. It was caught across the throat with a scarlet snood, and hung loosely from his shoulders. It made his six feet two really becoming. At home he was easy but very quiet, saying little but saying it very well, and he won as much confidence as the stain on his moral character would allow. Like most of his class, he knew and cared absolutely nothing for what interests the New England mind, and he would early have palled on our taste but for his music. His performance was skilful; he played difficult music, and he played it very well, but without vanity or apparent consciousness. When not occupied in this way, and when not addressed, he neither spoke nor read,

apparently he did not even think, but relapsed into a sad and somewhat vacant reticence. But for our knowledge of his misfortunes, he would have been uninteresting. On Sunday he gave me a new confidence. His friend up the road was an Everett House acquaintance, made when he first came from Boston. She was an angel! She knew his sad story, and she had given him her Puritan heart. In the trying days to come I was to be the link that should bind them in their correspondence. She must not know of his degraded position, and all letters were to pass under cover to me. Even *noblesse* did not hide the tears that this prospect of long separation wrung from him, and he poured out his grief with most touching unrestraint. This was the one sorrow of his life that even his trained equanimity could not conquer. It made me still more respect his simple, honest nature and his unfeigned grief. I was doubly sorry that this last trial of separated love should be added to his cup of bitterness. In our long Sunday talk he told me of his home, and showed me the singularly beautiful photographs of his mother and sister, and — quite incidentally — one of himself in the full uniform of his regiment, bearing on its back the imprint of a Berlin photographer. He evinced a natural curiosity about the mode of our garrison life, and I prepared him as gently as I could for a decided change from his former customs. It was, of course, depressing to him, but he bore the prospect like a man, and gave it no importance as compared with his more essential downfall. He had seen enough of our troops to be especially uneasy at the prospect of an ill-fitting uniform. In the matter of linen he was well provided, but he was really unhappy over the thought of adapting his long and easy figure to a contractor's idea of proportion. So it was arranged that he should go to my tailor and be suitably clad, according to regulation of course, but also according to measure. He proposed, too, to leave his overcoat for some repairs and to

be cared for while he should have no use for it. I gave the tailor assurances of prompt payment.

One fine morning Dohna came to my room in his new rig and bade me a brave good by. He was off for Fort Trumbull. I felt an almost parental sorrow over his going, and had much misgiving as to his ability to face his ill-bred soldier comrades. There came soon after a letter to say that he was well treated personally, only the rations were so horrible; pork and salt beef and beans and molasses. He could not eat such things, and he was growing faint for want of food. I had seen such dainty appetites cured too often to have any fear on this score, and only replied in general terms of encouragement, and asked for frequent letters. These came. There were no incidents of his life that were not described almost with wonder, for a noble officer of the Gardecorps of the king of Prussia knows really nothing of the ways of life of the men he is supposed to command. Often there were thick letters for the *fiancée*, and answers to these (also thick) had often to be forwarded. I felt the enthusiastic glow natural to one who carries alone the tender secrets of younger lovers, and was not altogether unhappy under the subjective romance of my mediation.

Sometimes there were touching tales of trouble. Once he had been detailed to the "police" squad, and had to clean spittoons and do other menial work. This was a touch of reality that fairly opened his eyes to his abasement, and he wrote much more sadly than ever before, making me sad, too, to think how powerless I was to help him in any way. A few days later he sent a wail of real agony. While he had been out on drill, some scoundrel had broken into his satchel and had stolen all his papers, — his letters from his mother, her photograph, and those of his sister and his sweetheart, and all the bundle of affectionate epistles over which he had pored again and again in his desolation. The loss was absolutely heart-

breaking and irreparable, and he had passed hours sitting on the rocks at the shore, pouring bitter tears into the Thames. This was a blow to me, too. I knew that Dohna was of a simple mind, and utterly without resources within himself; but he was also of a simple heart, and one could only grieve over this last blow as over the sorrows of a helpless little child. However, I wrote all I could to encourage him, and was gratified, though a little surprised, to see how soon he became cheerful again, and how earnestly he seemed to have set about the work of becoming a really good soldier. After a time the captain of his company — still in New York and maintaining a lively interest in the poor fellow's case — procured an order for him to go to Annapolis to be examined for promotion. He was already a sergeant, and a pretty good one. He stopped in New York a few days on his way through for some re-fitting, — again at my tailor's. On his way back he stopped again to tell of his failure. I was delicate about questioning him too closely, but I learned enough to suppose that different ideas as to practical education are entertained by a board of army examiners and by a fond young mother in the remote castle of Schlodien, but I encouraged him to believe that a little more study would enable him to pass the second examination that had been promised him, and he rejoined his company.

In the general mustering-out Voisin had been set free and had joined me in New York, and had, naturally, participated in all my interest in the quondam Count. He gradually, as an adjutant should, assumed the correspondence, which was voluminous, and by the time we were informed that Dohna was detailed for recruiting duty in the city, neither he nor I was glad to know it. Something more than a feeling of regretful sympathy is necessary to the enjoyment of frequent companionship, and we both felt that the fact of having credit with a tailor was a dangerous element in the possible future combinations. However, Dohna's arrival at

our room followed close upon the announcement of the order. He was still simple in his way and of modest deportment, but he seemed to have accepted his new life almost too entirely, and he had come to look not very much out of place among his comrades. Their quarters were in a basement in Chambers Street, back of the City Hall, where we occasionally dropped in to see him. After a while he was always out when we called, and once when I stopped to give him a foreign letter, sent to my care, I was told that he had not been there for a week, but one of the men volunteered to find him. He came that night to the club for his letter, in civilian's dress, and appeared much as he did when I first saw him, except that he had two beautiful false teeth in the place of the defective ones. I gave him his letter, a long one from Berlin, from his father. He showed Voisin the postscript, in which it was stated that a box containing a breech-loading shot-gun, a dozen shirts, and a draft for five hundred thalers would be forwarded by the Hamburg line to my care. On the strength of this he hoped it would not inconvenience us to advance him a couple of hundred dollars. It was thus far inconvenient that we were obliged to decline, which gave him no offence, and he invited us to dine with him the following day at the Everett House.

At this point, in view of the extreme youth and inexperience of our friend, we took occasion to read him a short homily on the value of economy, and to urge him immediately to leave the Everett, return to his barracks in Chambers Street, and as he valued his future peace of mind to avoid running in debt; mildly hinting that, if found in the public streets without his uniform, he would be very likely to get himself into trouble. He begged that we would not expose him, and promised to return that very night. Then for some time we lost sight of him; his captain said that, so far as he knew, he was attentive to his duty with the recruiting squad, and he certainly kept out of

our way. The box from Germany did not arrive. No more letters came, and we had no occasion to seek him out. It was evident that he was no longer unhappy, and so our interest in him, though still warm, remained inactive.

One night I was awakened, quite late, by Voisin, sitting on the side of my bed, big-eyed and excited, and with a wonderful story to tell. He had been, at the request of the counsel of the Prussian Consul, to the detectives' rooms at police headquarters. Here he had been questioned as to his knowledge of one Adolph Danforth, *alias* Graf zu Dohna-Schlodien, *alias* Fritz Stabenow, and had subsequently had an interview with that interesting youth in the lock-up. The glory had all departed. He had been there forty-eight hours, was unwashed, uncombed, stolid, comfortable, and quite at home. There was no remnant left of the simple and modest demeanor of the well-bred aristocrat. It was hard to see a trace of likeness to the Kùrassier officer with whose photograph we were familiar. The obligations of *noblesse* seemed to be entirely removed, and there was nothing left but plain, ignoble Fritz Stabenow. An examination of his pockets developed a singular folly. He had kept every scrap of paper on which a word had ever been written to him. Tailors' bills, love-letters, duns, photographs of half a dozen different girls, all were huddled together. He had a package of the Count Dohna cards and the plate from which they had been printed,—made in Boston; a letter of credit from a banking-house in Berlin to its New York correspondent had the copperplate card of the firm on the paper, but the paper was ruled as a German banker's paper never is, and the plate from which the card had been printed, (also made in Boston,) was in the envelope with it. A letter from plain father Stabenow enclosed photographs of still plainer mother and sister Stabenow, which were a sad contrast to the glory of the Countess Dohna's picture. The father's letter was full of kindly re-

proof and affectionate regret. "Ach! Fritz, ich hätte das von Dir nicht gedacht," — I never thought that of you; but it was forgiving too, and promised the remittance, clothing, and gun I have spoken of before. The papers, for the loss of which such tears had been shed at Fort Trumbull, were all there in their well-worn companionship with a soiled paper-collar, and that badge of dawning civilization, a tooth-brush.

Here were also two photographs, one of the statue of Frederick the Great in Berlin on the card of a St. Louis photographer, and another of himself in Prussian uniform, on the card of a Berlin photographer. The pictures had been "lifted" and changed to the different cards. A more careful neglect of track-covering was never known. The evidence of all his deceptions had been studiously preserved.

Voisin had given him a dollar to buy some necessary articles, and had left him to his fate.

The disillusion was complete, and I saw that I had been swindled by a false count even more completely than I ever had been by real barons, — which is much to say.

Voisin had gathered from the Consul's lawyer that this Stabenow, a valet of the veritable Count Dohna, had been one of a party who had robbed him and committed other serious crimes, and he had fled to this country, with his master's uniform, a valuable wardrobe, and costly jewels. He had here undertaken to personify the Count, and had had on the whole not an unhappy time, especially since he came to New York in recruiting service. He had finally been arrested on the complaint of a

lady, one of the many whom he had attempted to blackmail, by threatening exposure through letters they had written him in the kindest spirit. Fortunately this one had had the good sense to refer the matter to her husband, who brought the interesting career to a close. He had obtained several thousand dollars in this way from different persons, and had contracted considerable debts in all directions. The Everett House was an especial sufferer.

I felt that my claim was secured by the luggage at the express office, and I called for it the next day. The gentlemanly clerk of the establishment blandly showed me my name, neatly written in a strange Teutonic hand, to a receipt for the property. Just then I had information that a box addressed to my care was lying at the Hoboken office of the German steamers. Indiscreetly mentioning this fact to the Prussian Consul's lawyer, I was informed that it would be necessary to take the box in evidence, and I prudently refrained from making further efforts for its recovery.

It was with a chastened spirit that I paid a considerable bill at my tailor's and ordered the overcoat sent to my address; and it was with only mitigated satisfaction that I heard of the sending in irons to his company in California of deserter Stabenow.

If the Herr Lieutenant Graf zu Dohna-Schlodien of the Gardecorps Kürassier is still living, I beg to inform him that his overcoat — the only memento of a grave *Schwindelei* — is now a comfortable wrap to a Rhode Island farmer, who hopes that its rightful owner is as snugly clad in his winter rides about Versailles.

George E. Waring, Jr.

SAPPHO.

THE voyager in the Ægean Sea, who has grown weary of the prevailing barrenness of the Grecian Isles, finds at length, when in sight of Lesbos, something that fulfils his dreams of beauty. The village of Mitylene, which now gives its name to the island, is built upon a rocky promontory, with a harbor on either hand. Behind it there are softly wooded hills, swelling to meet the abrupt bases of the loftier mountains. These hills are clothed in one dense forest of silvery olive and darker pomegranate, and as you ascend their paths, the myrtle, covered with delicate white blossoms, and exhaling a sweet perfume, forms a continuous arch above your head. The upper mountain-heights rise above vegetation, but their ravines are dyed crimson with fringing oleanders. From the summits of their passes you look eastward upon the pale distances of Asia Minor, or down upon the calm Ægean, intensely blue, amid which the island rests as if inlaid in *lapis lazuli*.

This decaying Turkish village of Mitylene marks the site of what was, twenty-five centuries ago, one of the great centres of Greek civilization. The city then covered the whole breadth of the peninsula, and the grand canal, that separated it from the mainland, was crossed by bridges of white marble. The great theatre of Mitylene was such a masterpiece of architecture, that the Roman Pompey wished to copy it in the metropolis of the world. The city was classed by Horace with Rhodes, Ephesus, and Corinth. Yet each of those places we now remember for itself, while we think of Lesbos only as the home of Sappho.

It was in the city of Mitylene that she lived and taught and sang. But to find her birthplace you must traverse nearly the length of the island, till you come to Ereso or Eresus, a yet smaller village, and Greek instead of Turkish.

To reach it you must penetrate aromatic pine forests, where the deer lurk, and must ascend mountain paths like rocky ladders, where the mule alone can climb. But as you approach the village, you find pastoral beauty all around you; though the Æolian lyric music is heard no more, yet the hillsides echo with sheep-bells and with the shepherds' cries. Among the villagers you find manners more simple and hospitable than elsewhere in the Greek islands; there are more traces of the ancient beauty of the race; and the women on festal days wear white veils edged with a crimson border, and falling to the waist, so that they look, as they follow one another to church, like processional figures on an antique urn. These women are permitted to share the meals of their husbands, contrary to the usual practice of rural Greece; and as a compensation, they make for their husbands such excellent bread, that it has preserved its reputation for two thousand years. The old Greek poet Archestratus, who wrote a work on the art of cookery, said that if the gods were to eat bread, they would send Hermes to Eresus to buy it; and the only modern traveller, so far as I know, who has visited the village, reports the same excellent receipt to be still in vogue.*

It was among these well-trained women that the most eminent poetess of the world was born. Let us now turn and look upon her in her later abode of Mitylene; either in some garden of orange and myrtle, such as once skirted the city, or in that marble house which she called the dwelling of the Muses.† Let us call around her, in fancy, the maidens who have come from different parts of Greece to learn of her. Anactoria is here from

* Travels and Discoveries in the Levant, by C. T. Newton, I. 99. London, 1865.

† Μουσούλειος οίκος.

Miletus, Eunice from Salamis, Gongyla from Colophon, and others from Pamphylia and the isle of Telos. Erinna and Damophyla study together the complex Sapphic metres; Atthis learns how to strike the harp with the plectron, Sappho's invention; Mnasidica embroiders a sacred robe for the temple. The teacher meanwhile corrects the measures of one, the notes of another, the stitches of a third, then summons all from their work to rehearse together some sacred chorus or temple ritual; then stops to read a verse of her own, or — must I say it? — to denounce a rival preceptress. For if the too fascinating Andromeda has beguiled away some favorite pupil to one of those rival feminine academies that not only exist in Lesbos, but have spread as far as illiterate Sparta, then Sappho may at least wish to remark that Andromeda does not know how to dress herself. "And what woman ever charmed thy mind," she says to the vacillating pupil, "who wore a vulgar and tasteless dress, or did not know how to draw her garments close about her ankles?"

Out of a long list of Greek poetesses there were seven women who were, as a poem in the Greek Anthology says, "divinely tongued" or "spoke like gods."* Of these Sappho was the admitted chief. Among the Greeks "the poet" meant Homer, and "the poetess" equally designated her. "There flourished in those days," said Strabo, writing a little before our era, "Sappho, a wondrous creature; for we know not any woman to have appeared, within recorded time, who was in the least to be compared with her in respect to poesy."

The dates of her birth and death are alike uncertain, but she lived somewhere between the years 628 and 572 B. C.; thus flourishing three or four centuries after Homer, and less than two centuries before Pericles. Her father's name is variously given, and we can only hope, in charity, that it was not Scamandronimus. We have no

better authority than that of Ovid for saying that he died when his daughter was six years old. Her mother's name was Cleis, and Sappho had a daughter of the same name. The husband of the poetess was probably named Cercolas, and there is a faint suspicion that he was a man of property. It is supposed that she became early a widow, and won most of her poetic fame while in that condition. She had at least two brothers: one being Larichus, whom she praises for his graceful demeanor as cup-bearer in the public banquets, — an office which belonged only to beautiful youths of noble birth; the other was Charaxus, whom Sappho had occasion to reproach, according to Herodotus,* for buying and marrying a slave of disreputable antecedents.

Of the actual events of Sappho's life almost nothing is known, except that she once had to flee for safety from Lesbos to Sicily, perhaps to escape the political persecutions that prevailed in the island. It is not necessary to assume that she had reached an advanced age when she spoke of herself as "one of the elders,"† inasmuch as people are quite as likely to use that term of mild self-reproach while young enough for somebody to contradict them. It is hard to ascertain whether she possessed beauty even in her prime. Tradition represents her as having been "little and dark," but tradition describes Cleopatra in the same way; and we should clearly lose much from history by ignoring all the execution done by small brunettes. The Greek Anthology describes her as "the pride of the lovely haired Lesbians"; Plato calls her "the beautiful Sappho" or "the fair Sappho,"‡ — as you please to render the phrase more or less ardently, — and Plutarch and Athenæus use similar epithets. But when Professor Felton finds evidence of her charms in her

* II. 135.

† γεραιότερα.

‡ Σαπφούς τῆς καλῆς. Phœdr. 24. Homer celebrates the beauty of the Lesbian women in his day. Iliad, IX. 129, 271.

* Θεογλώσσους. Brunck, II. 114.

portraits on the Lesbian coins, as engraved by Wolf, I must think that he is too easily pleased with the outside of the lady's head, however it may have been with the inside.

The most interesting intellectual fact in Sappho's life was doubtless her relation to her great townsman Alcæus. These two will always be united in fame as the joint founders of the lyric poetry of Greece, and therefore of the world. Anacreon was a child, or perhaps unborn, when they died; and Pindar was a pupil of women who seem to have been Sappho's imitators, Myrtis and Corinna. The Latin poets Horace and Catullus, five or six centuries after, drew avowedly from these Æolian models, to whom nearly all their metres have been traced back. Horace wrote of Alcæus: "The Lesbian poet sang of war amid the din of arms, or when he had bound the storm-tossed ship to the moist shore, he sang of Bacchus, and the Muses, of Venus and the boy who clings forever by her side, and of Lycus, beautiful with his black hair and black eyes."* But the name of the Greek singer is still better preserved to Anglo-Saxons through an imitation of a single fragment by Sir William Jones,—the noble poem beginning "What constitutes a state?" It is worth while to remember that we owe these fine lines to the lover of Sappho. And indeed the poems of Alcæus, so far as they remain, show much of the grace and elegance of Horace, joined with a far more heroic tone. His life was spent amid political convulsions, in which he was prominent, and, in spite of his fine verses, it is suspected, from the evidence remaining, that he was a good deal of a fop and not much of a soldier; and it is perhaps as well that the lady did not smile upon him, even in verse.

Their loves rest, after all, rather on tradition than on direct evidence; for there remain to us only two verses which Alcæus addressed to Sappho. The one is a compliment, the other an apology. The compliment is found

in one graceful line, which is perhaps her best description:—

"Violet-crowned, pure, sweetly smiling Sappho."

The freshness of those violets, the charm of that smile, the assurance of that purity, all rest upon this one line, and rest securely. If every lover, having thus said in three epithets the whole story about his mistress, would be content to retire into oblivion, and add no more, what a comfort it would be! Alcæus unhappily went one phrase further, and therefore goes down to future ages, not only as an ardent lover, but as an unsuccessful one. For Aristotle, in his "Rhetoric,"* records that this poet once addressed Sappho as follows:—

"I wish to speak, but shame restrains my tongue."

Now this apology may have had the simplest possible occasion. Alcæus may have undertaken to amend a verse of Sappho's and have spoiled it; or he may have breakfasted in the garden, with her and her maidens, and may have spilled some honey from Hymettus on a crimson-bordered veil from Eresus. But it is recorded by Aristotle that the violet-crowned thus answered: "If thy wishes were fair and noble, and thy tongue designed not to utter what is base, shame would not cloud thine eyes, but thou wouldst freely speak thy just desires." Never was reproof more exquisitely uttered than is this in the Greek; and if we take it for serious, as we probably should, there is all the dignity of womanhood in the reply, so that Sappho comes well out of the dialogue, however it may be with her wooer. But if, as is also possible, the occasion was but trivial, it is rather refreshing to find these gifted lovers, in the very morning of civilization, simply rehearsing just the dialogue that goes on between every village school-girl and her awkward swain, when he falters and "fears to speak," and says finally the wrong thing, and she blushing answers, "I should think you would be ashamed."

But whether the admiration of Al-

* *Carm.*, I. 32, 5.

* *I. 9.*

cæus was more or less ardent, it certainly was not peculiar to him. There were hardly any limits to the enthusiasm habitually expressed in ancient times for the poetry of Sappho. In respect to the abundance of laurels, she stands unapproached among women, even to the present day. Ælian preserves the tradition that the recitation of one of her poems so affected the great lawgiver Solon, that he expressed the wish that he might not die till he had learned it by heart. Plato called her the tenth Muse. Others described her as uniting in herself the qualities of Muse and Aphrodite; and others again as the joint foster-child of Aphrodite, Cupid, and the Graces. Grammarians lectured on her poems and wrote essays on her metres; and her image appeared on at least six different coins of her native land. And it has generally been admitted by modern critics that "the loss of her poems is the greatest over which we have to mourn in the whole range of Greek literature, at least of the imaginative species."

Now why is it that, in case of a woman thus famous, some cloud of reproach has always mingled with the incense? In part, perhaps, because she was a woman, and thus subject to harsher criticism in coarse periods of the world's career. More, no doubt, because she stood in a transition period of history, and, in a contest between two social systems, represented an unsuccessful effort to combine the merits of both. In the Homeric period the position of the Greek woman was simple and free. In the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* she is always treated with respect; unlike the great poems of modern Europe, they do not contain an indelicate line. But with the advancing culture of the Ionian colonies, represented by Athens, there inevitably arose the question, what to do with the women. Should they be admitted to share this culture, or be excluded? Athens, under the influence of Asiatic models, decided to exclude them. Sparta and the Dorian colonies, on the other hand,

preferred to exclude the culture. It was only the Æolian colonies, such as Lesbos, that undertook to admit the culture and the women also. Nowhere else in Greece did women occupy what we should call a modern position. The attempt was premature, and the reputation of Lesbos was crushed in the process.

Among the Ionians of Asia, according to Herodotus, the wife did not share the table of her husband; she dared not call him by his name, but addressed him with the title of "Lord"; and this was hardly an exaggeration of the social habits of Athens itself. But among the Dorians of Sparta, and probably among the Æolians as well, the husband called his wife "mistress," not in subservency, but after the English peasant fashion; Spartan mothers preserved a power over their adult sons such as was nowhere else seen; the dignity of maidenhood was celebrated in public songs, called "Parthenia," which were peculiar to Sparta; and the women took so free a part in the conversation, that Socrates, in a half-sarcastic passage in the "Protagoras," compares their quickness of wit to that of the men.* The Spartan women, in short, were free, though ignorant, and this freedom the Athenians thought bad enough. But when the Æolians of Lesbos carried the equality a step further, and to freedom added culture, the Athenians found it intolerable. Such an innovation was equivalent to setting up the Protestant theory of woman's position as against the Roman Catholic, or the English against the French.

It is perhaps fortunate for historic justice that we have within our reach an illustration so obvious, showing the way in which a whole race of women may be misconstrued. If a Frenchman visits America and sees a young girl walking or riding with a young man,

* The best authority in regard to the Spartan women is K. O. Müller's "Dorier," Book IV. c. iv., also Book V. c. viii. § 5 (Eng. tr. Vol. II. pp. 290-300; also p. 312). For his view of the women of Lesbos, see his "Literature of Greece" (Eng. tr.), c. xiii.

he is apt to assume that she is of doubtful character. Should he hear a married woman talk about "emancipation," he will infer either that her marriage is not legal, or that her husband has good reason to wish it were not. Precisely thus did an Athenian view a Lesbian woman; and if she collected round her a class of young pupils for instruction, so much the worse. He could no more imagine any difference between Sappho and Aspasia, than could a Frenchman between Margaret Fuller and George Sand. To claim any high moral standard, in either case, would merely strengthen the indictment by the additional count of hypocrisy. Better Aspasia than a learned woman who had the effrontery to set up for the domestic virtues. The stories that thus gradually came to be told about Sappho in later years — scandal at longer and longer range — were simply inevitable, from the point of view of Athens. If Aristophanes spared neither Socrates nor Euripides, why should his successors spare Sappho?

Therefore the reckless comic authors of that luxurious city, those Pre-Bohemians of literature, made the most of their game. Ameipsias, Amphis, Antiphanes, Diphilus, Ephippus, Timocles, all wrote farces bearing the name of a woman who had died in excellent repute, so far as appears, two centuries before. With what utter recklessness they did their work is shown by their naming as her lovers Archilochus, who died before she was born, and Hipponax, who was born after she died. Then came, in later literature, the Roman Ovid, who had learned from licentious princesses to regard womanly virtue as only a pretty fable. He took up the tale of Sappho, conjured up a certain Phaon, with whom she might be enamored, and left her memory covered with stains such as even the Leucadian leap could not purge. Finally, since Sappho was a heathen, a theologian was found at last to make an end of her; the Church put an apostolic sanction upon these corrupt reveries of the Roman profligate, and Ta-

tian, the Christian Father, fixed her name in ecclesiastical tradition as that of "an impure and lovesick woman who sings her own shame." *

The process has, alas! plenty of parallels in history. Worse, for instance, than the malice of the Greek comedians or of Ovid — since they possibly believed their own stories — was the attempt made by Voltaire to pollute, through twenty-one books of an epic poem, the stainless fame of his own virgin countrywoman, Joan of Arc. In that work he revels in a series of impurities so loathsome that the worst of them are omitted from the common editions, and only lurk in appendices, here and there, as if even the shameless printing-presses of Paris were ashamed of them. Suppose, now, that the art of printing had remained undiscovered, that all contemporary memorials of this maiden had vanished, and posterity had possessed no record of her except Voltaire's "Pucelle." In place of that heroic image there would have remained to us only a monster of profligacy, unless some possible Welcker had appeared, long centuries after, to right the wrong.

The remarkable essay of Welcker, from which all modern estimates of Sappho date, was first published in 1816, under the title, "Sappho vindicated from a prevailing Prejudice." It was a remarkable instance of the power of a single exhaustive investigation to change the verdict of scholars. Bishop Thirlwall, for instance, says of it: "The tenderness of Sappho, whose character has been rescued, by one of the happiest efforts of modern criticism, from the unmerited reproach under which it had labored for so many centuries, appears to have been no less pure than glowing." And Felton, who is usually not more inclined than be-

* Tatian, *Adv. Græcos*, c. 33. Ovid, *Heroid.*, XV. 61-70.

† "Sappho vom einem herrschenden Vorurtheil befreit," Welcker, *Kleine Schriften*, II. 80. See also his "Sappho," a review of Neue's edition of her works, first published in 1828 (*K. S.*, I. 110), and "Sappho und Phaon," published in 1863, a review of Mure and Theodor Kock (*K. S.*, V. 228).

comes a man and a professor to put a high estimate on literary women, declares of her that "she has shared the fortunes of others of her sex, endowed like her with God's richest gifts of intellect and heart, who have been the victims of remorseless calumny for asserting the prerogatives of genius, and daring to compete with men in the struggle for fame and glory." Indeed, I know of no writer since Welcker who has seriously attempted to impugn his conclusions, except Colonel Mure, an Edinburgh advocate, whose onslaught upon Sappho is so vehement that Felton compares it to that of John Knox on Mary Stuart, and finds in it proof of a constitutional hostility between Scotch Presbyterians and handsome women.

But Mure's scholarship is not high, when tried by the German standard, whatever it may be according to the English or American. His book is also somewhat vitiated in this respect by being obviously written under a theory, namely, that love, as a theme for poetry, is a rather low and debasing thing; that the subordinate part it plays in Homer is one reason why Homer is great; and that the decline of literature began with lyric poetry. "A ready subjection," he says, "to the fascinations of the inferior order of their species can hardly be a solid basis of renown for kings or heroes." Such a critic could hardly be expected to look with favor upon one who not only chose an inferior order of themes, but had the temerity to belong to an inferior order herself.

Apart from this, I am unable to see that this writer brings forward anything to disturb the verdict of abler scholars. He does not indeed claim to produce any direct evidence of his proposition that Sappho was a corrupt woman, and her school at Lesbos a nursery of sins; but he seeks to show this indirectly, through a minute criticism of her writings. Into this he carries, I regret to say, an essential coarseness of mind, like that of Voltaire, which delights to torture the most innocent phrases till

they yield a double meaning. He reads these graceful fragments as the sailors in some forecabin might read Juliet's soliloquies, or as a criminal lawyer reads in court the letters of some warm-hearted woman; the shame lying not in the words, but in the tongue. The manner in which he gloats over the scattered lines of a wedding song, for instance, weaving together the phrases and supplying the innuendoes, is enough to rule him out of the class of pure-minded men. But besides this quality of coarseness, he shows a serious want of candor. For though he admits that Sappho first introduced into literature (in her *epithalamia*) a dramatic movement, yet he never gives her the benefit of this dramatic attitude except where it suits his own argument. It is as if one were to cite Browning into court and undertake to convict him, on his own confession, of sharing every mental condition he describes.

What, then, was this Lesbian school that assembled around Sappho? Mure pronounces it to have been a school of vice. The German professors see in it a school of science. Professor Felton thinks that it may have resembled the Courts of Love in the Middle Ages. But a more reasonable parallel, nearer home, must occur to the minds of those of us who remember Margaret Fuller and her classes. If Sappho, in addition to all that the American gave her pupils, undertook the duty of instruction in the most difficult music, the most complex metres, and the profoundest religious rites, then she had on her hands quite too much work to be exclusively a troubadour or a *savante* or a sinner. And if such ardent attachments as Margaret Fuller inspired among her own sex were habitually expressed by Sappho's maiden lovers, in the language of Lesbos instead of Boston, we can easily conceive of sentimental ardors which Attic comedians would find ludicrous and Scotch advocates nothing less than a scandal.

Fortunately we can come within six

centuries of the real Lesbian society in the reports of Maximus Tyrius, whom Felton strangely calls "a tedious writer of the time of the Antonines," but who seems to me often to rival Epictetus and Plutarch in eloquence and nobleness of tone. In his eighth dissertation he draws a parallel between the instruction given by Socrates to men and that afforded by Sappho to women. "Each," he says, "appears to me to deal with the same kind of love, the one as subsisting among males, the other among females." "What Alcibiades and Charmides and Phœdrus are with Socrates, that Gyrienna and Atthis and Anactoria are with the Lesbian. And what those rivals Prodicus, Gorgias, Thrasymachus, and Protagoras are to Socrates, that Gorgo and Andromeda are to Sappho. At one time she improves, at another she confutes these, and addresses them in the same ironical language with Socrates." Then he draws parallels between the writings of the two. "Diotima says to Socrates that love flourishes in abundance, but dies in want. Sappho conveys the same meaning when she calls love 'sweetly bitter' and 'a painful gift.' Socrates calls love 'a sophist,' Sappho 'a ringlet of words.' Socrates says that he is agitated with Bacchic fury through the love of Phœdrus; but she that 'love shakes her mind as the wind when it falls on mountain-oaks.' Socrates reproves Xantippe when she laments that he must die, and Sappho writes to her daughter, 'Grief is not lawful in the residence of the Muse, nor does it become us.'"

Thus far Maximus Tyrius. But that a high intellectual standard prevailed in this academy of Sappho's may be inferred from a fragment of her verse, in which she utters her disappointment over an uncultivated woman, whom she had, perhaps, tried in vain to influence. This imaginary epitaph warns this pupil that she is in danger of being forgotten through forgetfulness of those Pierian roses which are the Muses' symbol. This version retains the brevity of the original lines, and though

rhymed, is literal, except that it changes the second person to the third:—

Dying she reposes;
Oblivion grasps her now;
Since never Pierian roses
Were wreathed round her empty brow;
She goeth unwept and lonely
To Hades' dusky homes,
And bodiless shadows only
Bid her welcome as she comes.

To show how differently Sappho lamented her favorites, I give Elton's version of another epitaph on a maiden, whom we may fancy lying robed for the grave, while her companions sever their tresses around her, that something of themselves may be entombed with her.

"This dust was Timas'; ere her bridal hour
She lies in Proserpina's gloomy bower;
Her virgin playmates from each lovely head
Cut with sharp steel their locks, the strewnments for
the dead."

These are only fragments; but of the single complete poem that remains to us from Sappho, I shall venture on a translation, which can only claim to be tolerably literal, and to keep, in some degree, to the Sapphic metre. Yet I am cheered by the remark of an old grammarian, Demetrius Phalereus, that "Sappho's whole poetry is so perfectly musical and harmonious, that even the harshest voice or most awkward recital can hardly render it unpleasant to the ear." Let us hope that the Muses may extend some such grace, even to a translation.

HYMN TO APHRODITE.

Beautiful-throned, immortal Aphrodite!
Daughter of Zeus, beguiler, I implore thee,
Weigh me not down with weariness and anguish,
O, thou most holy!

Come to me now! if ever thou in kindness
Hearkenedst my words,—and often hast thou heark-
ened,
Heeding, and coming from the mansions golden
Of thy great Father,

Yoking thy chariot, borne by thy most lovely
Consecrated birds, with dusky-tinted pinions,
Waving swift wings from utmost heights of heaven
Through the mid-ether:

Swiftly they vanished: leaving thee, O goddess,
Smiling, with face immortal in its beauty,
Asking what I suffered, and why in utter longing
I had dared call thee;

Asking, what I sought, thus hopeless in desiring,
'Wildered in brain, and spreading nets of passion

Alas, for whom? and saidst thou, "Who has harmed thee?"

O my poor Sappho!

"Though now he flies, ere long he shall pursue thee; Fearing thy gifts, he too in turn shall bring them; Loveless to-day, to-morrow he shall woo thee, Though thou shouldst spurn him."

Thus seek me now, O holy Aphrodite!
Save me from anguish, give me all I ask for,
Gifts at thy hand; and thine shall be the glory,
Sacred protector!

It is safe to say that there is not a lyrical poem in Greek literature, nor in any other, which has, by its artistic structure, inspired more enthusiasm than this. Is it autobiographical? The German critics, true to their national instincts, hint that she may have written some of her verses in her character of pedagogue, as exercises in different forms of verse. It is as if Shakespeare had written his sonnet, "Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?" only to show young Southampton where the rhymes came in. Still more difficult is it to determine the same question — autobiographical or dramatic? — in case of the fragment next in length to this poem. It has been well engrafted into English literature through the translation of Ambrose Phillips, as follows: —

"TO A BELOVED WOMAN.

"Blest as the immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee, all the while,
Softly speak and sweetly smile.

"'T was that deprived my soul of rest,
And raised such tumult in my breast;
For while I gazed, in transport tost,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

"My bosom glowed; the subtle flame
Ran quick through all my vital frame;
On my dim eyes a darkness hung;
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

"With dewy damps my limbs were chilled;
My blood with gentle horrors thrilled;
My feeble pulse forgot to play;
I fainted, sunk, and died away."

The translation would give the impression that this is a complete poem; but it is not. A fragment of the next verse brings some revival from this desperate condition, but what exit is finally provided does not appear. The existing lines are preserved by Longinus in the eighth chapter of his famous book,

"On the Sublime"; and his commentary is almost as impassioned as the poem. "Is it not wonderful how she calls at once on soul, body, ears, tongue, eyes, color, — as on so many separate deaths, — and how in self-contradiction and simultaneously she freezes, she glows, she raves, she returns to reason, she is terrified, she is at the brink of death? It is not a single passion that she exhibits, but a whole congress of passions." The poem thus described, while its grammatical formations show it to have been addressed by a woman to a woman, is quite as likely to have been dramatic as autobiographical in its motive. It became so famous, at any rate, as a diagnosis of passion, that a Greek physician is said to have "copied it bodily into his book, and to have regulated his prescriptions accordingly."

All that remains to us of Sappho, besides, is a chaos of short fragments, which have been assiduously collected and edited by Wolf, Blomfield, Neue, and others. Among the spirited translations by our own poet Percival, there are several of these fragments; one of which I quote for its exceeding grace, though it consists only of two lines: —

"Sweet mother, I can weave the web no more;
So much I love the youth, so much I lingering love."

But this last adjective, so effective to the ear, is, after all, an interpolation. It should be: —

So much I love the youth, by Aphrodite's charm.

Percival also translates one striking fragment whose few short lines seem to toll like a bell, mourning the dreariness of a forgotten tryst, on which the moon and stars look down. I should render it thus: —

The moon is down;
And I've watched the dying
Of the Pleiades;
'T is the middle night,
The hour glides by,
And alone I m sighing.

Percival puts it in blank verse, more smoothly: —

"The moon is set; the Pleiades are gone;
'T is the midnoon of night; the hour is by
And yet I watch alone."

There are some little fragments of verse addressed by Sappho to the evening star, which are supposed to have suggested the celebrated lines of Byron; she says, —

O Hesperus, thou bringest all things,
Thou bringest wine, thou bringest [home] the goat,
To the mother thou bringest the child.

Again she says, with a touch of higher imagination, —

Hesperus, bringing home all that the light-giving
morning has scattered.

Grammarians have quoted this line to illustrate the derivation of the word Hesperus;* and the passage may be meant to denote, not merely the assembling of the household at night, but the more spiritual reuniting of the thoughts and dreams that draw round us with the shadows and vanish with the dawn.

Achilles Tatius, in the fifth century, gave in prose the substance of one of Sappho's poems, not otherwise preserved. It may be called "The Song of the Rose."

"If Zeus had wished to appoint a sovereign over the flowers, he would have made the rose their king. It is the ornament of the earth, the glory of plants, the eye of the flowers, the blush of the meadows, a flash of beauty. It breathes of love, welcomes Aphrodite, adorns itself with fragrant leaves, and is decked with tremulous petals, that laugh in the zephyr."

Indeed, that love of external nature, which is so often mistakenly said to have been wanting among the Greeks, is strongly marked in Sappho. She observes "the vernal swallow and the melodious nightingale, Spring's herald." "The moon," she elsewhere says, "was at the full, and they [the stars] stood round her, as round an altar." And again, "The stars around the lovely moon withdraw their splendor when, in her fulness, she most illumines earth."

Of herself Sappho speaks but little in the fragments left to us. In one place she asserts that she is "not of malignant nature, but has a placid

* *Ἑσπέρῃ ἀπὸ τοῦ ἡμέρῃ πατρὶν τὰ ζῷα, κ. τ. λ.*

mind," and again that her desire is for "a mode of life that shall be elegant and at the same time honest," the first wish doing credit to her taste, and the other to her conscience. In several places she confesses to a love of luxury, yet she is described by a later Greek author, Aristides, as having rebuked certain vain and showy women for their ostentation, while pointing out that the pursuits of intellect afford a surer joy. It is hardly needful to add that not a line remains of her writings which can be charged with indecency; and had any such existed, they would hardly have passed unnoticed or been forgotten.

It is odd that the most direct report left to us of Sappho's familiar conversation should have enrolled her among those enemies of the human race who give out conundrums. Or rather it is in this case a riddle of the old Greek fashion, such as the Sphinx set the example of propounding to men, before devouring them in any other manner. I will render it in plain prose.

SAPPHO'S RIDDLE.

There is a feminine creature who bears in her bosom a voiceless brood; yet they send forth a clear voice, over sea and land, to whatsoever mortals they will; the absent hear it; so do the deaf.

This is the riddle, as recorded by Antiphanes, and preserved by Athenæus. It appears that somebody tried to guess it. The feminine creature, he thought, was the state. The brood must be the orators, to be sure, whose voices reached beyond the seas, as far as Asia and Thrace, and brought back thence something to their own advantage; while the community sat dumb and deaf amid their railings. This seemed plausible, but somebody else objected to the solution; for who ever knew an orator to be silent, he said, until he was put down by force? All of which sounds quite American and modern. But he gave it up, at last, and appealed to Sappho, who thus replied: —

SAPPHO'S SOLUTION.

A letter is a thing essentially feminine in its character. It bears a brood in its bosom named the alphabet. They are voiceless, yet speak to whom they will; and if any man shall stand next to him who reads, will he not hear?

It is not an exciting species of wit. Yet this kind of riddle was in immense demand in Greek society, and "if you make believe very hard, it's quite nice." But it seems rather a pity that this memorial of Sappho should be preserved, while her solemn hymns and her Epithalamia, or marriage-songs, which were, as has been said, almost the first Greek effort toward dramatic poetry, are lost to us forever.

And thus we might go on through the literature of Greece, peering after little grains of Sappho among the rubbish of voluminous authors. But perhaps these specimens are enough. It remains to say that the name of Phaon, who is represented by Ovid as having been her lover, is not once mentioned in these fragments, and the general tendency of modern criticism is to deny his existence. Some suppose him to have been a merely mythical being, based upon the supposed loves of Aphrodite and Adonis, who was called by the Greeks Phæthon or Phaon. It was said that this Phaon was a ferryman at Mitylene, who was growing old and ugly till he rowed Aphrodite in his boat, and then refused payment; on which she gave him for recompense youth, beauty, and Sappho. This was certainly, "Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee," as in Uhland's ballad; but the Greek passengers have long since grown as shadowy as the German, and we shall never know whether this oarsman really ferried himself into the favor of goddess or of dame. It is of little consequence; Sappho doubtless had lovers, and one of them may as well have been named Phaon as anything else.

But to lose her fabled leap from the Leucadian promontory would doubtless

be a greater sacrifice; it formed so much more effective a termination for her life than any novelist could have contrived. It is certain that the leap itself, as a Greek practice, was no fable; sometimes it was a form of suicide, sometimes a religious incantation, and sometimes again an expiation of crime. But it was also used often as a figure of speech by comfortable poets who would have been sorry to find in it anything more. Anacreon, for instance, says in an ode, "Again casting myself from the Leucadian rock, I plunge into the gray sea, drunk with love"; though it is clear that he was not a man to drown his cares in anything larger than a punch-bowl. It is certainly hard to suppose that the most lovelorn lady, residing on an island whose every shore was a precipice, and where her lover was at hand to feel the anguish of her fate, would take ship and sail for weary days over five hundred miles of water to seek a more sensational rock. Theodor Kock, the latest German writer on Sappho, thinks it is as if a lover should travel from the Rhine to Niagara to drown himself. "Are not Abanar and Pharpar rivers of Damascus?" More solid, negative proof is found in the fact that Ptolemy Hephæstion, the author who has collected the most numerous notices of the Leucadian leap, entirely omits the conspicuous name of Sappho from his record. Even Colonel Mure, who is as anxious to prove this deed against her as if it were a violation of all the ten commandments, is staggered for a moment by this omission; but soon recovering himself, with an ingenuity that does him credit as attorney for the prosecution, he points out that the reason Ptolemy omitted Sappho's name was undoubtedly because it was so well known already; a use of negative evidence to which there can be no objection, except that under it any one of us might be convicted of having died last year, on the plea that his death was a fact too notorious to be mentioned in the newspapers.

But whether by the way of the Leu-

cadian cliff or otherwise, Sappho is gone, with her music and her pupils and most of the words she wrote, and the very city where she dwelt, and all but the island she loved. It is something to be able to record that, twenty-five centuries ago, in that remote nook among the Grecian Isles, a woman's genius could play such a part in moulding the great literature that has moulded the world. Colonel Mure thinks that a hundred such women might have demoralized all Greece. But it grew demoralized at any rate; and even the island where Sappho taught took its share in the degradation. But if the

view taken by modern criticism be correct, a hundred such women might have done much to save it. Modern nations must take up again the problem where Athens failed and Lesbos only pointed the way to the solution; to create a civilization where the highest culture shall be extended to woman also. It is not enough that we should dream, with Plato, of a republic where man is free and woman but a serf. The aspirations of modern life culminate, like the greatest of modern poems, in the elevation of womanhood. *Die ewige Weibliche zieht uns hinan.*

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

TRANSFIGURED.

PURE from her pain, the earth refined away,
Serenely young, renewed in maiden bloom,
Her fair hands folded on her heart she lay
In gentle death, and sanctified the room.

She ceased as doth a benediction cease,
And her last breath pronounced the low amen
To a long life that, having breathed but peace,
When peace was perfect needs was breathless then.

The bright translucent shrine from which she fled,
The delicate sculpture's reasserted grace,
The pure white sheen that played about the head,
And lit the glow of sainthood in the face,—

These traits of clear revival after death,
This flicker of refusal to decay.
We took for sign of soul surviving breath
And seal of resurrection on the clay.

W. C. Wilkinson.

ARMGART.

SCENE I.

A salon lit with lamps and ornamented with green plants. An open piano, with many scattered sheets of music. Bronze busts of Beethoven and Gluck on pillars opposite each other. A small table spread with supper. To FRÄULEIN WALPurga, who advances with a slight lameness of gait from an adjoining room, enters GRAF DORNBERG at the opposite door in a travelling-dress.

GRAF. Good evening, Fräulein!

WALP. What, so soon returned?

I feared your mission kept you still at Prague.

GRAF. But now arrived! You see my travelling-dress.

I hurried from the panting, roaring steam
Like any courier of embassy

Who hides the fiends of war within his bag.

WALP. You know that Armgart sings to-night?

GRAF. Has sung!
'T is close on half past nine. The *Orpheus*
Lasts not so long. Her spirits — were they high?

Was Leo confidant?

WALP. He only feared

Some tameness at beginning. Let the house
Once ring, he said, with plaudits, she is safe.

GRAF. And Armgart?

WALP. She was stiller than her wont.
But once, at some such trivial word of mine,
As, that the highest prize might yet be won
By her who took the second — she was roused.

"For me," she said, "I triumph or I fail.
I never strove for any second prize."

GRAF. Poor human-hearted singing-bird!
She bears

Cæsar's ambition in her delicate breast,
And naught to still it with but quivering song!

WALP. I had not for the world been there to-night:

Unreasonable dread oft chills me more
Than any reasonable hope can warm.

GRAF. You have a rare affection for your cousin;

As tender as a sister's.

WALP. Nay, I fear

My love is little more than what I felt
For happy stories when I was a child.
She fills my life that would be empty else,
And lifts my naught to value by her side.

GRAF. She is reason good enough, or seems to be,

Why all were born whose being ministers
To her completeness. Is it most her voice
Subdues us? or her instinct exquisite,
Informing each old strain with some new grace
Which takes our sense like any natural good?
Or most her spiritual energy
That sweeps us in the current of her song?

WALP. I know not. Losing either, we should lose

That whole we call our Armgart. For herself,
She often wonders what her life had been
Without that voice for channel to her soul.
She says, it must have leaped through all her limbs, —

Made her a Mænad — made her snatch a brand

And fire some forest, that her rage might mount

In crashing roaring flames through half a land,
Leaving her still and patient for a while.

"Poor wretch!" she says, of any murderess —

"The world was cruel, and she could not sing:

I carry my revenges in my throat;

I love in singing, and am loved again."

GRAF. Mere mood! I cannot yet believe it more.

Too much ambition has unwomaned her;
But only for a while. Her nature hides
One half its treasures by its very wealth,
Taxing the hours to show it.

WALP. Hark! she comes.

SCENE II.

Enter LEO with a wreath in his hand, holding the door open for ARMGART, who wears a furred mantle and hood. She is followed by her maid, carrying an armful of bouquets.

LEO. Place for the queen of song!

GRAF. (*advancing towards ARMGART, who throws off her hood and mantle, and shows a star of brilliants in her hair*). A triumph, then.

You will not be a niggard of your joy
And chide the eagerness that came to share it.

ARMG. O kind! you hastened your return for me.

I would you had been there to hear me sing!
Walpurga, kiss me: never tremble more

Lest Armgart's wing should fail her. She
has found

This night the region where her rapture
breathes —

Pouring her passion on the air made live
With human heart-throbs. Tell them, Leo,
tell them

How I outsang your hope and made you cry
Because Gluck could not hear me. That
was folly !

He sang, not listened : every linked note
Was his immortal pulse that stirred in mine,
And all my gladness is but part of him.

Give me the wreath (*she crowns the bust of
GLUCK*).

LEO. (*sardonically*). Ay, ay, but mark
you this :

It was not part of him — that trill you made
In spite of me and reason !

ARMG. You were wrong —

Dear Leo, you were wrong — the house was
held

As if a storm were listening with delight
And hushed its thunder.

LEO. Will you ask the house
To teach you singing ? Quit your *Orpheus*
then,

And sing in farces grown to operas,
Where all the prurience of the full-fed mob
Is tickled with melodic impudence :
Jerk forth burlesque bravuras, square your
arms

Akimbo with a tavern wench's grace,
And set the splendid compass of your voice
To lyric jigs. Go to ! I thought you meant
To be an artist, — lift your audience
To see your vision, not trick forth a show
To please the grossest taste of grossest num-
bers.

ARMG. (*taking up LEO's hand, and kiss-
ing it*). Pardon, good Leo, I am
penitent.

I will do penance : sing a hundred trills
Into a deep-dug grave, then burying them
As one did Midas' secret, rid myself
Of naughty exultation. O I trilled
At nature's prompting, like the nightin-
gales.

Go scold them, dearest Leo.

LEO. I stop my ears.
Nature in Gluck inspiring Orpheus,
Has done with nightingales. Are bird-
beaks lips ?

GRAF. Truce to rebukes ! Tell us —
who were not there —

The double drama : how the expectant house
Took the first notes.

WALF. (*turning from her occupation of*

decking the room with the flowers).
Yes, tell us all, dear Armgart.

Did you feel tremors ? Leo, how did she
look ?

Was there a cheer to greet her ?

LEO. Not a sound.
She walked like Orpheus in his solitude,
And seemed to see naught but what no man
saw.

'T was famous. Not the Schroeder-Devrient
Had done it better. But your blessed public
Had never any judgment in cold blood —
Thinks all perhaps were better otherwise,
Till rapture brings a reason.

ARMG. (*scornfully*). I knew that !
The women whispered, "Not a pretty face !"
The men, "Well, well, a goodly length of
limb :

She bears the chiton." — It were all the
same

Were I the Virgin Mother and my stage
The opening heavens at the judgment day, —
Gossips would peep, jog elbows, rate the
price

Of such a woman in the social mart.

What were the drama of the world to them,
Unless they felt the hell-prong ?

LEO. Peace, now, peace !
I hate my phrases to be smothered o'er
With sauce of paraphrase, my sober tune
Made bass to rambling trebles, showering
down

In endless demisemiquavers.

ARMG. (*taking a bonbon from the table,
uplifting it before putting it into her
mouth, and turning away*). Mum !

GRAF. Yes, tell us all the glory, leave the
blame.

WALF. You first, dear Leo, — what you
saw and heard :

Then Armgart, — she must tell us what she
felt.

LEO. Well ! The first notes came clearly,
firmly forth,

And I was easy, for behind those rills
I knew there was a fountain. I could see
The house was breathing gently, heads were
still ;

Parrot opinion was struck meekly mute,
And human hearts were swelling. Armgart
stood

As if she had been new-created there
And found her voice which found a melody.
The minx ! Gluck had not written, nor I
taught :

Orpheus was Armgart, Armgart Orpheus.
Well, well, all through the *scena* I could feel
The silence tremble now, now poise itself

With added weight of feeling, till at last
Delight o'er-toppled it. The final note
Had happy drowning in the unloosed roar
That surged and ebbed and ever surged again,
Till expectation kept it pent awhile
Ere Orpheus returned. Pfui! he was
changed!

My demigod was pale, had downcast eyes
That quivered like a bride's who fain would
send

Backward the rising tear.

ARMG. (*advancing, but then turning away
as if to check her speech*). I was a bride,
As nuns are at their spousals.

LEO. Ay, my lady,
That moment will not come again: applause
May come and plenty; but the first, first
draught! [*Snaps his fingers.*

Music has sounds for it, — I know no words.
I felt it once myself when they performed
My overture to Sintram. Well, 't is strange,
We know not pain from pleasure in such joy.

ARMG. (*turning quickly*). O, pleasure
has cramped dwelling in our souls,
And when full being comes must call on pain
To lend it liberal space.

WALP. I hope the house
Kept a reserve of plaudits: I am jealous
Lest they had dulled themselves for coming
good
That should have seemed the better and the
best.

LEO. No, 't was a revel where they had
but quaffed
Their opening cup. I thank the artist's star,
His audience keeps not sober: once afire,
They flame towards climax, though his merit
hold

But fairly even.

ARMG. (*her hand on LEO's arm*). Now,
now, confess the truth:

I sang still better to the very end, —
All save the trill; I give that up to you,
To bite and growl at. Why, you said your-
self,

Each time I sang, it seemed new doors were
oped

That you might hear heaven clearer.

LEO. (*shaking his finger*). I was raving.

ARMG. I am not glad with that mean
vanity

Which knows no good beyond its appetite
Full feasting upon praise! I am only glad
Being praised for what I know is worth the
praise;

Glad of the proof that I myself have part
In what I worship! at the last applause, —
Seeming a roar of tropic winds that tossed

The handkerchiefs and many-colored flowers,
Falling like shattered rainbows all around, —
Think you I felt myself a *prima donna*?
No, but a happy spiritual star
Such as old Dante saw, wrought in a rose
Of light in Paradise, whose only self
Was consciousness of glory wide-diffused,
Music, life, power, — I moving in the midst
With a sublime necessity of good.

LEO. (*with a shrug*). I thought it was a
prima donna came
Within the side-scenes; ay, and she was
proud

To find the bouquet from the royal box
Enclosed a jewel-case, and proud to wear
A star of brilliants, quite an earthly star,
Valued by thalers. Come, my lady, own
Ambition has five senses, and a self
That gives it good warm lodging when it sinks
Plump down from ecstasy.

ARMG. Own it? why not?
Am I a sage whose words must fall like seed
Silently buried toward a far-off spring?
I sing to living men, and my effect
Is like the summer's sun, that ripens corn
Or now or never. If the world brings me

gifts,
Gold, incense, myrrh, — 't will be the need-
ful sign

That I have stirred it as the high year stirs
Before I sink to winter.

GRAF. Ecstasies
Are short — most happily! We should
but lose

Were Armgart borne too commonly and long
Out of the self that charms us. Could I
choose,

She were less apt to soar beyond the reach
Of woman's foibles, innocent vanities,
Fondness for trifles like that pretty star
Twinkling beside her cloud of ebony hair.

ARMG. (*taking out the gem and looking at
it*). This little star! I would it
were the seed

Of a whole Milky Way, if such bright shim-
mer

Were the sole speech men told their rapture
with

At Armgart's music. Shall I turn aside
From splendors which flash out the glow I
make,

And live to make, in all the chosen breasts
Of half a Continent? No, may it come,
That splendor! May the day be near when
men

Think much to let my horses draw me home,
And new lands welcome me upon their
beach,

Loving me for my fame. That is the truth
Of what I wish, nay, yearn for. Shall I lie?
Pretend to seek obscurity, — to sing
In hope of disregard? A vile pretence!
And blasphemy besides. For what is fame
But the benignant strength of One, trans-
formed

To joy of Many? Tributes, plaudits come
As necessary breathing of such joy,
And may they come to me!

GRAF. The auguries
Point clearly that way. Is it no offence
To wish the eagle's wing may find repose,
As feebler wings do, in a quiet nest?
Or has the taste of fame already turned
The Woman to a Muse . . .

LEO. (*going to the table*). Who needs no
supper?

I am her priest, ready to eat her share
Of good Walpurga's offerings.

WALP. Armgart, come.
Graf, will you sit?

GRAF. Thanks, I play truant here,
And must retrieve my self-indulged delay.
But will the Muse receive a votary
At any hour to-morrow?

ARMG. Any hour
After rehearsal, after twelve at noon.

SCENE III.

*The same salon, morning. ARMGART seated, in
her bonnet and walking-dress. The GRAF stand-
ing near her, against the piano.*

GRAF. Armgart, to many minds the first
success

Is reason for desisting. I have known
A man so various, he tried all arts,
But when in each by turns he had achieved
Just so much mastery as made men say,
"He could be king here if he would," he
threw

The lauded skill aside. He hates, said one,
The level of achieved pre-eminence,
He must be conquering still; but others
said —

ARMG. The truth, I hope: he had a
meagre soul,
Holding no depth where love could root
itself.

"Could if he would?" True greatness
ever wills, —

It breathes in wholeness like an unborn child,
And all its strength is knit with constancy.

GRAF. He used to say himself he was too
sane

To give his life away for excellence

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Which yet must stand, an ivory statuette
Wrought to perfection through long lonely
years,

Huddled in the mart of mediocrities.

He said, the very finest doing wins

The admiring only; but to leave undone,

Promise and not fulfil, like buried youth,

Wins all the envious, makes them sign your
name

As that fair Absent, blameless Possible,
Which could alone impassion them; and
thus,

Serene negation has free gift of all,

Panting achievement struggles, is denied,

Or wins to lose again. What say you,
Armgart?

Truth has rough flavors if we bite it through;
I think this sarcasm came from out its core
Of bitter irony.

ARMG. It is the truth

Mean souls select to feed upon. What then?

Their meanness is a truth, which I will spurn.

The praise I seek lives not in envious breath

Using my name to blight another's deed.

I sing for love of song and that renown

Which is the spreading act, the world-wide
share,

Of good that I was born with. Had I
failed, —

Well, that had been a truth most pitiable.

I cannot bear to think what life would be

With high hope shrunk to endurance, stunted
aims,

Like broken lances ground to eating-knives,

A self sunk down to look with level eyes

At low achievement, doomed from day to
day

To distaste of its consciousness. But I —

GRAF. Have won, not lost, in your deci-
sive throw.

And I too glory in this issue; yet,

The public verdict has no potency

To sway my judgment of what Armgart is:

My pure delight in her would be but sullied,

If it o'erflowed with mixture of men's praise.

And had she failed, I should have said,

"The pearl

Remains a pearl for me, reflects the light

With the same fitness that first charmed my
gaze, —

Is worth as fine a setting now as then."

ARMG. (*rising*). O, you are good! But
why will you rehearse

The talk of cynics, who with insect eyes

Explore the secrets of the rubbish heap?

I hate your epigrams and pointed saws

Whose narrow truth is but broad falsity.

Confess, your friend was shallow.

GRAF. I confess
Life is not rounded in an epigram,
And saying aught, we leave a world unsaid.
I quoted, merely to shape forth my thought
That high success has terrors when achieved,—
Like preternatural spouses whose dire love
Hangs perilous on slight observances:
Whence it were possible that Armgart
crowned

Might turn and listen to a pleading voice,
Though Armgart striving in the race was deaf.
You said you dared not think what life had
been

Without the stamp of eminence; have you
thought

How you will bear the poise of eminence
With dread of sliding? Paint the future out
As an unchecked and glorious career,
'T will grow more strenuous by the very love
You bear to excellence, the very fate
Of human powers, which tread at every step
On possible verges.

ARMG. I accept the peril.
I choose to walk high with sublimer dread
Rather than crawl in safety. And, besides,
I am an artist as you are a noble:
I ought to bear the burden of my rank.

GRAF. Such parallels, dear Armgart, are
but snares

To catch the mind with seeming argument—
Small baits of likeness 'mid disparity.
Men rise the higher as their task is high,
The task being well achieved. A woman's
rank

Lies in the fulness of her womanhood:
Therein alone she is royal.

ARMG. Yes, I know
The oft-taught Gospel: "Woman, thy desire
Shall be that all superlatives on earth
Belong to men, save the one highest kind,—
To be a mother. Thou shalt not desire
To do aught best save pure subservience:
Nature has willed it so!" O blessed Na-
ture!

Let her be arbitress; she gave me voice
Such as she only gives a woman child,
Best of its kind, gave me ambition too,
That sense transcendent which can taste the
joy

Of swaying multitudes, of being adored
For such achievement, needed excellence,
As man's best art must wait for, or be dumb.
Men did not say, when I had sung last night,
" 'Twas good, nay, wonderful, considering
She is a woman,"—and then turn to add,
"Tenor or baritone had sung her songs
Better, of course: she's ^{lost} a woman
spoiled."

I beg your pardon, Graf, you said it.

GRAF. No!
How should I say it, Armgart? I who own
The magic of your nature-given art
As sweetest effluence of your womanhood
Which, being to my choice the best, must
find

The best of utterance. But this I say:
Your fervid youth beguiles you; you mis-
take

A strain of lyric passion for a life
Which in the spending is a chronicle
With ugly pages. Trust me, Armgart, trust
me:

Ambition exquisite as yours which soars
Toward something quintessential you call
fame,

Is not robust enough for this gross world
Whose fame is dense with false and foolish
breath.

Ardor, atwined with nice refining thought,
Prepares a double pain. Pain had been
saved,

Nay, purer glory reached, had you been
throned

As woman only, holding all your art
As attribute to that dear sovereignty,—
Concentrating your power in home delights
Which penetrate and purify the world.

ARMG. What, leave the opera with my
part ill-sung
While I was warbling in a drawing-room?
Sing in the chimney-corner to inspire
My husband reading news? Let the world
hear

My music only in his morning speech
Less stammering than most honorable men's?
No! tell me that my song is poor, my art
The piteous feat of weakness aping strength,—
That were fit proem to your argument.
Till then, I am an artist by my birth,—
By the same warrant that I am a woman:
Nay, in the added rarer gift I see
Supreme vocation: if a conflict comes
Perish,—no, not the woman, but the joys
Which men make narrow by their narrow-
ness.

O I am happy! The great masters write
For women's voices, and great Music wants
me!

I need not crush myself within a mould
Of theory called Nature: I have room
To breathe and grow unstunted.

GRAF. Armgart, hear me.
I meant not that our talk should hurry on
To such collision. Foresight of the ills
Thick shadowing your path, drew on my
speech

Beyond intention. True, I came to ask
A great renunciation, but not this
Towards which my words at first perversely
strayed,

As if in memory of their earlier suit,
Forgetful
Armigart, do you remember too? the suit
Had but postponement, was not quite dis-
dained, —

Was told to wait and learn — what it has
learned —

A more submissive speech.

ARMG. (*with some agitation*). Then it for-
got

Its lesson cruelly. As I remember,
'T was not to speak save to the artist crowned,
Nor speak to her of casting off her crown.

GRAF. Nor will it, Armigart. I come
not to seek

Other renunciation than the wife's,
Which turns away from other possible love
Future and worthier, to take his love

Who asks the name of husband. He who
sought

Armigart obscure, and heard her answer,
"Wait," —

May come without suspicion now to seek
Armigart applauded.

ARMG. (*turning towards him*). Yes,
without suspicion

Of aught save what consists with faithful-
ness

In all expressed intent. Forgive me, Graf, —
I am ungrateful to no soul that loves me, —
To you most grateful. Yet the best intent
Grasps but a living present which may grow
Like any unfledged bird. You are a noble,
And have a high career; but now you said
'T was higher far than aught a woman seeks
Beyond mere womanhood. You claim to be
More than a husband, but could not rejoice
That I were more than wife. What follows,
then?

You choosing me with such persistency
As is but stretched-out rashness, soon must
find

Our marriage asks concessions, asks resolve
To share renunciation or demand it.

Either we both renounce a mutual ease,
As in a nation's need both man and wife
Do public services, or one of us

Must yield that something else for which
each lives

Besides the other. Men are reasoners:
That premise of superior claims perforce
Urges conclusion, — "Armigart, it is you."

GRAF. But if I say I have considered this
With strict prevision, counted all the cost

Which that great good of loving you de-
mands —

Questioned my stores of patience, half re-
solved

To live resigned without a bliss whose threat
Touched you as well as me, — then finally,
With impetus of undivided will

Returned to say, "You shall be free as now;
Only accept the refuge, shelter, guard,
My love will give your freedom," — then
your words

Are hard accusal.

ARMG. Well, I accuse myself.

My love would be accomplice of your will.

GRAF. Again, — my will?

ARMG. O, your unspoken will.

Your silent tolerance would torture me,
And on that rack I should deny the good
I yet believed in.

GRAF. Then I am the man
Whom you would love?

ARMG. Whom I refuse to love!

No, I will live alone and pour my pain

With passion into music, where it turns

To what is best within my better self.

I will not take for husband one who deems

The thing my soul acknowledges as good, —

The thing I hold worth striving, suffering for,

To be a thing dispensed with easily,

Or else the idol of a mind infirm.

GRAF. Armigart, you are ungenerous; you
strain

My thought beyond its mark. Our difference

Lies not so deep as love, — as union

Through a mysterious fitness that transcends

Formal agreement.

ARMG. It lies deep enough

To chafe the union. If many a man

Refrains, degraded, from the utmost right,

Because the pleadings of his wife's small fears

Are little serpents biting at his heel, —

How shall a woman keep her steadfastness

Beneath a frost within her husband's eyes

Where coldness scorches? Graf, it is your

SORROW

That you love Armigart. Nay, it is her sor-
row

That she may not love you.

GRAF. Woman, it seems

Has enviable power to love or not

According to her will.

ARMG.

She has the will —

I have — who am one woman — not to take

Disloyal pledges that divide her will.

The man who marries me must wed my art, —

Honor and cherish it, not tolerate.

GRAF. The man is yet to come whose
theory

Will weigh as naught with you against his love.

ARMG. Whose theory will plead beside his love.

GRAF. Himself a singer, then? who knows no life

Out of the opera-books, where tenor parts are found to suit him?

ARMG. You are bitter, Graf.

Forgive me; seek the woman you deserve, All grace, all goodness, who has not yet found A meaning in her life, or any end

Beyond fulfilling yours. The type abounds.

GRAF. And happily, for the world.

ARMG. Yes, happily.

Let it excuse me that my kind is rare: Commonness is its own security.

GRAF. Armgarth, I would with all my soul I knew

The man so rare that he could make your life

As woman sweet to you, as artist safe.

ARMG. O, I can live unmated, but not live Without the bliss of singing to the world, And feeling all my world respond to me.

GRAF. May it be lasting. Then, we two must part?

ARMG. I thank you from my heart for all. Farewell!

SCENE IV. — *A Year later.*

The same salon. WALPURGA is standing looking towards the window with an air of uneasiness. DOCTOR GRAHN.

DOCT. Where is my patient, Fräulein?

WALP. Fled! escaped!

Gone to rehearsal. Is it dangerous?

DOCT. No, no; her throat is cured. I only came

To hear her try her voice. Had she yet sung?

WALP. No; she had meant to wait for you. She said,

"The Doctor has a right to my first song." Her gratitude was full of little plans, But all were swept away like gathered flowers By sudden storm. She saw this opera bill, — It was a wasp to sting her: she turned pale, Snatched up her hat and mufflers, said in haste,

"I go to Leo — to rehearsal — none Shall sing Fidelio to-night but me!" Then rushed down stairs.

DOCT. (*looking at his watch*). And this, not long ago?

WALP. Barely an hour.

DOCT. I will again

Returning from Charlottenburg at one.

WALP. Doctor, I feel a strange presentiment.

Are you quite easy?

DOCT. She can take no harm.

'T was time for her to sing: her throat is well.

It was a fierce attack, and dangerous;

I had to use strong remedies, but — well!

At one, dear Fräulein, we shall meet again.

SCENE V. — *Two Hours later.*

WALPURGA starts up, looking towards the door. ARMGARTH enters, followed by LEO. She throws herself on a chair which stands with its back towards the door, speechless, not seeming to see anything. WALPURGA casts a questioning, terrified look at LEO. He shrugs his shoulders, and lifts up his hands behind ARMGARTH, who sits like a helpless image, while WALPURGA takes off her hat and mantle.

WALP. Armgarth, dear Armgarth (*knocking and taking her hands*), only speak to me,

Your poor Walpurga. O, your hands are cold.

Clasp mine, and warm them! I will kiss them warm.

ARMGARTH looks at her an instant, then draws away her hands, and, turning aside, buries her face against the back of the chair, WALPURGA rising and standing near. DOCTOR GRAHN enters.

DOCT. News! stirring news to-day! wonders come thick.

ARMG. (*starting at the first sound of his voice, and speaking vehemently*). Yes, thick, thick, thick! and you have murdered it!

Murdered my voice, — poisoned the soul in me,

And kept me living.

You never told me that your cruel cures

Were clogging films, — a mouldy, dead'ning blight, —

A lava-mud to crust and bury me,

Yet hold me living in a deep, deep tomb,

Crying unheard forever! O your cures

Are devils' triumphs; you can rob, maim, slay,

And keep a hell on the other side your cure

Where you can see your victim quivering

Between the teeth of torture, — see a soul

Made keen by loss, — all anguish with a good

Once known and gone (*turns and sinks back on her chair*)!

O misery, misery!

You might have killed me, might have let me sleep

After my happy day and wake, — not here!

In some new unremembered world, — not here,

Where all is faded, flat — a feast broke off —
Banners all meaningless — exulting words,
Dull, dull — a drum that lingers in the air
Beating to melody which no man hears.

DOCT. (*after a moment's silence*). A sudden check has shaken you, poor child !
All things seem livid, tottering to your sense,
From inward tumult. Stricken by a threat
You see your terrors only. Tell me, Leo :
'T is not such utter loss. (LEO, *with a shrug*,
goes quietly out).

The freshest bloom
Merely, has left the fruit ; the fruit itself. . . .

ARMG. Is ruined, withered, is a thing to hide

Away from scorn or pity. O, you stand
And look compassionate now, but when
Death came

With mercy in his hands, you hindered him.
I did not choose to live and have your pity.
You never told me, never gave me choice
To die a singer, lightning-struck, unmaimed,
Or live what you would make me with your
cures, —

A self accursed with consciousness of change,
A mind that lives in naught but members
lopped,

A power turned to pain, — as meaningless
As letters fallen asunder that once made
A hymn of rapture. O, I had meaning once,
Like day and sweetest air ! What am I now ?
The millionth woman in superfluous herds.

Why should I be, do, think ? 'T is thistle
seed,

That grows and grows to feed the rubbish-
heap.

Leave me alone !

DOCT. Well, I will come again ;
Send for me when you will, though but to
rate me.

That is medicinal, — a letting blood.

ARMG. O, there is one physician, only
one,

Who cures and never spoils. Him I shall
send for.

He comes readily.

DOCT. (*to WALPURGA*). One word, dear
Fräulein.

SCENE VI. — ARMGART, WALPURGA.

ARMG. Walpurga, have you walked this
morning ?

WALP. No.

ARMG. Go, then, and walk ; I wish to be
alone.

WALP. I will not leave you.

ARMG. Will not, at my wish ?

WALP. Will not, because you wish it.

Say no more,

But take this draught.

ARMG. The Doctor gave it you ?

It is an anodyne. Put it away.

He cured me of my voice, and now he wants

To cure me of my vision and resolve, —

Drug me to sleep that I may wake again

Without a purpose, abject as the rest

To bear the yoke of life. He shall not
cheat me

Of that fresh strength which anguish gives
the soul,

The inspiration of revolt, ere rage

Slackens to faltering. Now I see the truth.

WALP. (*setting down the glass*). Then you
must see a future in your reach,

With happiness enough to make a dower

For two of modest claims.

ARMG. O, you intone

That chant of consolation wherewith ease

Makes itself easier in the sight of pain.

WALP. No ; I would not console you,
but rebuke.

ARMG. That is more bearable. Forgive
me, dear.

Say what you will. But now I want to
write.

(*She rises and moves towards a table.*)

WALP. I say then, you are simply fe-
vered, mad ;

You cry aloud at horrors that would vanish
If you would change the light, throw into
shade

The loss you aggrandize, and let day fall
On good remaining, nay, on good refused

Which may be gain now. Did you not reject

A woman's lot more brilliant, as some held,

Than any singer's ? It may still be yours.

Graf Dornberg loved you well.

ARMG. Not me, not me.

He loved one well who was like me in all

Save in a voice which made that All unlike

As diamond is to charcoal. O, a man's love !

Think you he loves a woman's inner self

Aching with loss of loveliness ? — as mothers

Cleave to the palpitating pain that dwells

Within their misformed offspring ?

WALP. But the Graf

Chose you as simple Armgart, — had pre-
ferred

That you should never seek for any fame

But such as matrons have who rear great
sons.

And therefore you rejected him ; but now —

ARMG. Ay, now, — now he would see me
as I am (*she takes up a hand-mirror*),
Russet and songless as a missel-thrush.
An ordinary girl, — a plain, brown girl,
Who, if some meaning flash from out her
words,

Shocks as a disproportioned thing, — a Will,
That like an arm astretch and broken off
Has naught to hurl, — the torso of a soul.
I sang him into love of me : my song
Was consecration, lifted me apart
From the crowd chiselled like me, sister
forms,

But empty of divineness. Nay, my charm
Was half that I could win fame, yet renounce !
A wife with glory possible absorbed
Into her husband's actual.

WALP. For shame !
Armgar, you slander him. What would
you say

If now he came to you and asked again,
That you would be his wife ?

ARMG. No, and thrice no !
It would be pitying constancy, not love,
That brought him to me now. I will not be
a pensioner in marriage. Sacraments
Are not to feed the paupers of the world.
If he were generous, — I am generous too.

WALP. Proud, Armgar, but not generous.
Say no more.

ARMG. He will not know until —

WALP. He knows already.

ARMG. (*quickly*). Is he come back ?

WALP. Yes, and will soon be here.
The Doctor had twice seen him and would go
From hence again to see him.

ARMG. Well, he knows.
It is all one.

WALP. What if he were outside ?

I hear a footstep in the anteroom.

ARMG. (*raising herself and assuming
calmness.*) Why let him come, of
course. I shall behave

Like what I am, a common personage
Who looks for nothing but civility.

I shall not play the fallen heroine,
Assume a tragic part and throw out cues
For a beseeching lover.

WALP. Some one raps.
(*Goes to the door.*) A letter — from
the Graf.

ARMG. Then open it.
(*WALPURGA still offers it.*) Nay, my head
swims. Read it. I cannot see.

WALPURGA *opens it, reads, and pauses.*

Read it. Have done ! No matter what it is.

WALP. (*reads in a low, hesitating voice.*)

"I am deeply moved — my heart is rent,

to hear of your illness and its cruel result,
just now communicated to me by Dr. Grahn.
But surely it is possible that this result may
not be permanent. For youth such as yours,
Time may hold in store something more
than resignation : who shall say that it does
not hold renewal ? I have not dared to ask
admission to you in the hours of a recent
shock, but I cannot depart on a long mis-
sion without tendering my sympathy and my
farewell. I start this evening for the Cau-
casus, and thence I proceed to India, where
I am intrusted by the Government with
business which may be of long duration."

WALPURGA *sits down dejectedly.*

ARMG. (*after a slight shudder, bitterly.*)

The Graf has much discretion. I am
glad.

He spares us both a pain, not seeing me.
What I like least is that consoling hope, —
That empty cup, so neatly ciphered "Time,"
Handed me as a cordial for despair.

(*Slowly and dreamily.*) Time, — what a word
to fling as charity !

Bland neutral word for slow, dull-beating
pain, —

Days, months, and years ! — if I would wait
for them !

*She takes up her hat and puts it on, then wraps her
mantle round her. WALPURGA leaves the room.*

Why, this is but beginning. (WALP. *re-
enters.*) Kiss me, dear.

I am going now — alone — out — for a walk.
Say you will never wound me any more
With such cajolery as nurses use
To patients amorous of a crippled life.
Flatter the blind : I see.

WALP. Well, I was wrong.
In haste to soothe, I snatched at flickers
merely.

Believe me, I will flatter you no more.

ARMG. Bear witness, I am calm. I read
my lot

As soberly as if it were a tale
Writ by a creeping feuilletonist and called
"The Woman's Lot : a Tale of everyday" :
A middling woman's, to impress the world
With high superfluosity ; her thoughts a
crop

Of chickweed errors or of potherb facts,
Smiled at like somechild's drawing on a slate.
"Gentle ?" "O yes, gives lessons ; not
so good

As any man's would be, but cheaper far."
"Pretty ?" "No ; yet she makes a figure fit
For good society. Poor thing, she sews
Both late and early, turns and alters all
To suit the changing mode. Some widower

Might do well, marrying her ; but in these days !

Well, she can somewhat eke her narrow gains
By writing, just to furnish her with gloves
And droschicks in the rain. They print her things

Often for charity." — O, a dog's life !

A harnessed dog's, that draws a little cart
Voted a nuisance ! I am going now.

WALP. Not now, the door is locked.

ARMG. Give me the key !

WALP. Locked on the outside. Gretchen has the key :

She is gone on errands.

ARMG. What, you dare to keep me
Your prisoner ?

WALP. And have I not been yours ?
Your wish has been a bolt to keep me in.
Perhaps that middling woman whom you paint

With far-off scorn

ARMG. I paint what I must be !
What is my soul to me without the voice
That gave it freedom ? — gave it one grand touch

And made it nobly human ? — Prisoned now,
Prisoned in all the pretty mimicries
Called woman's knowledge, that will fit the world

As doll-clothes fit a man. I can do naught
Better than what a million women do, —
Must drudge among the crowd and feel my life

Beating upon the world without response,
Beating with passion through an insect's horn

That moves a millet-seed laboriously.

If I would do it !

WALP. (*coldly*). And why should you not ?

ARMG. (*turning quickly*). Because Heaven made me royal, — wrought me out
With subtle finish towards pre-eminence,
Made every channel of my soul converge
To one high function, and then flung me down,

That breaking I might turn to subtlest pain.
An inborn passion gives a rebel's right :

I would rebel and die in twenty worlds
Sooner than bear the yoke of thwarted life,
Each keenest sense turned into keen distaste,
Hunger not satisfied but kept alive
Breathing in languor half a century.
All the world now is but a rack of threads
To twist and dwarf me into pettiness
And basely feigned content, the placid mask
Of women's misery.

WALP. (*indignantly*). Ay, such a mask
As the few born like you to easy joy,

Cradled in privilege, take for natural
On all the lowly faces that must look

Upward to you ! What revelation now
Shows you the mask or gives presentiment
Of sadness hidden ? You who every day
These five years saw me limp to wait on you,
And thought the order perfect which gave me,
The girl without pretension to be aught,
A splendid cousin for my happiness :

To watch the night through when her brain
was fired

With too much gladness, — listen, always listen

To what *she* felt, who having power had right
To feel exorbitantly, and submerge
The souls around her with the poured-out flood

Of what must be ere she were satisfied !
That was feigned patience, was it ? Why not love,

Love nurtured even with that strength of self
Which found no room save in another's life ?
O such as I know joy by negatives,
And all their deepest passion is a pang
Till they accept their pauper's heritage,
And meekly live from out the general store
Of joy they were born stripped of. I accept, —

Nay, now would sooner choose it than the wealth

Of natures you call royal, who can live
In mere mock knowledge of their fellows' woe,

Thinking their smiles may heal it.

ARMG. (*tremulously*). Nay, Walpurga,
I did not make a palace of my joy
To shut the world's truth from me. All my good

Was that I touched the world and made a part

In the world's dower of beauty, strength, and bliss ;

It was the glimpse of consciousness divine
Which pours out day and sees the day is good.

Now I am fallen dark ; I sit in gloom,
Remembering bitterly. Yet you speak truth ;
I wearied you, it seems ; took all your help
As cushioned nobles use a weary serf,
Not looking at his face.

WALP. O, I but stand
As a small symbol for a mighty sum, —
The sum of claims unpaid for myriad lives ;
I think you never set your loss beside
That mighty deficit. Is your work gone, —
The prouder queenly work that paid itself
And yet was overpaid with men's applause ?
Are you no longer chartered, privileged,

But sunk to simple woman's penury,
To ruthless Nature's chary average —
Where is the rebel's right for you alone?
Noble rebellion lifts a common load;
But what is he who flings his own load off
And leaves his fellows toiling? Rebel's
right?

Say rather, the deserter's. O, you smiled
From your clear height on all the million lots
Which yet you brand as abject.

ARMG. I was blind
With too much happiness: true vision comes
Only, it seems, with sorrow. Were there
one

This moment near me, suffering what I feel,
And needing me for comfort in her pang, —
Then it were worth the while to live; not else.

WALP. One — near you — why, they
throng! you hardly stir

But your act touches them. We touch afar.
For did not swarthy slaves of yesterday
Leap in their bondage at the Hebrews' flight,
Which touched them through the thrice mil-
lennial dark?

But you can find the sufferer you need
With touch less subtle.

ARMG. Who has need of me?

WALP. Love finds the need it fills. But
you are hard.

ARMG. Is it not you, Walpurga, who are
hard?

You humored all my wishes till to-day;
When fate has blighted me.

WALP. You would not hear
The "chant of consolation": words of hope
Only embittered you. Then hear the truth, —
A lame girl's truth, whom no one ever praised
For being cheerful. "It is well," they said:
"Were she cross-grained she would not be
endured."

A word of truth from her had startled you;
But you, — you claimed the universe; naught
less

Than all existence working in sure tracks
Towards your supremacy. The wheels
might scathe

A myriad destinies, — nay, must perforce;
But yours they must keep clear of; just for
you

The seething atoms through the firmament
Must bear a human heart, — which you had
not!

For what is it to you, that women, men,
Plod, faint, are weary, and espouse despair
Of aught but fellowship? Save that you
spurn

To be among them? Now, then, you are
lame, —

Maimed, as you said, and levelled with the
crowd:

Call it new birth, — birth from that mon-
strous Self

Which, smiling down upon a race oppressed,
Says, "All is good, for I am throned at
ease."

Dear Armgart, — nay, you tremble, — I am
cruel.

ARMG. O no! hark! Some one knocks.
Come in!

Enter LEO.

LEO. See, Gretchen let me in. I could
not rest

Longer away from you.

ARMG. Sit down, dear Leo.
Walpurga, I would speak with him alone.

(WALPURGA goes out.)

LEO. *(hesitatingly).* You mean to walk?

ARMG. No, I shall stay within.
*She takes off her hat and mantle, and sits down
immediately. After a pause, speaking in a sub-
dued tone, to LEO.*

How old are you?

LEO. Threescore and five.

ARMG. That's old.
I never thought till now how you have lived.
They hardly ever play your music?

LEO. *(raising his eyebrows and throwing
out his lip).* No!

Schubert too wrote for silence: half his work
Lay like frozen Rhine till summers came
That warmed the grass above him. Even
so!

His music lives now with a mighty youth.

ARMG. Do you think yours will live when
you are dead?

LEO. Pfui! The time was, I drank that
home-brewed wine

And found it heady, while my blood was
young:

Now it scarce warms me. Tipple it as I may,
I am sober still, and say: "My old friend
Leo,

Much grain is wasted in the world and rots;
Why not thy handful?"

ARMG. Strange! since I have known you
Till now I never wondered how you lived.
When I sang well, — that was your jubilee.
But you were old already.

LEO. Yes, child, yes:
Youth thinks itself the goal of each old life;
Age has but travelled from a far-off time
Just to be ready for youth's service. Well!
It was my chief delight to perfect you.

ARMG. Good Leo! You have lived on
little joys.
But your delight in me is crushed forever.

Your pains, where are they now? They
shaped intent
Which action frustrates; shaped an inward
sense
Which is but keen despair, the agony
Of highest vision in the lowest pit.

LEO. Nay, nay, I have a thought: keep
to the stage,

To drama without song; for you can act,—
Who knows how well, when all the soul is
poured

Into that sluice alone?

ARMG. I know, and you:

The second or third best in tragedies
That cease to touch the fibre of the time.
No; song is gone, but nature's other gift,
Self-judgment, is not gone. Song was my
speech,

And with its impulse only, action came:
Song was the battle's onset, when cool
purpose

Glowed into rage, becomes a warring god
And moves the limbs with miracle. But
now —

O, I should stand hemmed in with thoughts
and rules —

Say, "This way passion acts," yet never feel
The might of passion. How should I de-
claim?

As monsters write with feet instead of hands.
I will not feed on doing great tasks ill,
Dull the world's sense with mediocrity,
And live by trash that smothers excellence.
One gift I had that ranked me with the
best —

The secret of my frame — and that is gone.
For all life now I am a broken thing.
But silence there! Leo, advise me now.
I would take humble work and do it well,—

Teach music, singing, what I can,—not here,
But in some smaller town where I may bring
The method you have taught me, pass your
gift

To others who can use it for delight.

You think I can do that?

(*She pauses with a sob in her voice.*)

LEO. Yes, yes, dear child!

And it were well, perhaps, to change the
place,

Begin afresh as I did when I left

Vienna with a heart half broken.

ARMG. (*roused by surprise.*) You?

LEO. Well, it is long ago. But I had
lost —

No matter! We must bury our dead joys
And live above them with a living world.
But whither, think you, you would like
to go?

ARMG. To Freiburg.

LEO. In the Breisgau? And why there?
It is too small.

ARMG. Walpurga was born there,
And loves the place. She quitted it for me
These five years past. Now I will take her
there.

Dear Leo, I will bury my dead joy.

LEO. Mothers do so, bereaved; then learn
to love

Another's living child.

ARMG. O, it is hard

To take the little corpse, and lay it low,
And say, "None misses it but me."—She
sings —

I mean Paulina sings Fidelio,

And they will welcome her to-night.

LEO. Well, well,
'T is better that our griefs should not spread
far.

George Eliot.

OUR WHISPERING GALLERY.

VII.

SHALL we go on with the reading of Dickens's letters to his friend Felton? How can we better employ this odorous summer morning, when everything cheerful and healthy seems abroad? When I think of this man, and all the lasting good and abounding pleasure he has brought into the world, I wonder at the Superstition that dares to arraign him. A sound philosopher once said: "He that thinks any innocent pastime foolish has either to grow wiser, or is past the ability to do so"; and I have always counted it an impudent fiction that playfulness is inconsistent with greatness. Many men and women have died of Dignity, but the disease which sent them to the tomb was not contracted from Charles Dickens. Not long ago, I met in the street a bleak old character, full of dogmatism, egotism, and rheumatism, who complained that Dickens had "too much exuberant sociality" in his books for *him*, and he wondered how any one could get through *Pickwick*. My solemn friend evidently preferred the dropping-down-deadness of manner which he had been accustomed to find in Hervey's "Meditations," and other kindred authors, where it always seems to be urged that life would be endurable but for its pleasures. A person once commended to my acquaintance an individual whom he described as "a fine, pompous, gentlemanly man," and I thought it prudent, under the circumstances, affectionately to decline the proffered introduction.

But let us proceed with those outbursts of bright-heartedness vouchsafed to us in Dickens's letters. To me these epistles are good as fresh "Uncommercial," or unpublished "Sketches by Boz," and I am sure the perusal of them will not harm any serious-minded person.

1 DEVONSHIRE TERRACE, YORK GATE,
REGENT'S PARK, LONDON, 1st September, 1842.

MY DEAR FELTON: Of course that letter in the papers was as foul a forgery as ever felon swung for. . . . I have not contradicted it publicly, nor shall I. When I tilt at such wringings out of the dirtiest mortality, I shall be another man,—indeed, almost the creature they would make me.

I gave your message to Forster, who sends a despatch-box full of kind remembrances in return. He is in a great state of delight with the first volume of my American book (which I have just finished), and swears loudly by it. It is *True*, and Honorable I know, and I shall hope to send it you, complete, by the first steamer in November.

Your description of the porter and the carpet-bags prepares me for a first-rate facetious novel, brimful of the richest humor, on which I have no doubt you are engaged. What is it called? Sometimes I imagine the title-page thus:—

OYSTERS
IN
EVERY STYLE
OR
OPENINGS
OF
LIFE
BY
YOUNG DANDO.

As to the man putting the luggage on his head, as a sort of sign, I adopt it from this hour.

I date this from London, where I have come, as a good, profligate, graceless bachelor, for a day or two; leaving my wife and babbies at the seaside. . . . Heavens! if you were but here at this minute! A piece of salmon and a steak are cooking in the kitchen; it's

a very wet day, and I have had a fire lighted; the wine sparkles on a side-table; the room looks the more snug from being the only undismantled one in the house; plates are warming for Forster and MacLise, whose knock I am momentarily expecting; that groom I told you of, who never comes into the house, except when we are all out of town, is walking about in his shirt-sleeves without the smallest consciousness of impropriety; a great mound of proofs are waiting to be read aloud, after dinner. With what a shout I would clap you down into the easiest chair, my genial Felton, if you could but appear, and order you a pair of slippers instantly!

Since I have written this, the aforesaid groom — a very small man (as the fashion is) with fiery red hair (as the fashion is *not*) — has looked very hard at me and fluttered about me at the same time, like a giant butterfly. After a pause, he says, in a Sam Wellerish kind of way: "I vent to the club this mornin', sir. There vorn't no letters, sir." "Very good, Topping." "How's missis, sir?" "Pretty well, Topping." "Glad to hear it, sir. *My* missis ain't very well, sir." "No!" "No, sir, she's a goin', sir, to have a hincrase very soon, and it makes her rather nervous, sir; and ven a young voman gets at all down at sich a time, sir, she goes down very deep, sir." To this sentiment, I reply affirmatively, and then he adds, as he stirs the fire (as if he were thinking out loud), "Wot a mystery it is! Wot a go is natur'!" With which scrap of philosophy he gradually gets nearer to the door, and so fades out of the room.

This same man asked me one day, soon after I came home, what Sir John Wilson was. This is a friend of mine, who took our house and servants, and everything as it stood, during our absence in America. I told him an officer. "A wot, sir?" "An officer." And then, for fear he should think I meant a police officer, I added, "An officer in the army." "I beg your pardon, sir," he said, touching his hat,

"but the club as I always drove him to wos the United Servants."

The real name of this club is the United Service, but I have no doubt he thought it was a high-life-below-stairs kind of resort, and that this gentleman was a retired butler or super-annuated footman.

There's the knock, and the Great Western sails, or steams rather, to-morrow. Write soon again, dear Felton, and ever believe me, . . .

Your affectionate friend,

CHARLES DICKENS.

P. S. All good angels prosper Dr. Howe. He, at least, will not like me the less, I hope, for what I shall say of Laura.

You have not forgotten, Jack, that memorable account of Laura Bridgeman in the "American Notes." Refresh your recollection of it by reading those pages again, when you have leisure, for it is a record worthy of Dickens in every particular.

LONDON, 1 DEVONSHIRE TERRACE, YORK GATE,
REGENT'S PARK, 31st December, 1842.

MY DEAR FELTON: Many and many happy New Years to you and yours! As many happy children as may be quite convenient (no more!) and as many happy meetings between them and our children, and between you and us, as the kind fates in their utmost kindness shall favorably decree!

The American book (to begin with that) has been a most complete and thoroughgoing success. Four large editions have now been sold *and paid for*, and it has won golden opinions from all sorts of men, except our friend in F—, who is a miserable creature; a disappointed man in great poverty, to whom I have ever been most kind and considerate (I need scarcely say that); and another friend in B—, no less a person than an illustrious gentleman named —, who wrote a story called —. They have done no harm, and have fallen short of their mark, which, of course, was to annoy

me. Now I am perfectly free from any diseased curiosity in such respects, and whenever I hear of a notice of this kind, I never read it; whereby I always conceive (don't you?) that I get the victory. With regard to your slave-owners, they may cry, till they are as black in the face as their own slaves, that Dickens lies. Dickens does not write for their satisfaction, and Dickens will not explain for their comfort. Dickens has the name and date of every newspaper in which every one of those advertisements appeared, as they know perfectly well; but Dickens does not choose to give them, and will not at any time between this and the day of judgment. . . .

I have been hard at work on my new book, of which the first number has just appeared. The Paul Joneses who pursue happiness and profit at other men's cost will no doubt enable you to read it, almost as soon as you receive this. I hope you will like it. And I particularly commend, my dear Felton, one Mr. Pecksniff and his daughters to your tender regards. I have a kind of liking for them myself.

Blessed star of morning, such a trip as we had into Cornwall, just after Longfellow went away! The "we" means Forster, Maclise, Stanfield (the renowned marine painter), and the Inimitable Boz. We went down into Devonshire by the railroad, and there we hired an open carriage from an inn-keeper, patriotic in all Pickwick matters, and went on with post-horses. Sometimes we travelled all night, sometimes all day, sometimes both. I kept the joint-stock purse, ordered all the dinners, paid all the turnpikes, conducted facetious conversations with the post-boys, and regulated the pace at which we travelled. Stanfield (an old sailor) consulted an enormous map on all disputed points of wayfaring; and referred, moreover, to a pocket-compass and other scientific instruments. The luggage was in Forster's department; and Maclise, having nothing particular to do, sang songs. Heavens! If you could have seen the necks

of bottles — distracting in their immense varieties of shape — peering out of the carriage pockets! If you could have witnessed the deep devotion of the post-boys, the wild attachment of the hostlers, the maniac glee of the waiters. If you could have followed us into the earthy old churches we visited, and into the strange caverns on the gloomy sea-shore, and down into the depths of mines, and up to the tops of giddy heights where the unspeakably green water was roaring, I don't know how many hundred feet below! If you could have seen but one gleam of the bright fires by which we sat in the big rooms of ancient inns at night, until long after the small hours had come and gone, or smelt but one steam of the HOT punch (not white, dear Felton, like that amazing compound I sent you a taste of, but a rich, genial, glowing brown) which came in every evening in a huge broad china bowl! I never laughed in my life as I did on this journey. It would have done you good to hear me. I was choking and gasping and bursting the buckle off the back of my stock, all the way. And Stanfield (who is very much of your figure and temperament, but fifteen years older) got into such apoplectic entanglements that we were often obliged to beat him on the back with portmanteaus before we could recover him. Seriously, I do believe there never was such a trip. And they made such sketches, those two men, in the most romantic of our halting-places, that you would have sworn we had the Spirit of Beauty with us, as well as the Spirit of Fun. But stop till you come to England, — I say no more.

The actuary of the national debt could n't calculate the number of children who are coming here on Twelfth Night, in honor of Charley's birthday, for which occasion I have provided a magic-lantern and divers other tremendous engines of that nature. But the best of it is that Forster and I have purchased between us the entire stock in trade of a conjurer, the practice and display whereof is intrusted to me.

And O my dear eyes, Felton, if you could see me conjuring the company's watches into impossible tea-caddies, and causing pieces of money to fly, and burning pocket-handkerchiefs without hurting 'em, and practising in my own room, without anybody to admire, you would never forget it as long as you live. In those tricks which require a confederate I am assisted (by reason of his imperturbable good-humor) by Stanfield, who always does his part exactly the wrong way, to the unspeakable delight of all beholders. We come out on a small scale, to-night, at Forster's, where we see the old year out and the new one in. Particulars of which shall be forwarded in my next.

I have quite made up my mind that F— really believes he *does* know you personally, and has all his life. He talks to me about you with such gravity that I am afraid to grin, and feel it necessary to look quite serious. Sometimes he *tells* me things about you, — does n't ask me, you know, — so that I am occasionally perplexed beyond all telling, and begin to think it was he, and not I, who went to America. It's the queerest thing in the world.

The book I was to have given Long-fellow for you is not worth sending by itself, being only a Barnaby. But I will look up some manuscript for you (I think I have that of the American Notes complete), and will try to make the parcel better worth its long conveyance. With regard to Maclise's pictures, you certainly are quite right in your impression of them; but he is "such a discursive devil" (as he says about himself), and flies off at such odd tangents, that I feel it difficult to convey to you any general notion of his purpose. I will try to do so when I write again. I want very much to know about — and that charming girl. . . . Give me full particulars. Will you remember me cordially to Sumner, and say I thank him for his welcome letter? The like to Hillard, with many regards to himself and his wife, with whom I had one night a little conver-

sation which I shall not readily forget. The like to Washington Allston, and all friends who care for me and have outlived my book. . . . Always, my dear Felton,

With true regard and affection, yours,
CHARLES DICKENS.

Here is a letter that seems to me something tremendous in its fun and pathos: —

1 DEVONSHIRE TERRACE, YORK GATE,
REGENT'S PARK, LONDON, 2d March, 1843.

MY DEAR FELTON: I don't know where to begin, but plunge headlong with a terrible splash into this letter, on the chance of turning up somewhere.

Hurrah! Up like a cork again, with the "North American Review" in my hand. Like you, my dear Felton, and I can say no more in praise of it, though I go on to the end of the sheet. You cannot think how much notice it has attracted here. Brougham called the other day, with the number (thinking I might not have seen it), and I being out at the time, he left a note, speaking of it, and of the writer, in terms that warmed my heart. Lord Ashburton (one of whose people wrote a notice in the "Edinburgh," which they have since publicly contradicted) also wrote to me about it in just the same strain. And many others have done the like.

I am in great health and spirits and powdering away at Chuzzlewit, with all manner of facetiousness rising up before me as I go on. As to news, I have really none, saving that — (who never took any exercise in his life) has been laid up with rheumatism for weeks past, but is now, I hope, getting better. My little captain, as I call him, — he who took me out, I mean, and with whom I had that adventure of the cork soles, — has been in London too, and seeing all the lions under my escort. Good heavens! I wish you could have seen certain other mahogany-faced men (also captains) who used to call here for him in the morning, and bear him off to docks and rivers and all sorts

of queer places, whence he always returned late at night, with rum-and-water tear-drops in his eyes, and a complication of punchy smells in his mouth! He was better than a comedy to us, having marvellous ways of tying his pocket-handkerchief round his neck at dinner-time in a kind of jolly embarrassment, and then forgetting what he had done with it; also of singing songs to wrong tunes, and calling land objects by sea names, and never knowing what o'clock it was, but taking midnight for seven in the evening; with many other sailor oddities, all full of honesty, manliness, and good temper. We took him to Drury Lane Theatre to see *Much Ado about Nothing*. But I never could find out what he meant by turning round, after he had watched the first two scenes with great attention, and inquiring "whether it was a Polish piece." . . .

On the 4th of April I am going to preside at a public dinner for the benefit of the printers; and if you were a guest at that table, would n't I smite you on the shoulder, harder than ever I rapped the well-beloved back of Washington Irving at the City Hotel in New York!

You were asking me — I love to say asking, as if we could talk together — about Maclise. He is such a discursive fellow, and so eccentric in his might, that on a mental review of his pictures I can hardly tell you of them as leading to any one strong purpose. But the annual Exhibition of the Royal Academy comes off in May, and then I will endeavor to give you some notion of him. He is a tremendous creature, and might do anything. But, like all tremendous creatures, he takes his own way, and flies off at unexpected breaches in the conventional wall.

You know H——'s Book, I daresay. Ah! I saw a scene of mingled comicality and seriousness at his funeral some weeks ago, which has choked me at dinner-time ever since. C—— and I went as mourners; and as H—— lived, poor fellow, five miles out of town, I drove C—— down. It was such a day

as I hope, for the credit of nature, is seldom seen in any parts but these, — muddy, foggy, wet, dark, cold, and unutterably wretched in every possible respect. Now, C—— has enormous whiskers, which straggle all down his throat in such weather, and stick out in front of him, like a partially unravelled bird's-nest; so that he looks queer enough at the best, but when he is very wet, and in a state between jollity (he is always very jolly with me) and the deepest gravity (going to a funeral, you know), it is utterly impossible to resist him; especially as he makes the strangest remarks the mind of man can conceive, without any intention of being funny, but rather meaning to be philosophical. I really cried with an irresistible sense of his comicality all the way; but when he was dressed out in a black cloak and a very long black hat-band by an undertaker (who, as he whispered me with tears in his eyes — for he had known H—— many years — was "a character, and he would like to sketch him,") I thought I should have been obliged to go away. However, we went into a little parlor where the funeral party was, and God knows it was miserable enough, for the widow and children were crying bitterly in one corner, and the other mourners — mere people of ceremony, who cared no more for the dead man than the hearse did — were talking quite coolly and carelessly together in another; and the contrast was as painful and distressing as anything I ever saw. There was an independent clergyman present, with his bands on and a Bible under his arm, who, as soon as we were seated, addressed C—— thus, in a loud, emphatic voice: "Mr. C——, have you seen a paragraph respecting our departed friend, which has gone the round of the morning papers?" "Yes, sir," says C——, "I have," looking very hard at me the while, for he had told me with some pride coming down that it was his composition. "Oh!" said the clergyman. "Then you will agree with me, Mr. C——, that it is not only an insult to me, who am the servant of the Al-

mighty, but an insult to the Almighty, whose servant I am." "How's that, sir?" says C—. "It is stated, Mr. C—, in that paragraph," says the minister, "that when Mr. H— failed in business as a bookseller, he was persuaded by *me* to try the pulpit, which is false, incorrect, unchristian, in a manner blasphemous, and in all respects contemptible. Let us pray." With which, my dear Felton, and in the same breath, I give you my word, he knelt down, as we all did, and began a very miserable jumble of an extemporary prayer. I was really penetrated with sorrow for the family, but when C— (upon his knees, and sobbing for the loss of an old friend) whispered me, "that if that was n't a clergyman, and it was n't a funeral, he'd have punched his head," I felt as if nothing but convulsions could possibly relieve me. . . .

Faithfully always, my dear Felton,
C. D.

Was there ever such a genial, jovial creature as this master of humor! When we read his friendly epistles, we cannot help wishing he had written letters only, as when we read his novels we grudge the time he employed on anything else.

BROADSTAIRS, KENT, 1st September, 1843.

MY DEAR FELTON: If I thought it in the nature of things that you and I could ever agree on paper, touching a certain Chuzzlewitian question whereupon F— tells me you have remarks to make, I should immediately walk into the same tooth and nail. But as I don't, I won't. Contenting myself with this prediction, that one of these years and days, you will write or say to me, "My dear Dickens, you were right, though rough, and did a world of good, though you got most thoroughly hated for it." To which I shall reply, "My dear Felton, I looked a long way off and not immediately under my nose." . . . At which sentiment you will laugh, and I shall laugh; and then (for I foresee this will all happen in my land) we shall

call for another pot of porter and two or three dozen of oysters.

Now don't you in your own heart and soul quarrel with me for this long silence? Not half so much as I quarrel with myself, I know; but if you could read half the letters I write to you in imagination, you would swear by me for the best of correspondents. The truth is, that when I have done my morning's work, down goes my pen, and from that minute I feel it a positive impossibility to take it up again, until imaginary butchers and bakers wave me to my desk. I walk about brimful of letters, facetious descriptions, touching morsels, and pathetic friendships, but can't for the soul of me uncork myself. The post-office is my rock ahead. My average number of letters, that *must* be written every day, is, at the least, a dozen. And you could no more know what I was writing to you spiritually, from the perusal of the bodily thirteenth, than you could tell from my hat what was going on in my head, or could read my heart on the surface of my flannel waistcoat.

This is a little fishing-place; intensely quiet; built on a cliff whereon—in the centre of a tiny semicircular bay—our house stands; the sea rolling and dashing under the windows. Seven miles out are the Goodwin Sands, (you've heard of the Goodwin Sands?) whence floating lights perpetually wink after dark, as if they were carrying on intrigues with the servants. Also there is a big lighthouse called the North Foreland on a hill behind the village, a severe parsonic light, which reproves the young and giddy floaters, and stares grimly out upon the sea. Under the cliff are rare good sands, where all the children assemble every morning and throw up impossible fortifications, which the sea throws down again at high water. Old gentlemen and ancient ladies flirt after their own manner in two reading-rooms and on a great many scattered seats in the open air. Other old gentlemen look all day through telescopes and never see anything. In a bay-window in a one

pair sits from nine o'clock to one a gentleman with rather long hair and no neckcloth, who writes and grins as if he thought he were very funny indeed. His name is Boz. At one he disappears, and presently emerges from a bathing-machine, and may be seen—a kind of salmon-colored porpoise—splashing about in the ocean. After that he may be seen in another bay-window on the ground-floor, eating a strong lunch; after that, walking a dozen miles or so, or lying on his back in the sand, reading a book. Nobody bothers him unless they know he is disposed to be talked to; and I am told he is very comfortable indeed. He's as brown as a berry, and they do say is a small fortune to the innkeeper who sells beer and cold punch. But this is mere rumor. Sometimes he goes up to London (eighty miles, or so, away), and then I'm told there is a sound in Lincoln Inn Fields at night, as of men laughing, together with a clinking of knives and forks and wine-glasses.

I never shall have been so near you since we parted aboard the *George Washington* as next Tuesday. Foster, Maclise, and I, and perhaps Stanfield, are then going aboard the *Cunard* steamer at Liverpool, to bid Macready good by, and bring his wife away. It will be a very hard parting. You will see and know him of course. We gave him a splendid dinner last Saturday at Richmond, whereat I presided with my accustomed grace. He is one of the noblest fellows in the world, and I would give a great deal that you and I should sit beside each other to see him play *Virginius*, *Lear*, or *Werner*, which I take to be, every way, the greatest piece of exquisite perfection that his lofty art is capable of attaining. His *Macbeth*, especially the last act, is a tremendous reality; but so indeed is almost everything he does. You recollect, perhaps, that he was the guardian of our children while we were away. I love him dearly. . . .

You asked me, long ago, about Maclise. He is such a wayward fel-

low in his subjects, that it would be next to impossible to write such an article as you were thinking of about him. I wish you could form an idea of his genius. One of these days a book will come out, "*Moore's Irish Melodies*," entirely illustrated by him, on every page. When it comes, I'll send it to you. You will have some notion of him then. He is in great favor with the queen, and paints secret pictures for her to put upon her husband's table on the morning of his birthday, and the like. But if he has a care, he will leave his mark on more enduring things than palace walls.

And so L—— is married. I remember *her* well, and could draw her portrait, in words, to the life. A very beautiful and gentle creature, and a proper love for a poet. My cordial remembrances and congratulations. Do they live in the house where we breakfasted? . . .

I very often dream I am in America again; but, strange to say, I never dream of you. I am always endeavoring to get home in disguise, and have a dreary sense of the distance. *Apropos* of dreams, is it not a strange thing if writers of fiction never dream of their own creations; recollecting, I suppose, even in their dreams, that they have no real existence? I never dreamed of any of my own characters, and I feel it so impossible that I would wager Scott never did of his, real as they are. I had a good piece of absurdity in my head a night or two ago. I dreamed that somebody was dead. I don't know who, but it's not to the purpose. It was a private gentleman, and a particular friend; and I was greatly overcome when the news was broken to me (very delicately) by a gentleman in a cocked hat, top boots, and a sheet. Nothing else. "Good God!" I said, "is he dead?" "He is as dead, sir," rejoined the gentleman, "as a doornail. But we must all die, Mr. Dickens; sooner or later, my dear sir." "Ah!" I said. "Yes, to be sure. Very true. But what did he die of?" The gentleman burst into a flood of tears,

and said, in a voice broken by emotion : "He christened his youngest child, sir, with a toasting-fork." I never in my life was so affected as at his having fallen a victim to this complaint. It carried a conviction to my mind that he never could have recovered. I knew that it was the most interesting and fatal malady in the world ; and I wrung the gentleman's hand in a convulsion of respectful admiration, for I felt that this explanation did equal honour to his head and heart !

What do you think of Mrs. Gamp ? And how do you like the undertaker ? I have a fancy that they are in your way. O heaven ! such green woods as I was rambling among down in Yorkshire, when I was getting that done last July ! For days and weeks we never saw the sky but through green boughs ; and all day long I cantered over such soft moss and turf, that the horse's feet scarcely made a sound upon it. We have some friends in that part of the country (close to Castle Howard, where Lord Morpeth's father dwells in state, *in* his park indeed), who are the jolliest of the jolly, keeping a big old country house, with an ale-cellar something larger than a reasonable church, and everything like Goldsmith's bear-dances, "in a concatenation accordingly." Just the place for you, Felton ! We performed some madnesses there in the way of forfeits, picnics, rustic games, inspections of ancient monasteries at midnight, when the moon was shining, that would have gone to your heart, and, as Mr. Weller says, "come out on the other side." . . .

Write soon, my dear Felton ; and if I write to you less often than I would, believe that my affectionate heart is with you always. Loves and regards to all friends, from yours ever and ever,

CHARLES DICKENS.

These letters grow better and better as we get on. Ah me ! and to think we shall have no more from that delightful pen !

VOL. XXVIII. — NO. 165.

DEVONSHIRE TERRACE, LONDON,
January 2, 1844.

MY VERY DEAR FELTON : You are a prophet, and had best retire from business straightway. Yesterday morning, New Year's day, when I walked into my little workroom after breakfast, and was looking out of window at the snow in the garden, — not seeing it particularly well in consequence of some staggering suggestions of last night, whereby I was beset, — the postman came to the door with a knock, for which I denounced him from my heart. Seeing your hand upon the cover of a letter which he brought, I immediately blessed him, presented him with a glass of whiskey, inquired after his family (they are all well), and opened the despatch with a moist and oystery twinkle in my eye. And on the very day from which the new year dates, I read your New Year congratulations as punctually as if you lived in the next house. Why don't you ?

Now, if instantly on the receipt of this you will send a free and independent citizen down to the Cunard wharf at Boston, you will find that Captain Hewett of the *Britannia* steamship (my ship) has a small parcel for Professor Felton of Cambridge ; and in that parcel you will find a Christmas Carol in prose ; being a short story of Christmas by Charles Dickens. Over which Christmas Carol Charles Dickens wept and laughed and wept again, and excited himself in a most extraordinary manner in the composition ; and thinking whereof he walked about the black streets of London, fifteen and twenty miles, many a night when all the sober folks had gone to bed. . . . Its success is most prodigious. And by every post all manner of strangers write all manner of letters to him about their homes and hearths, and how this same Carol is read aloud there, and kept on a little shelf by itself. Indeed, it is the greatest success, as I am told, that this ruffian and rascal has ever achieved.

Forster is out again ; and if he don't go in again, after the manner in which we have been keeping Christmas, he

must be very strong indeed. Such dinings, such dancings, such conjurings, such blind-man's-buffings, such theatre-goings, such kissings-out of old years and kissings-in of new ones, never took place in these parts before. To keep the Chuzzlewit going, and do this little book, the Carol, in the odd times between two parts of it, was, as you may suppose, pretty tight work. But when it was done I broke out like a madman. And if you could have seen me at a children's party at Macready's the other night, going down a country dance with Mrs. M., you would have thought I was a country gentleman of independent property, residing on a tip-top farm, with the wind blowing straight in my face every day. . . .

Your friend, Mr. P——, dined with us one day (I don't know whether I told you this before), and pleased us very much. Mr. C—— has dined here once, and spent an evening here. I have not seen him lately, though he has called twice or thrice; for K—— being unwell and I busy, we have not been visible at our accustomed seasons. I wonder whether H—— has fallen in your way. Poor H——! He was a good fellow, and has the most grateful heart I ever met with. Our journeyings seem to be a dream now. Talking of dreams, strange thoughts of Italy and France, and may be Germany, are springing up within me as the Chuzzlewit clears off. It's a secret I have hardly breathed to any one, but I "think" of leaving England for a year, next midsummer, bag and baggage, little ones and all,—then coming out with *such* a story, Felton, all at once, no parts, sledge-hammer blow.

I send you a Manchester paper, as you desire. The report is not exactly done, but very well done, notwithstanding. It was a very splendid sight, I assure you, and an awful-looking audience. I am going to preside at a similar meeting at Liverpool on the 26th of next month, and on my way home I may be obliged to preside at another

at Birmingham. I will send you papers, if the reports be at all like the real thing.

I wrote to Prescott about his book, with which I was perfectly charmed. I think his descriptions masterly, his style brilliant, his purpose manly and gallant always. The introductory account of Aztec civilization impressed me exactly as it impressed you. From beginning to end, the whole history is enchanting and full of genius. I only wonder that, having such an opportunity of illustrating the doctrine of visible judgments, he never remarks, when Cortes and his men tumble the idols down the temple steps and call upon the people to take notice that their gods are powerless to help themselves, that possibly if some intelligent native had tumbled down the image of the Virgin or patron saint after them nothing very remarkable might have ensued in consequence.

Of course you like Macready. Your name's Felton. I wish you could see him play Lear. It is stupendously terrible. But I suppose he would be slow to act it with the Boston company.

Hearty remembrances to Sumner, Longfellow, Prescott, and all whom you know I love to remember. Countless happy years to you and yours, my dear Felton, and some instalment of them, however slight, in England, in the loving company of

THE PROSCRIBED ONE.

O, breathe not his name.

And now don't you feel, my dear boy, over these letters, as if you had been spending the morning with "Boz" himself, and that your uncle had had nothing whatever to do with your delectation? I knew you would like to hear such letters as only Dickens could write; and some day we will read together other epistles from the same sparkling pen, addressed to a certain relative of yours, who keeps them in his safest box, and holds them among his most treasured possessions.

THE POET OF SIERRA FLAT.

AS the enterprising editor of the "Sierra Flat Record" stood at his case setting type for his next week's paper, he could not help hearing the woodpeckers who were busy on the roof above his head. It occurred to him that possibly the birds had not yet learned to recognize in the rude structure any improvement on nature, and this idea pleased him so much that he incorporated it in the editorial article which he was then doubly composing. For the editor was also printer of the "Record"; and although that remarkable journal was reputed to exert a power felt through all Calaveras and a greater part of Tuolumne County, strict economy was one of the conditions of its beneficent existence.

Thus preoccupied, he was startled by the sudden irruption of a small roll of manuscript, which was thrown through the open door and fell at his feet. He walked quickly to the threshold and looked down the tangled trail which led to the high road. But there was nothing to suggest the presence of his mysterious contributor. A hare limped slowly away, a green-and-gold lizard paused upon a pine stump, the woodpeckers ceased their work. So complete had been his sylvan seclusion, that he found it difficult to connect any human agency with the act; rather the hare seemed to have an inexpressibly guilty look, the woodpeckers to maintain a significant silence, and the lizard to be conscience-stricken into stone.

An examination of the manuscript, however, corrected this injustice to defenceless nature. It was evidently of human origin,—being verse, and of exceeding bad quality. The editor laid it aside. As he did so he thought he saw a face at the window. Sallying out in some indignation, he penetrated the surrounding thicket in every direction, but his search was as fruitless as

before. The poet, if it were he, was gone.

A few days after this the editorial seclusion was invaded by voices of alternate expostulation and entreaty. Stepping to the door, the editor was amazed at beholding Mr. Morgan McCorkle, a well-known citizen of Angelo, and a subscriber to the "Record," in the act of urging, partly by force and partly by argument, an awkward young man toward the building. When he had finally effected his object, and, as it were, safely landed his prize in a chair, Mr. McCorkle took off his hat, carefully wiped the narrow isthmus of forehead which divided his black brows from his stubby hair, and, with an explanatory wave of his hand toward his reluctant companion, said, "A borned poet, and the cussedest fool you ever seed!"

Accepting the editor's smile as a recognition of the introduction, Mr. McCorkle panted and went on: "Did n't want to come! 'Mister Editor don't want to see me, Morg,' sez he. 'Milt,' sez I, 'he do; a borned poet like you and a gifted genius like he oughter come together sociable! And I fetched him. Ah, will yer?' " The born poet had, after exhibiting signs of great distress, started to run. But Mr. McCorkle was down upon him instantly, seizing him by his long linen coat and settled him back in his chair. "'Tain't no use stampeding. Yer ye are and yer ye stays. For yer a borned poet,—ef ye are as shy as a jackass rabbit. Look at 'im now!"

He certainly was not an attractive picture. There was hardly a notable feature in his weak face, except his eyes, which were moist and shy and not unlike the animal to which Mr. McCorkle had compared him. It was the face that the editor had seen at the window.

"Knowed him for fower year,—since

he war a boy," continued Mr. McCorkle in a loud whisper. "Allers the same, bless you! Can jerk a rhyme as easy as turnin' jack. Never had any eddication; lived out in Missooray all his life. But he's chock full o' poetry. On'y this mornin' sez I to him, — he camps along o' me, — 'Milt!' sez I, 'are breakfast ready?' and he up and answers back quite peart and chipper, 'The breakfast it is ready, and the birds is singing free, and it's risin' in the dawnin' light is happiness to me!' When a man," said Mr. McCorkle, dropping his voice with deep solemnity, "gets off things like them, without any call to do it, and handlin' flapjacks over a cook-stove at the same time, — that man's a borned poet."

There was an awkward pause. Mr. McCorkle beamed patronizingly on his *protégé*. The born poet looked as if he were meditating another flight, — not a metaphorical one. The editor asked if he could do anything for them.

"In course you can," responded Mr. McCorkle, "that's jest it. Milt, where's that poetry?"

The editor's countenance fell as the poet produced from his pocket a roll of manuscript. He, however, took it mechanically and glanced over it. It was evidently a duplicate of the former mysterious contribution.

The editor then spoke briefly but earnestly. I regret that I cannot recall his exact words, but it appeared that never before, in the history of the "Record," had the pressure been so great upon its columns. Matters of paramount importance, deeply affecting the material progress of Sierra, questions touching the absolute integrity of Calaveras and Tuolumne as social communities, were even now waiting expression. Weeks, nay, months, must elapse before that pressure would be removed, and the "Record" could grapple with any but the sternest of topics. Again, the editor had noticed with pain the absolute decline of poetry in the foothills of the Sierras. Even the works of Byron and Moore attracted no attention in Dutch Flat, and a prejudice

seemed to exist against Tennyson in Grass Valley. But the editor was not without hope for the future. In the course of four or five years, when the country was settled. —

"What would be the cost to print this yer?" interrupted Mr. McCorkle quietly.

"About fifty dollars, as an advertisement," responded the editor with cheerful alacrity.

Mr. McCorkle placed the sum in the editor's hand. "Yer see thet's what I sez to Milt, 'Milt,' sez I, 'pay as you go, for you are a borned poet. Hevin' no call to write, but doin' it free and spontaneous like, in course you pays. Thet's why Mister Editor never printed your poetry."

"What name shall I put to it?" asked the editor.

"Milton."

It was the first word that the born poet had spoken during the interview, and his voice was so very sweet and inusical that the editor looked at him curiously, and wondered if he had a sister.

"Milton; is that all?"

"Thet's his furst name," explained Mr. McCorkle.

The editor here suggested that as there had been another poet of that name —

"Milt might be took for him! Thet's bad," reflected Mr. McCorkle with simple gravity. "Well, put down his hull name, — Milton Chubbuck."

The editor made a note of the fact. "I'll set it up now," he said. This was also a hint that the interview was ended. The poet and patron, arm in arm, drew towards the door. "In next week's paper," said the editor, smilingly, in answer to the child-like look of inquiry in the eyes of the poet, and in another moment they were gone.

The editor was as good as his word. He straightway betook himself to his case, and, unrolling the manuscript, began his task. The woodpeckers on the roof recommenced theirs, and in a few moments the former sylvan seclusion was restored. There was no

sound in the barren, barn-like room but the birds above, and below the click of the composing-rule as the editor marshalled the types into lines in his stick, and arrayed them in solid column on the galley. Whatever might have been his opinion of the copy before him, there was no indication of it in his face, which wore the stolid indifference of his craft. Perhaps this was unfortunate, for as the day wore on and the level rays of the sun began to pierce the adjacent thicket, they sought out and discovered an anxious ambushed figure drawn up beside the editor's window,—a figure that had sat there motionless for hours. Within, the editor worked on as steadily and impassively as Fate. And without, the born poet of Sierra Flat sat and watched him as waiting its decree.

The effect of the poem on Sierra Flat was remarkable and unprecedented. The absolute vileness of its doggerel, the gratuitous imbecility of its thought, and above all the crowning audacity of the fact that it was the work of a citizen and published in the county paper, brought it instantly into popularity. For many months Calaveras had languished for a sensation; since the last vigilance committee nothing had transpired to dispel the listless *ennui* begotten of stagnant business and growing civilization. In more prosperous moments the office of the "Record" would have been simply gutted and the editor deported; at present the paper was in such demand that the edition was speedily exhausted. In brief, the poem of Mr. Milton Chubbuck came like a special providence to Sierra Flat. It was read by camp-fires, in lonely cabins, in flaring bar-rooms and noisy saloons, and declaimed from the boxes of stage-coaches. It was sung in Poker Flat with the addition of a local chorus, and danced as an unhallowed rhythmic dance by the Pyrrhic phalanx of One Horse Gulch, known as "The Festive Stags of Calaveras." Some unhappy ambiguities of expression gave rise to many

new readings, notes, and commentaries, which, I regret to state, were more often marked by ingenuity than delicacy of thought or expression.

Never before did poet acquire such sudden local reputation. From the seclusion of McCorkle's cabin and the obscurity of culinary labors, he was haled forth into the glowing sunshine of Fame. The name of Chubbuck was written in letters of chalk on unpainted walls, and carved with a pick on the sides of tunnels. A drink known variously as "The Chubbuck Tranquilizer," or "The Chubbuck Exalter," was dispensed at the bars. For some weeks a rude design for a Chubbuck statue, made up of illustrations from circus and melodeon posters, representing the genius of Calaveras in brief skirts on a flying steed in the act of crowning the poet Chubbuck, was visible at Keeler's Ferry. The poet himself was overborne with invitations to drink and extravagant congratulations. The meeting between Colonel Starbottle of Siskiyon and Chubbuck, as previously arranged by our "Boston," late of Roaring Camp, is said to have been indescribably affecting. The Colonel embraced him unsteadily. "I could not return to my constituents at Siskiyon, sir, if this hand which has grasped that of the gifted Prentice and the lamented Poe should not have been honored by the touch of the godlike Chubbuck. Gentlemen, American literature is looking up. Thank you, I will take sugar in mine." It was "Boston" who indited letters of congratulations from H. W. Longfellow, Tennyson, and Browning to Mr. Chubbuck, deposited them in the Sierra Flat post-office, and obligingly consented to dictate the replies.

The simple faith and unaffected delight with which these manifestations were received by the poet and his patron might have touched the hearts of these grim masters of irony, but for the sudden and equal development in both of the variety of weak natures. Mr. McCorkle basked in the popularity of his *protégé*, and became alternately supercilious or patronizing toward the

dwellers of Sierra Flat; while the poet, with hair carefully oiled and curled, and bedecked with cheap jewelry and flaunting neck-handkerchief, paraded himself before the single hotel. As may be imagined, this new disclosure of weakness afforded intense satisfaction to Sierra Flat, gave another lease of popularity to the poet, and suggested another idea to the facetious "Boston."

At that time a young lady popularly and professionally known as the "California Pet" was performing to enthusiastic audiences in the interior. Her specialty lay in the personation of youthful masculine character; as a *gamin* of the street she was irresistible, as a negro-dancer she carried the honest miner's heart by storm. A saucy, pretty brunette, she had preserved a wonderful moral reputation even under the Jove-like advances of showers of gold that greeted her appearance on the stage at Sierra Flat. A prominent and delighted member of that audience was Milton Chubbuck. He attended every night. Every day he lingered at the door of the Union Hotel for a glimpse of the "California Pet." It was not long before he received a note from her, — in "Boston's" most popular and approved female hand, — acknowledging his admiration. It was not long before "Boston" was called upon to indite a suitable reply. At last, in furtherance of his facetious design, it became necessary for "Boston" to call upon the young actress herself and secure her personal participation. To her he unfolded a plan, the successful carrying out of which he felt would secure his fame to posterity as a practical humorist. The "California Pet's" black eyes sparkled approvingly and mischievously. She only stipulated that she should see the man first, — a concession to her feminine weakness which years of dancing Juba and wearing trousers and boots had not wholly eradicated from her wilful breast. By all means, it should be done. And the interview was arranged for the next week.

It must not be supposed that dur-

ing this interval of popularity Mr. Chubbuck had been unmindful of his poetic qualities. A certain portion of each day he was absent from town, — "a communin' with natur'," as Mr. McCorkle expressed it, and actually wandering in the mountain trails, or lying on his back under the trees, or gathering fragrant herbs and the bright-colored berries of the Marzanita. These and his company he generally brought to the editor's office, late in the afternoon, often to that enterprising journalist's infinite weariness. Quiet and uncommunicative, he would sit there patiently watching him at his work until the hour for closing the office arrived, when he would as quietly depart. There was something so humble and unobtrusive in these visits, that the editor could not find it in his heart to deny them, and accepting them, like the woodpeckers, as a part of his sylvan surroundings, often forgot even his presence. Once or twice, moved by some beauty of expression in the moist, shy eyes, he felt like seriously admonishing his visitor of his idle folly; but his glance falling upon the oiled hair and the gorgeous necktie, he invariably thought better of it. The case was evidently hopeless.

The interview between Mr. Chubbuck and the "California Pet" took place in a private room of the Union Hotel; propriety being respected by the presence of that arch-humorist, "Boston." To this gentleman we are indebted for the only true account of the meeting. However reticent Mr. Chubbuck might have been in the presence of his own sex, toward the fairer portion of humanity he was, like most poets, exceedingly voluble. Accustomed as the "California Pet" had been to excessive compliment, she was fairly embarrassed by the extravagant praises of her visitor. Her personation of boy characters, her dancing of the "Champion Jig," were particularly dwelt upon with fervid but unmistakable admiration. At last, recovering her audacity and emboldened by the presence of "Boston," the "California Pet" electrified her

hearers by demanding, half jestingly, half viciously, if it were as a boy or a girl that she was the subject of his flattering admiration.

"That knocked him out o' time," said the delighted "Boston," in his subsequent account of the interview. "But do you believe the d—d fool actually asked her to take him with her; wanted to engage in the company."

The plan, as briefly unfolded by "Boston," was to prevail upon Mr. Chubbuck to make his appearance in costume (already designed and prepared by the inventor) before a Sierra Flat audience, and recite an original poem at the Hall immediately on the conclusion of the "California Pet's" performance. At a given signal the audience were to rise and deliver a volley of unsavory articles (previously provided by the originator of the scheme); then a select few were to rush on the stage, seize the poet, and, after marching him in triumphal procession through town, were to deposit him beyond its uttermost limits, with strict injunctions never to enter it again. To the first part of the plan the poet was committed, for the latter portion it was easy enough to find participants.

The eventful night came, and with it an audience that packed the long narrow room with one dense mass of human beings. The "California Pet" never had been so joyous, so reckless, so fascinating and audacious before. But the applause was tame and weak compared to the ironical outburst that greeted the second rising of the curtain and the entrance of the born poet of Sierra Flat. Then there was a hush of expectancy, and the poet stepped to the foot-lights and stood with his manuscript in his hand.

His face was deadly pale. Either there was some suggestion of his fate in the faces of his audience, or some mysterious instinct told him of his danger. He attempted to speak, but faltered, tottered, and staggered to the wings.

Fearful of losing his prey, "Boston" gave the signal and leaped upon the

stage. But at the same moment a light figure darted from behind the scenes, and delivering a kick that sent the discomfited humorist back among the musicians, cut a pigeon-wing, executed a double-shuffle, and then advancing to the foot-lights with that inimitable look, that audacious swagger and utter *abandon* which had so thrilled and fascinated them a moment before, uttered the characteristic speech: "Wot are you goin' to hit a man fur, when he's down, s-a-a-y?"

The look, the drawl, the action, the readiness, and above all the downright courage of the little woman, had its effect. A roar of sympathetic applause followed the act. "Cut and run while you can," she whispered hurriedly over her one shoulder, without altering the other's attitude of pert and saucy defiance toward the audience. But even as she spoke the poet tottered and sank fainting upon the stage. Then she threw a despairing whisper behind the scenes, "Ring down the curtain."

There was a slight movement of opposition in the audience, but among them rose the burly shoulders of Yuba Bill, the tall, erect figure of Henry York of Sandy Bar, and the colorless, determined face of John Oakhurst. The curtain came down.

Behind it knelt the "California Pet" beside the prostrate poet. "Bring me some water. Run for a doctor. Stop!! CLEAR OUT, ALL OF YOU!!"

She had unloosed the gaudy cravat and opened the shirt-collar of the insensible figure before her. Then she burst into an hysterical laugh.

"Manuela!"

Her tiring woman, a Mexican half-breed, came toward her.

"Help me with him to my dressing-room, quick; then stand outside and wait. If any one questions you, tell them he's gone. Do you hear? HE's gone."

The old woman did as she was bade. In a few moments the audience had departed. Before morning so also had the "California Pet," Manuela, and—the poet of Sierra Flat.

But, alas! with them also had departed the fair fame of the "California Pet." Only a few, and these it is to be feared of not the best moral character themselves, still had faith in the stainless honor of their favorite actress. "It was a mighty foolish thing to do, but it'll all come out right yet." On the other hand, a majority gave her full credit and approbation for her undoubted pluck and gallantry, but deplored that she should have thrown it away upon a worthless object. To elect for a lover the despised and ridiculed vagrant of Sierra Flat, who had not even the manliness to stand up in his own defence, was not only evidence of inherent moral depravity, but was an insult to the community. Colonel Starbottle saw in it only another instance of the extreme frailty of the sex; he had known similar cases; and remembered distinctly, sir, how a well-known Philadelphia heiress, one of the finest women that ever rode in her kerridge, that, gad, sir! had thrown over a Southern member of Congress to consort with a d—d nigger. The Colonel had also noticed a singular look in the dog's eye which he did not entirely fancy. He would not say anything against the lady, sir, but he had noticed — And here haply the Colonel became so mysterious and darkly confidential as to be unintelligible and inaudible to the bystanders.

A few days after the disappearance of Mr. Chubbuck a singular report reached Sierra Flat, and it was noticed that "Boston," who since the failure of his elaborate joke had been even more depressed in spirits than is habitual with great humorists, suddenly found that his presence was required in San Francisco. But as yet nothing but the vaguest surmises were afloat, and nothing definite was known.

It was a pleasant afternoon when the editor of the "Sierra Flat Record"

looked up from his case and beheld the figure of Mr. Morgan McCorkle standing in the doorway. There was a distressed look on the face of that worthy gentleman that at once enlisted the editor's sympathizing attention. He held an open letter in his hand, as he advanced toward the middle of the room.

"As a man as has allers borne a fair reputation," began Mr. McCorkle slowly, "I should like, if so be as I could, Mister Editor, to make a correction in the columns of your valooable paper."

Mr. Editor begged him to proceed.

"Ye may not disremember that about a month ago I fetched here what so be as we 'll call a young man whose name might be as it were Milton — Milton Chubbuck."

Mr. Editor remembered perfectly.

"Thet same party I 'd knowed better nor fower year, two on 'em campin' out together. Not that I 'd known him all the time, fur he war shy and strange at spells and had odd ways that I took war nat'ral to a borned poet. Ye may remember that I said he was a borned poet?"

The editor distinctly did.

"I picked this same party up in St. Jo., takin' a fancy to his face, and kinder calklating he 'd runn'd away from home, — for I 'm a married man, Mr. Editor, and hev children of my own, — and thinkin' belike he was a borned poet."

"Well," said the editor.

"And as I said before, I should like now to make a correction in the columns of your valooable paper."

"What correction?" asked the editor.

"I said, ef you remember my words, as how he was a borned poet."

"Yes."

"From statements in this yer letter it seems as how I war wrong."

"Well?"

"She war a woman."

Bret Harte.

RECENT LITERATURE.

The Life of Major John André, Adjutant-General of the British Army in America.
By WINTHROP SARGENT. New York:
D. Appleton & Co. 1871.

ONE of the most interesting episodes of our War of the Revolution has been treated at length and in full detail by one of the most promising of our younger historical students, the late Mr. Winthrop Sargent. His *Life of Major André* is at once a romance, a tragedy, and a passage of history.

The story of the unfortunate victim of military necessity begins with love that resulted in disappointment, and passes through varying adventures, until the one risk too many led to the discovery which ended in the strangling of a gallant and accomplished gentleman upon the gallows. The convicted spy, who died a felon's death, was commemorated by a stately monument in Westminster Abbey, and his dust now lies in that sepulchre of kings. England lost no soldier in the war whose loss was so long and widely mourned; and no sentence supposed to be dictated by the laws of warfare, and enforced under the pressure of the time, was ever more regretted by those who pronounced the doom and exacted the penalty.

It is impossible to read the record of André's youth, with its many friendships and its one passion, to see how full he was of generous ambition, and how richly adorned with the brighter graces which captivated even those who had to call him their enemy; to look upon his handsome features, preserved in the miniature traced by his own hand, and not to wish that it had been possible to spare such a victim to the rules of organized barbarism. If Arnold's neck could have been slipped into André's noose, the rejoicing would have been universal on one side, and very little regret would have been wasted on the other.

Mr. Sargent's "*Life of André*" is now republished in a second edition by the care of the loving friends who can never cease to lament the young historian's yet recent loss. One of these has introduced the volume with a brief note, tenderly expressing the feeling which must rise in the heart of every reader. The work is a double monument. It com-

memorates one who died too early by the hand of violence, snatched rudely away from the affections that cherished him, from the fame which, as he hoped, not without reason, awaited him. It embalms the memory of his biographer, young, if no longer youthful, full of promise, full of hope, looking forward to larger labors in those peaceful fields of research where he had already become known as a modest, faithful, intelligent worker. He, too, was called away with his task unfinished. The soldier met his death in the midst of his enemies, surrounded by circumstances of ignominy which his brave soul could hardly endure to contemplate. The scholar was summoned gently by slow disease, and breathed his last surrounded by those who were dearest to him. It was fitting that the young soldier's story should be told by a young writer, and Mr. Sargent's memoir is very evidently a labor of love, such as a companion of his own age might have bestowed upon his memory.

The reader will find entertainment in the pleasant account of André's early life, his romantic friendships, his lively letters, the glimpses of noted people with whom he was in friendly relation, — Miss Anna Seward, "Julia," as she called herself in her high-flown letters, the Corinna of Lichfield, sometimes called the Swan of that locality, a few of whose stilted heroic lines have picked their way down to posterity in virtue of the events and characters with which they dealt; Mr. Thomas Day, the author of *Sandford and Merton*, — Cœlebs in search of a wife, as he figures in this story; Richard Lovell Edgeworth, who carried off the object of André's attachment, the fair Honora Sneyd; the fascinating Honora herself, who made everybody in love with her, and, as she could not love everybody, by her refusal "sent poor Mr. Day to bed to be bled for a fever," and poor "cher Jean" — Mr. André — to the wars, and so to the gallows: all which personages, with glimpses of many more, give life to this most agreeable record of André's youthful days.

Many readers will follow with deep interest the historical sketch of the course of events which led to the situation of affairs where Arnold's treason brought him into

relation with André, and thus betrayed the latter to his doom. A large number, perhaps, will hurry on to the last act of the tragedy. If they begin with this most saddening yet most absorbing portion of the drama, they will be sure to turn back and read the tale of the intrigues, the indiscretions, the blunders, that ended so disastrously to the young and adventurous soldier. And they will find everywhere the marks of diligent research, a genuine enthusiasm for the subject, and a simple and pleasing narrative style.

The two portraits prefixed to the volume are remarkably well executed. That of André, from his own miniature, shows a face of great delicacy and refinement, with more of the Frenchman than the Englishman in its features. Those who knew Mr. Sargent will agree that his portrait is an admirable likeness of one who looked like what he was, — a man with the best instincts of the scholar, and the finest feelings and manners of a gentleman.

William Winston Seaton, of the "National Intelligencer." A Biographical Sketch. With passing Notices of his Associates and Friends. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

THIS sketch of Mr. Seaton's life is also a record of political and social life in Washington for the fifty years that preceded the veteran journalist's death in 1865; and in this respect is even more entertaining than as the story of a man whose fine character, quite as much as any intellectual performance, secured him national repute and the friendship of all the best and greatest men of his time. The book is eminently worthy to be read now on this account if no other; for in our present haste to be rich and powerful, and our practical worship of smartness, we seem to be forgetting that character — integrity, dignity, courtesy, loyalty, truth, and whatever else goes to make up a gentleman — is more desirable than most kinds of success. It will be wholesome, we say, for young men to turn from the newspapers full of Colonel Fisk to the history of a man who spent a long life in political journalism, and died leaving a memory as stainless as Washington's. Mr. Seaton was not a great man; in some things he has been proved by events a very mistaken man; but all the more was

he to be admired for the balance that enabled him to hold his opinions with firmness and without violence. This virtue inspired such confidence that what he said had far greater weight than the expressions of more positively gifted, but less judicious men, and made the *National Intelligencer* a synonyme for moderation, honesty, and decency. It was a quality of the heart as well as of the head; it was goodness as well as wisdom; and goodness, after all, is a desirable thing, even in a political editor.

An exceedingly interesting part of this biography is the introductory account of the Gales family, in England, and their persecutions there as the friends of freedom and progress, and the supposed friends of revolution, — for it was in the time of the first French Republic. They were a race of printers, and by publishing liberal political works they made themselves trouble from which they were at last obliged to fly, taking refuge at first in Germany, and coming a little later to America. William Winston Seaton, a rising young Virginia journalist, with the usual Virginian qualification of gentle descent, married one of the daughters of this admirable family in 1809, and with one of the sons he formed in 1812 that business relation which for half a century made the names of Gales and Seaton inseparable. Seaton had already been connected with his wife's father in the publication of a Federalist paper at Raleigh; but the two young men began their editorial career together in the conduct of the *National Intelligencer* at Washington, where the government had recently perched upon such dry-footing as it could find in the original swamp. The mother of Mrs. Seaton was a woman of unusual literary culture, and of so much executive faculty that, for a while after the exile of her husband from England, she conducted his affairs in such a manner as to command the admiration of his persecutors; and Mrs. Seaton inherited all that was delightful in her talent. After the daughter's removal to the capital, she wrote to her mother letters which are full of grace and spirit, and from which her own daughter in this sketch gives abundant extracts. They form, indeed, the great charm of the book, and bring before us with easy fidelity the life of the past. They tell us of the Madison administration, and that Mrs. Madison, at one of her select parties ("Washington Irving, the author of *Knickerbocker* and *Salmagundi*," was present among others),

wears "a crimson cap that almost hides her forehead, but which becomes her extremely, and reminds one of a crown, from its brilliant appearance, contrasted with the white satin folds and her jet-black curls," and converses so well "on books, men, and manners," that Mrs. Seaton thinks she has never spent a more agreeable half-hour than that which she passed in talk with the President's lady. Shortly after she goes to a naval ball, described fully in her lively way, when the place was decorated by two British flags just taken by American sailors. Later she writes of the fears felt of a British attack on Washington. Her husband and brother join a volunteer force for the common defence, and "there are only two pressmen left in the office, and one of them ill this evening, so that the paper will be published with great difficulty"; next year the city is taken, and the Intelligencer office sacked by the enemy, whom the editor has already met at Bladensburg. In spite of the war and public calamities, the fashionable ladies of 1814 rouged "with an unsparing hand"; and at one of Mrs. Madison's receptions their paint "assimilating with their pearl-powder dust and perspiration made them altogether unlovely to soul and to eye," as the ladies of our day may be glad to learn in their own defence. The winter of 1815, following the victory of New Orleans, was "extremely gay," but society was at first in doubt whether ladies should visit Mrs. Jackson, though they finally did so, of course. "I have seen a good deal of General Jackson. . . . He is not striking in appearance; his features are hard-favored (as our Carolinians say), his complexion sallow, and his person small. Mrs. Jackson is a totally uninformed woman in mind and manners, but extremely civil in her way." In 1818 come the Calhouns, whom Mrs. Seaton finds charming. "Mr. Calhoun is a profound statesman and elegant scholar, you know by public report; but his manners in a private circle are endearing as well as captivating." The next year Mrs. Seaton encloses to her mother "a letter from J. Q. Adams to the President of the United States on the question of etiquette," which she believes "will display the character of the man who *may* be our future President in stronger light than all the public papers he has written, and proves him to be more of a bookworm and abstracted student than a man of the world"; though it seems to us that a book-

worm would hardly have troubled himself, as Mr. Adams did, to argue elaborately that Congressmen and their wives should pay the first visit to officers of the Cabinet and their wives, and thus to fix the present usage,—if it is the present usage. We have accounts presently of the painful excitement following the duel between McCarty and Mason, in which the latter was killed. "On Sunday last," writes Mrs. Seaton in 1820, "I went to the Capitol, and listened with great interest to one of the purest strains of eloquence that ever issued from the pulpit in my hearing,—a young man named Everett, an Unitarian from Boston, of rare talents and profound learning, Professor of Greek and Hebrew at Cambridge." Then there are allusions to the fatal duel between Commodores Barron and Decatur,—"the murder of Decatur"; and we are told that John Randolph "is chock full of fight ever since the late duel, and endeavors to provoke a quarrel with everybody he meets." There is much gossip about the foreign ministers and their wives, Lady Bogot (who confessed to a friend that she had to stick pins into herself to keep from going to sleep at the dull Washington balls) being the favorite. "The English are half a century before us in style," writes Mrs. Seaton, after a ball at Mr. Canning's. "Handsome pictures, books, and all sorts of elegant litter, distinguish his rooms, the mansion being decorated with peculiar taste and propriety." In 1823 the Seaton family visited Boston, and called upon ex-President John Adams, at Quincy. "We found him sitting to the famous Stuart for his portrait, to be completed on his eighty-ninth birthday. Mr. [John Quincy] Adams led me to him and said a few words aside, when I was quite affected by his rising from the sofa and affectionately kissing my cheek, bidding me welcome to Quincy."

Two years later John Quincy Adams has been elected President, and Mrs. Seaton, writing from Washington, says: "The city is thronged with strangers, and *Yankees* swarm like the locusts of Egypt in our houses, our beds, and our kneading-troughs."

We run lightly and desultorily through these letters, in which so many events of the past are reflected, and by no means do the writer justice in our extracts. After the election of Jackson and the beginning of the reign of office-seeking, the complexion of Washington society was greatly changed. It lost its old stateliness and decorum, and

gained nothing in ease. From that time it almost ceases to be noticed in Mrs. Seaton's letters, though the interest of the book is fully sustained in other matters.

It is not difficult to perceive that the work has been written in sympathy with an obsolete order of things; but this order was not altogether bad, and the sympathy is never offensive, save where John Brown is spoken of as "a great criminal." Mr. Seaton freed his slaves, and was a devout believer in the colonization scheme. Of course he was no friend to the common antislavery movement, but neither was he the friend of the Southern extremists. He was of those who believed in temporizing and compromising. Whether slavery could have been temporized and compromised out of existence, it is now somewhat late to inquire; but the fact, whatever it is, does not affect the repute of such a man for sincere patriotism and an enlightened sense of nationality.

Faust: A Tragedy. By JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE. The Second Part. Translated in the Original Metres. By BAYARD TAYLOR. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

WE fear that it will require a Goethean education almost as profound as that which Mr. Taylor has won in the course of his arduous work to find in the Second Part of *Faust* "a higher intellectual character" than in the First. To most readers it will always appear a drama with great and beautiful passages, significant episodes, and sublime suggestions, but without limitations, or, at least, with bounds so vast and a design so vague that they are not discernible without study closer than most men can give any work of merely human imagination. For ourselves, we confess that as we read it, we feel as if a great poet had created the drama, not so much to afford any fellow-creature instruction or pleasure, as to exercise his powers for his own amusement and surprise. Whether the purpose, whatever it was, has been justified by the result, is still a matter of very great doubt with many Goethean students. Mr. Taylor is one of the few who think it is so justified, and he certainly has helped in high degree to make the poem intelligible. In his admirably written Introduction, he gives an interpretative sketch of each act, and in the notes he makes clear

whatever the light of patient research, ardent sympathy, and poetic instinct can illuminate. It is not his fault if, in spite of all care and faculty, many passages remain incapable of explanation.

Throughout, the translation appears to us worthy of the highest praise. It is graceful and musical as it is faithful, and how faithful it is will appear only to the reader who compares it with the original, for it has very few of the defects of literality. We think that, on the whole, it is even better than his version of the First Part; and we are not quite willing to accept Mr. Taylor's modest explanation of the fact upon ground that the "predominance of symbol and aphorism" over "passion of sentiment" made his task easier; for in those passages where Goethe rises to poetry in his vast, obscure dream, his translator has reproduced him with the greatest success. No part of the version seems to us so good as the "Helena," in which feeling rises above the allegory, and almost dramatizes that strange conception of the union of the romantic and the classic principles through *Faust* and *Helen* in *Byron*, or *Euphorion*.

In all respects the result is a monument to the translator's skill, sympathy, and erudition; and if he does not succeed in making the reader agree with him concerning the relative value of the Second Part of "*Faust*," he certainly seems to have done all that could be done in English to give it the first place as an intellectual work.

Oration on the Life and Character of General George H. Thomas. Delivered before the Society of the Army of the Cumberland. By GENERAL JAMES A. GARFIELD, at the Fourth Annual Reunion, Cleveland, November 25, 1870. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

Memorial of the Life of J. Johnston Pettigrew, Brig.-Gen. of the Confederate States Army. By WM. HENRY TRESCOT. Charleston: John Russell.

In Memoriam. General Steven Elliott. Oration by WM. HENRY TRESCOT. Columbia, S. C.: Julian A. Selby, State and City Printer.

WE group these books, not only because they have a common interest as history, but also because they are strikingly similar in spirit, and from totally opposite feelings and convictions deal with the same great ques-

tion in kindred generosity. The two memorials by Mr. Trescot are of admirable temper, that of General Pettigrew especially showing in the praise of a Southern soldier a sentiment which certainly does not seem to owe its warmth to hatred of his opponents. We have seen nothing from either side more thoroughly purged of bitterness. Mr. Trescot looks upon the solution of a question in which the logic of events, at least, has overpowered him, not without emotion, but in the light of analogous history and with philosophical self-control. His oration is a judicious tribute to the memory of a man whom (apart from his great error) we should all have found praiseworthy for noble qualities and abilities; and it is, moreover, a very instructive study of that South Carolina civilization which substituted a local for a national patriotism, and finally produced the war. We do not yet thoroughly understand this at the North, and most of us would find it difficult to make due allowance for influences we have never felt, though General Garfield does it, in his oration on Thomas, and declares that "we never shall do full justice to the conduct of Virginians in the late war" without taking into account the fact that they, like the other Southerners, had been taught to look upon their State as their country. "Federal honors," says Mr. Trescot, "were undervalued, and even Federal powers were underrated, except as they were reflected back from the interests and prejudices of the State. . . . The fathers and mothers who had reared them, the society whose traditions gave both refinement and assurance to their young ambition, the colleges in which the creed of Mr. Calhoun was the text-book of their political studies, the friends with whom they planned their future, the very land they loved, dear to them as thoughtless boys, dearer to them as thoughtful men, were all impregnate living, speaking, commanding in the State of which they were children."

After these introductory passages upon the political and social character of South Carolina, Mr. Trescot gives a sketch of General Pettigrew's life, philosophizing its suggestive events with a clearness and moderation which cannot be too highly commended. In fact, the perfect restraint of expression, the graceful and finished style, the eloquent yet guarded tone, make the memorial a model of its kind. Mr. Trescot is an ardent lover of South Carolina,

but he is always careful to remember that "South Carolina is a very small and not a very important part of the civilized world"; and in appreciating what he believes the virtues of her former social and political state, he has rather the air of analysis than of eulogy. As one reads his orations, so forbearing, so sensible, so discriminating, one cannot help regretting that if there are many such men as Mr. Trescot in South Carolina, we do not hear more of them. On all accounts it seems a pity, thinking of such men, that South Carolina should be the prey of Ku-Kluxes and of legislators who cannot spell.

Mr. Trescot's memorials are studies of men who were equal to the demands of a local patriotism; General Garfield's eulogy presents with equal temperance and liberality the character of a man—like General Elliott and General Pettigrew, a Southerner—who rose to the conception of national duty; and in the ampler destiny and greater fame of Thomas is reflected the superior grandeur of his ideal. We can allow all the praise that Mr. Trescot bestows upon his heroes; we can grant that they were brave, earnest, self-devoted men; and then we must turn with heightened admiration to the man whose country was America and not Virginia. It was to the Southerners alone that the question of allegiance to the State or to the nation was practically put, and we honor such as Thomas, while we remember in all humbleness that the mettle of no Northerner was so severely tried, whatever were our sacrifices.

General Garfield rapidly and clearly sketches Thomas's career, and presents in all its massiveness and solidity that simple, grand, faithful life, the sublimity of which we seemed hardly to feel with due consciousness till its close. "No one knew until he was dead how strong was his hold on the hearts of the American people," though then, indeed, "every citizen felt that a pillar of state had fallen; that a great and true and pure man had passed from earth."

As literature, these three orations are very creditable to the widely different civilizations that produced them, and mark a vast advance from the merely oratorical spirit in which such things were wont to be done. It is curious and interesting to find Mr. Trescot of South Carolina, and General Garfield of Ohio, both quoting Tennyson, and showing that, whatever were the varying social spheres that moulded their character,

the wider and more generous influences were the same. General Garfield's oration betrays something of the carelessness of the man who must speak much and quickly; but it is as gravely, tastefully, and honestly done as the more exquisite work of Mr. Trescott.

The Foe in the Household. By CAROLINE CHESEBRO'. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

To those who read Miss Chesebro's beautiful story as it appeared from month to month in these pages, we need not, we suppose, say much in its praise; for its charm must have been felt already. To our thinking, it deserves to rank with the very best of American fictions, and is surpassed only by Hawthorne's romances and Mrs. Stowe's greatest work. It has a certain advantage over other stories in the freshness of the life and character with which it is employed; but it required all the more skill to place us in intelligent sympathy with the people of the quaint sect from whom most of its persons are drawn. It is so very quietly and decently wrought, that perhaps the veteran novel-reader, in whom the chords of feeling have been rasped and twanged like fiddle-strings by the hysterical performance of some of our authoresses, may not be at once moved by it; but we believe that those who feel realities will be deeply touched. Delia Holcombe, in her lifelong expiation of her girlish error, is a creation as truthful as she is original; and in her sufferings through her own regrets, the doubts of her unacknowledged daughter, the persecutions of Father Trost, the unsuspecting tenderness of her second husband, all the high ends of tragedy are attained; and the tragedy is the more powerful since in time it has become a duty rather to hide than to confess her deceit. Her character is admirably studied, and so is that of Father Trost, and in their degree, Friend Holcombe's, Deacon Ent's, Doctor Detwiler's, John Edgar's. No character in the book is feebly done; and the persons of merely episodic passages, like the Guildersleeves and Annie Gell, are thoroughly realized.

No book of our time has combined such high qualities of art and morals with greater success than "The Foe in the Household," for which, in the interest of pure taste and sentiment, we could not desire too wide a currency.

Thoughts about Art. By PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON, Author of "A Painter's Camp." A new Edition, revised by the Author. Roberts Brothers. 1871.

OF all the English writers on art Mr. F. T. Palgrave and Mr. P. G. Hamerton are undoubtedly the two whose writings are now doing the most good. They both possess unusual qualifications for the work, and both hold sound views as to the real nature and function of Art, — that she is neither the handmaid of religion nor science nor medicine nor law nor what not, but that she has a specific aim of her own, — to give the highest possible pleasure to the greatest possible number. We consequently find these two writers treating not only of art in itself, but of its various relations to everyday life, philosophic, literary, domestic, or otherwise.

Whoever takes up Mr. Hamerton's new book, even if in the most exacting of moods, will read it with profit and pleasure. Hamerton has not Ruskin's poetical power nor his brilliancy of style. He leans rather to philosophy and scientific analysis. The reader may not accept everything he advances. But it is not the least extravagant to say his book will undoubtedly do as much good in the direct service of art as any book ever written. He is not constantly dropping whatever topic he discusses, and zig-zagging off into the realms of space, dilating on all things upon the earth, in the heavens above, or the waters beneath. One does not find him like Ruskin, for instance, making any such prophecy as that we can never have any noble architecture with the material of iron, for the reason that no mention of such a thing is made in the Bible. He probably would see the logical difficulties one would fall into if this style of reasoning were extended to other subjects, — say to the mechanic arts.

The essays in this book fall into four general groups, namely, art in its relations to itself, to society, to philosophy, to literature. And the reader will probably find himself favoring some chapters more than others, according to his individual tastes; but all will interest, delight, and instruct him. These essays were first published in England, a part in book form, and a part in various periodicals. The Preface tells us that no alterations have been made in the American edition, except in the way of omission. Comparing the English edition

with the American, we find most of the erasures are of crudities of style common to young writers; occasionally there is an exclusion of a crudity of thought. For instance, we find in the English edition the following: "I can be happy without wine, but not without color; that I *must* have either in art or nature, and I believe that if I were deprived of it I should die." He knows very well he would do nothing of the sort. Again, he had said: "Blinded by no boyish enthusiasm, I knew that to give my energies to its [art's] advancement was to close forever the paths of ambition, and forfeit the respect of men." By erasing such silly remarks he shows that he is ready to correct mistakes, and also vastly improves his book.

Perhaps the first chapter—to prove that some artists should write about art—is the least necessary of all. It contains much truth, to be sure, but generally in these days of reading, if one has anything worth saying, and knows *how* to say it, he is pretty sure of an audience; and in these days of writing he is pretty sure to say it. In the two chapters following Mr. Hamerton gives to the general reader some insight into the processes of a laborious profession, and to the young artist hints of undoubted usefulness; he analyzes the art of painting from nature, shows the respective difficulties of the various ways, and suggests certain practical plans for overcoming them.

Our author defends landscape painting, and attempts to show its proper relative position among other branches of art,—for example, historical, figure, or genre painting. It is pleasant to see such good blows struck in behalf of a cherished object as are here delivered in behalf of landscape painting. But we doubt if the true position for landscape art is so likely to be won by writing it up as by painting it up. In the time of Michael Angelo there was much disputation as to the relative values of painting and sculpture. Michael Angelo, in a letter to Benedetto Varchi, wrote a valuable truth here in point: "Since, then, the same species of intelligence presides over both sculpture and painting, why not make peace between them, and close those endless disputes, the time consumed in which would be much better employed in producing works of art?" Why not apply this truth to the different branches of painting?

Some popular errors about photography

are corrected by Mr. Hamerton. It is *not* as perfect as a reflection of a scene in a mirror, color alone omitted; it is *not* drawing by light, and the word "photography" is a misnomer; here too is set forth the difference between the mechanical operations of photography and the æsthetic operations of art, which may encourage those timid souls, if any are still left, who fear photography will ever supplant painting, as printing superseded manuscripts and illumination; also what things photographs always fail to reproduce; how limited the scale of pigments is compared with that of nature's colors; also the difference between the photographic and the artistic system of light; how painting can obviate many of the difficulties which photography cannot; the great aid, direct and indirect, of photography to painting; and much more of real interest.

There is a chapter on some of the differences between the contiguous but distinct realms of literature and painting; another lets us into the secret why many artists, who to all appearance should produce much good work, actually do create so little in proportion to their apparent power; and other chapters contain the ablest handling of some of the questions relating to the Pre-Raphaelite movement we have ever seen.

The essay on "The Painter in his Relation to Society" is more applicable of course to England than to America, from the difference in our social structure. His theory that "political power is the real standard of social respectability" sounds rather odd to us in America. Moreover, we use the word "gentleman" somewhat differently; and Mr. Hamerton seems a little sore on the social position of artists in England.

This book should be carefully studied by those to whom is intrusted the noble charge of founding and managing our new art-museums. It contains many suggestions which must be taken into account before art-museums can be placed in the most efficient working order. It is not enough that those who manage art-museums should simply have enthusiasm for art, or patriotism, or knowledge and skill in the science of general education, or business tact, or money. They must also have a clear conception of the real nature of art, its legitimate aims, its capacities and incapacities, its relations to our daily life. Here is a book by a man naturally well qualified to deal with such questions, who has made art a specialty,

has given years to practising and thinking about it, and has put into our hands the result of those labors.

Our conclusion is a remark which Mr. Hamerton applies only to England: "It may be doubted whether the national mind has turned to art from the pure love for it. We discovered that for want of artistic counsel and help we were spending our money badly every time we tried either to build a public building, or weave a carpet, or color a ribbon. We found out that the French managed these things better, and with less outlay got handsomer results; and it appeared that this superiority was due to their artistic education. So we said, 'Let us study Raphael, that we may sell ribbons.'"

Let us Americans both sell ribbons and study Raphael, each in the right way.

Among my Books. New York: E. J. Hale and Son. 1871.

It is not among Mr. Lowell's books this time, nor is it Mr. Lowell who writes, as a very careless reader might discover before reading far into the volume. "These essays were meant to be purely fugitive" (the author thinks this conceivable), and first printed in the *New York World*, the editor of which is thanked for encouraging the author to write them. "They have accidentally the same title as one of Mr. Lowell's productions; but while his volume relates only to three or four books or writers, these memories float round and grasp, in perhaps a feeble way, many more," which

the author apparently imagines is an excuse for his appropriation of the name.

As to the matter of the book, it grasps without doubt feebly such topics as Swift, Bolingbroke, Junius, Thackeray, Scott, Palmerston, *The Prayer-Book*, *The Theatre*, etc. The author is a reader, and in some senses an appreciator of books; but he is hopelessly common in his tastes, with a vein of wrong-headed sentimentality running through all. We shall best describe him by quoting, as his notion of "powerful word-painting," a passage of Henry Kingsley's swollen and high-stepping twaddle about Thackeray's death: "'And so the news will travel southward. Some lithe, clear-eyed lad will sneak, run swiftly, pause to listen, and then hold steadily forward across the desolate, war-wasted space between the Federal lines and the smouldering watch-fires of the Confederates, carrying the news brought by the last mail from Europe, and will come to a knot of calm, clear-eyed, lean-faced Confederate officers (oh! that such men should be wasted in such a quarrel, for the quarrel was not theirs, after all); and one of these men will run his eye over the telegram and say to the others, 'Poor Thackeray is dead.' And the news will go from picket to picket along the limestone ridges which hang above the once happy valleys of Virginia, and will pass south until Jefferson Davis — the man so like Stratford de Redcliffe, the man of the penetrating eyes, and of the thin, close-set lips, the man with the weight of an empire on his shoulders — will look up from his papers and say, with heartfelt sorrow, 'The author of 'The Virginians' is dead.''"

